

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

FOR
SUBSCRIBERS
ONLY

DECEMBER 1986

PET OF THE
YEAR PLAY-OFF

CENSORSHIP:
WHY YOU CAN'T
ALWAYS GET
WHAT YOU
WANT



BLACK LABEL
E D I T I O N

Peter Jackson 30's. You're laughing!



PHJ 271 APB 0815-C



30 of the best. At a popular 25's price.



WARNING-SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

Australian
PENTHOUSE

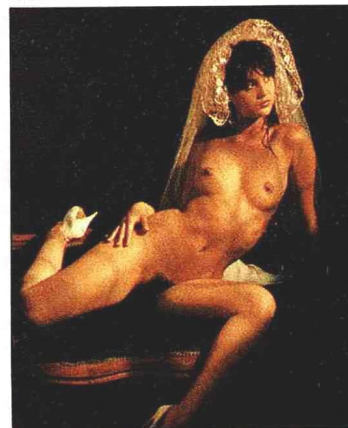
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 7 No 12/December 1986



Passage Through India



Sam



Maidenhead



Cracking Up

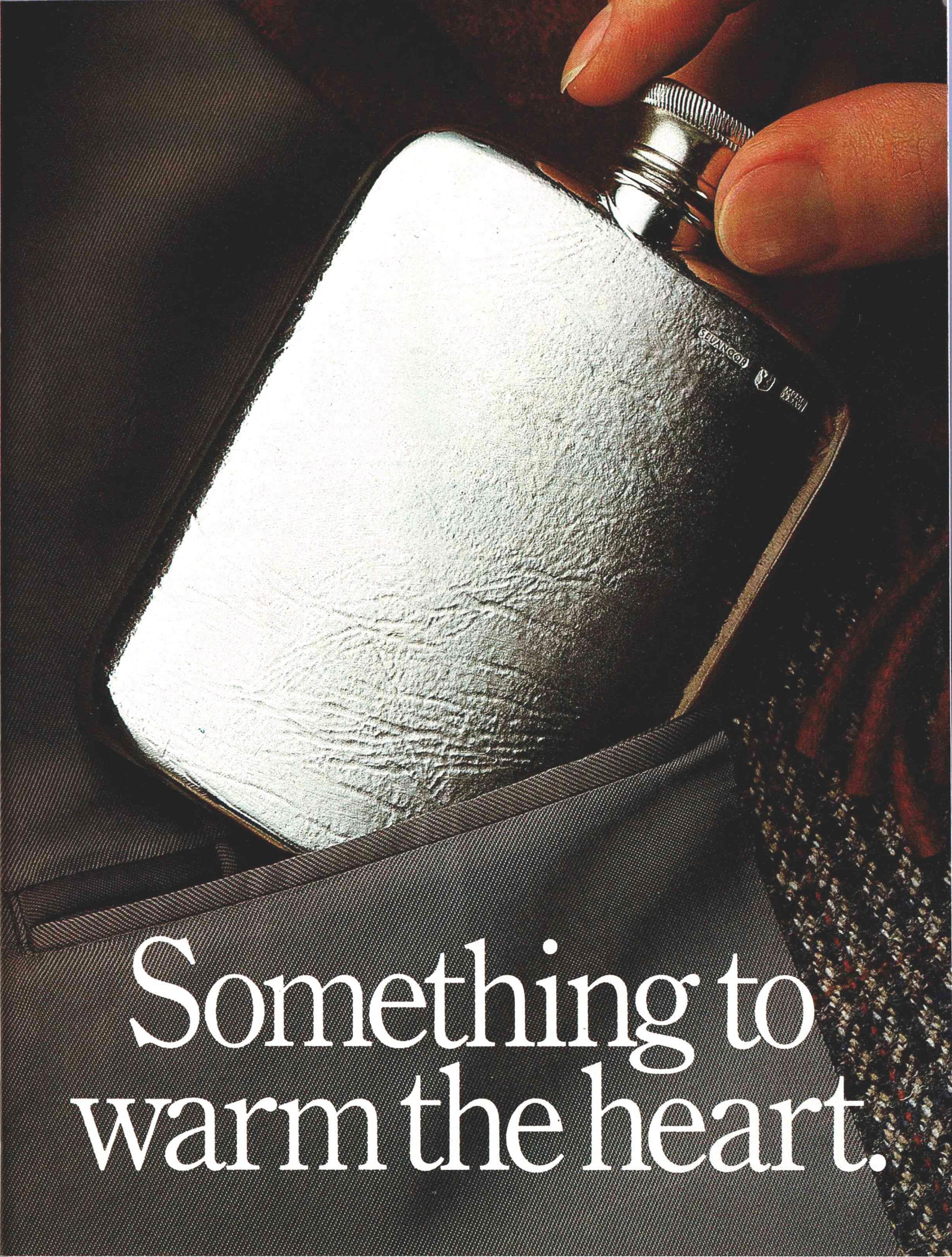
REGULARS
CONTENTS PAGE
COVER By Daniel Nolan
HOUSECALL 4
FEEDBACK 6
FORUM 9
ANGER S.R. Gibbs 17
LUST Anita Newman 18
ENVY Michael Korda 20
AVARICE Graeme Sims 22
GLUTTONY Elisabeth King 24
VANITY Graeme Sims 26
SLOTH Rob Dingle 28
LOOSE ENDS Edited by C.J. Mackay 151
SOUNDS Edited by Jeremy Cook 152
FILM Edited by C.J. Mackay 154

FEATURES
THE POLITICS OF PORNOGRAPHY Paul Mann 32
FRENCH LETTERS 50
CRACKING UP M.S. Vural 56
THE JOKE OFFENSIVE 64
MANHUNT Adrian Tame 82
PASSAGE THROUGH INDIA 90
TEST YOUR CARNAL KNOWLEDGE Humor by J.P. Dougherty 96
THOMMO'S PARTING SHOTS 109
DOUBLE TROUBLE Motoring by Peter McKay 116
SAM Fiction by Liane Shavian 126

PICTORIALS
MAIDENHEAD Alan Vertue 40
RHYTHM ROMANCE/BELINDA Daniel Nolan 69
PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF 99
ESPIONAGE/NATHALIE 120
FIRST MOVEMENT Carl Wachter 140

Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144 Telex AA27833. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission of Penthouse International Limited. Original Copyright (1982). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0158-0655

*Recommended price only



The hipflask. Hallmarked by a century of craftsmanship. Selangor Pewter

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
EDITOR
Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL

Art Director: Doug Finley; Senior Editors: Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; Copy Editor: Graeme Sims; Assistant Art Directors: Rosanne Hyndman, Brett Fuller; Motoring Editor: Peter McKay; Contributing Editors: Mungo MacCallum, Frank Robson, Adrian Tame, Jeremy Cook, Fred Baker; Office Manager: Lisa Holden; Typesetting: Love Computer Typesetting.

ADVERTISING

Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; NSW Advertising Manager: Deborah Spicer; Advertising Traffic Manager: Cynthia Moran; Victorian Advertising Manager: Kieran Brazil, 153 Park St, South Melbourne 3205. Tel (03) 690 7606; SA: Chris Cockram, Admedia Group Pty Ltd, 24 Kensington Street, Rose Park, SA, 5067. Tel. (08) 332 8144. Qld: Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies, 16 Bellbowrie Centre, Bellbowrie, Qld, 4069. Tel. (07) 202 6813; WA: Tony Allen, Allen and Associates, 284 Stirling Street, Perth, WA, 6000. Tel. (09) 328 9833. NZ: John Scull, International Media Representation, P.O. Box 37-094 Parnell, Auckland, Tel. 793 178; Japan: Banco Media Services, Dai-ichi Nisawa Building, 3-1 Kanda Tacho 2-chome Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 101. Tel. 252 2721. Telex: J25472 (BMSINC)

PUBLISHERS

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144.

ADVERTISING OFFICES

Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 957 1814.

DISTRIBUTORS

Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd; Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD

(US edition)

Bob Guccione (Chairman); Kathy Keeton (Vice-chairman); David J. Myerson (Chief Operating Officer); Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer); John Evans (Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions)

EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; Art Director International: Joe Brooks; Managing Editor: Claudia Valentino; Executive Editor: Peter Bloch; Graphics Director: Frank DeVino

ADMINISTRATIVE

Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; Senior Vice President/Production Director: John Evans; Senior Vice President/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Foreign Editions Manager: Eriko Kusomoto.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024. Tel. (213) 824-9831.

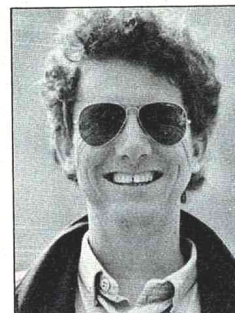
FOREIGN EDITIONS

Brazil: Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; Germany: Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; Japan: Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; Spain: Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; United Kingdom: Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.

DECEMBER



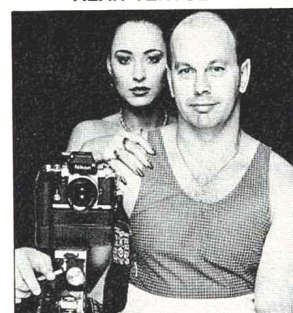
PAUL MANN



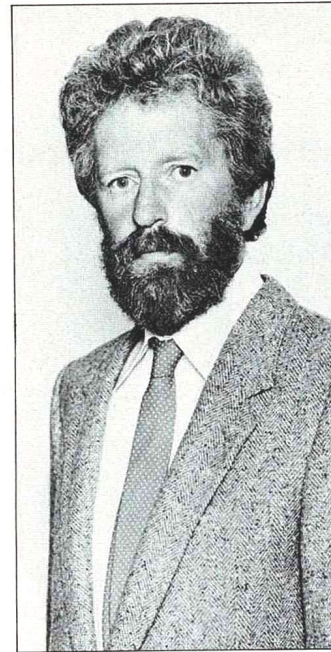
ALAN VERTUE



YVONNE SUTHERLAND



DANNY NOLAN



ADRIAN TAME

HOUSECALL

MAIDENHEAD

The heat is on in the pages of December *Penthouse*. Ace photographer Alan Vertue captures the heady mixture of reverence and carnality surrounding the disrobing bride in a dazzling fantasy pictorial entitled Maidenhead, which begins on page 41. Not to be outdone, Danny Nolan presents a study in sensual athleticism with the help of our amazingly supple centrefold Belinda White. When you've recovered your senses, turn to page 99, run a critical eye over the eight *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year Finalists, and cast your vote.

THE POLITICS OF PORNOGRAPHY

In Part II of a series on the New Conservatism, Paul Mann makes some cutting observations on the Australian censorship scene, which is threatening to slide us into a new era of sexual McCarthyism under the influence of powerful pressure groups who claim to represent "the community." Mann concludes that in the minds of the minders of our collective morality, the party is over. Turn to Nigel Buchanan's illustration on page 32.

CRACKING UP

First it was the heroin epidemic, then the cocaine epidemic. Dangerous as they are, those drugs pale into insignificance compared with America's latest and greatest high. It's called crack, it's the most addictive drug known to man, and in just three years it has torn the heart out of American youth. How long before it does the same to our kids? V.S. Mural's shocking story of violence, betrayal and misery, illustrated by Gottfried Helnwein, starts on page 56.

THOMMO'S PARTING SHOTS

Jeff Thomson, the fast bowler who struck terror into the hearts of the world's best batsmen back in the heyday of Australian cricket, has often deployed his mouth as effectively as the new ball. But Thommo's been saving his best verbal bouncers for his retirement, and now he lets 'em rip in a candid assessment of the greats of international cricket. Turn to page 109.

MANHUNT

"Mad" Max Clark, the firearms fetishist who declared a one-man war on the Victorian Police Force and gunned down a total of six officers in two savage outbursts, is still remembered in tones of awe and disbelief by those who witnessed the virtuosity of his gunplay. Adrian Tame has pieced together a finely detailed account of Mad Max's exploits and the manhunt that caused an upheaval in the state's police ranks. That story starts on page 82.

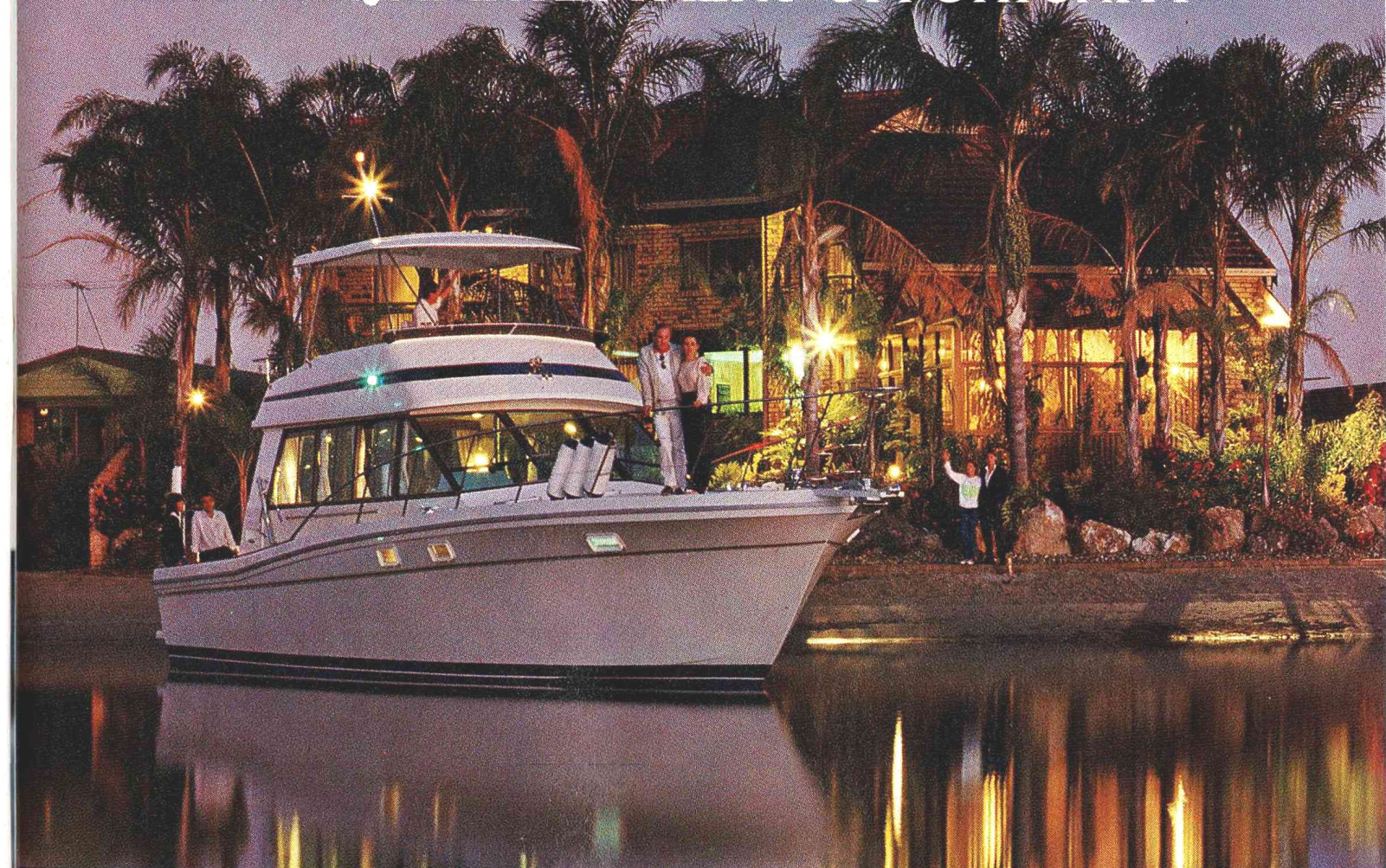
PASSAGE THROUGH INDIA

Adventurer Jacques Sotty explored the ancient culture of India in a unique way when he windsurfed for 1400 kilometres down the country's most sacred river, the Ganges. Photographer H. Hauss documented Sotty's extraordinary and sometimes bizarre odyssey in a memorable photo feature beginning on page 91.

SAM

Sam loved life. He loved women and Scotch and pethidine and fast motor bikes. One night he combined all his loves and lost. Superb Australian fiction from Liane Shavian, illustrated by Yvonne Sutherland. It starts on page 126. 

UNIQUE INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY



THE LIQUID ASSET

Have you ever tried to cruise your Bond Certificate? Or take the family to the bank to enjoy viewing the contents of your Safety Deposit Box? How about a quiet afternoon in the vault admiring Debenture Stock?

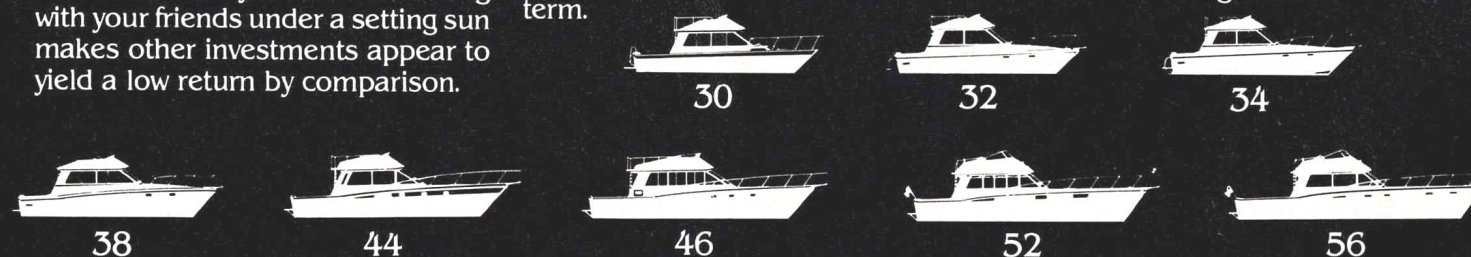
Somehow a weekend on the water with the clear skies and a cool breeze or starry nights has much more appeal. Somehow the pride and excitement of standing behind the wheel of a Luxury Cruiser or relaxing with your friends under a setting sun makes other investments appear to yield a low return by comparison.

FLOAT YOUR ASSETS

Consider now the excellent long term investment of a RIVIERA. Almost a case of floating your assets and investing in your family and a higher quality of life. All RIVIERAS are finished inside and out to return real value. RIVIERA'S combination of design excellence, state of the art tooling and construction technology ensure that your RIVIERA will hold its value, style and soundness. A true liquid asset in every sense of the term.

THE REWARD

We proudly introduce the latest addition to the Riviera family — the stunning and innovative PASSAGEMAKER 46. It's years-ahead design offers new levels of comfort, luxury and sea-worthiness. The new PASSAGEMAKER 46 is already selling in the super-critical USA market, further proof of the security of investment. Riviera... the new standard of excellence in the Australian and the American boating world.



RIVIERA MARINE (MFG) PTY LTD
BOAT MAKERS OF THE YEAR
665 Pine Ridge Road, Labrador, Qld. 4215.
TELEPHONE: (075) 37 2477

Riviera 46
PASSAGEMAKER

Australia's Foremost Manufacturer of Luxury Cruisers

DISTRIBUTORS

Mike Gaffikin Marine Pty. Ltd., Head Office Princess Street Marina, Newport, NSW, 2106. (02) 997-4944. Branch Offices: Woolwich (02) 816-4088. Rose Bay (02) 327-5038. Cruiser Sales Qld. Pty. Ltd., Runaway Bay Marina Gold Coast, Qld. 4216 (075) 57-1400. Westhaven Marine, Mullet Street, Hastings, Vic. 3915. (059) 79-0444 - A.H. (03) 589-4014. Martin Box Marine, Fremantle Sailing Club, Marine Tce., Fremantle. W.A. 6160. (09) 336-1466. Quin's Marine Pty. Ltd. 89 St. Vincent Street, Port Adelaide, S.A. 5015. (08) 47-1277. American Marine (S) Pty. Ltd. 26 Jalan Terusan, Jurong Town, Singapore, 2261. 265-0511.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Trivia time

Love your magazine and buy it every month. (Doesn't everybody?) I always seek out the rock music articles by Glenn A. Baker when they appear from time to time.

One thing I noticed in the article called Banned in September *Penthouse* was that the photo of the Beatles on page 84 was printed back-to-front, making Paul McCartney appear right-handed and George Harrison and John Lennon left-handed. Also, I wasn't too sure about the photo of Bob Dylan on page 83. I don't think he's left-handed.

Don't get me wrong. I realise these tiny errors get through occasionally, and that they don't mar on otherwise excellent publication. — *Paul Carlow, Killarney Heights, NSW*

A slight snag

I refer to the now celebrated Julia Sommers centrefold (August *Penthouse*). The lumps, bumps and curves on the "lady" in question are all in the right places, and one must in fairness acknowledge the joke played on us "macho" ockers.

I also gained an interesting insight, so to speak, into the high standard of results that can be achieved by cosmetic surgery. This sort of thing, however, is not for me. I buy *Penthouse* for the tender serves of prime meat, and not for chopped sausage. — *J.B., Stone's Corner, Qld*

One for the money

I love your new series on the Seven Deadly Sins, and I especially like David Quicksilver's pieces on Avarice. However, after reading August *Penthouse*, I am unsure as to which way David leans in the battle between banks and NBFIs (non-bank financial institutions).

Being a building society employee, it was heartening for me to finally see Quicksilver put the record straight in July *Penthouse* by giving examples of how building society home loans are currently cheaper than those from banks. But to my amazement, Quicksilver in his August contribution states: "Bank finance is usually the best" and "NBFIs may pay more on savings and have prettier girls, but when you have to borrow, you can't beat a bank."

It appears to me that Mr Quicksilver may have been well and truly lunched by a bank executive between editions. Let me



Marianne: makes up for everything

assure your readers that building societies not only pay more on savings, they also charge less on home loans. Add to this free cheque accounts, prettier girls and friendlier service, and you can understand why NBFIs are encroaching into bank markets. — *Paul T. Bryant, Sunnybank Hills, Qld*

Club foot

Having just read your September issue (Black Label edition of course), I could certainly relate to JT from Crows Nest (*Penthouse* Feedback) and his frustrations at being denied further glimpses of the luscious feet of Kristina Dwyer (June centrefold). However, your September centrefold Marianne more than made up for your previous lack of consideration for foot lovers such as myself. In fact, the September edition of *Penthouse* was one of the best ever. Roger North's Firepower article was excellent (although far too short in my opinion), and the cartoons were, as usual, hilarious. (My girlfriend said I had to mention the cartoons, which she reckons are the best in Australia, and I agree with her.)

All in all, a great value for money magazine. Keep up the good work. — *P.L., Queanbeyan, NSW*

On color

I must compliment Graeme Sims on the

article Men For All Seasons (August *Penthouse*). As a color and image consultant I was delighted to see that Sims was perceptive enough to note that the color concept can assist many men in selecting their clothing.

Many men are color blind and the swatches supplied after a color consultation can prevent expensive errors. Men have a better eye for color than women, generally speaking, but they have a little more difficulty in applying it to themselves. In our society women often buy their husbands' clothing and they tend to buy the colors *they* like, which are not necessarily the correct tone and density for the man in question. Sims' article will go a long way toward introducing the importance of color consciousness to Australian men. Keep up the informative work. — *Robin Bates, Mona Vale, NSW*

Doug delivers

Thanks to the perceptive penmanship (penwomanship?) of C.J. Mackay, I have at last gained an insight into my all-time favorite performer Doug Mulray (Rock 'N' Rave, August *Penthouse*). I use the word "performer" advisedly because it seems to me that Mulray's predecessors in radio made a living not so much out of being funny but pretending to be funny. They talked a lot and laughed a lot at the things they had said and somehow created the impression that given the right circumstances they might one day crack a real joke. Mulray, on the other hand, is *funny*. I reckon he's done more to lift the overall standard of radio in Sydney (although those who've tried to copy his act never quite made it) than anyone else I can think of. Congratulations to C.J. Mackay for bringing out the best in him. — *Greg Diamond, Avalon, NSW*

Get a grip on yourself

Frankly, I don't know why I feel compelled to do this, but I can't help myself. I just have to let you know that Andrea Nader (August *Penthouse*) is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I would crawl a mile over broken glass to hear her fart on the telephone. You think I'm kidding? I'm not. If I look at that pictorial one more time I'll go stark raving mad — and by that I mean no disrespect whatsoever to my charming wife. — *J.P., Newcastle, NSW*



We know, you only buy it for the articles inside.



**“Let’s ask her for
a light”**

**“What a
Sterling idea”**



BENSON and HEDGES
STERLING 25s
VIRGINIA, SPECIAL MILD AND MENTHOL

WARNING-SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request.
Letters become the property of Australian Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062.
Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Wild about hairy

A few weeks ago, I got a job at one of the local television stations, working as a gofer for that channel's news show. I've always wanted to bone the anchorwoman on the show, so it was pretty damn exciting seeing her up close and in person almost every day. The news woman, whom I'll call Leanne, has a sexy face, beautiful hair, nice tits, and a big round arse that I'd never known about since it was always hidden behind that damned news desk. Being an arse man, this discovery was a joy.

My job required a lot of running around, and often I'd get pretty sweaty. Sometimes, I would notice Leanne (who is about eight or ten years older than me) looking at my sweaty, hairy arms, but it was so inconceivable to think she was really looking at me that this occurrence barely registered.

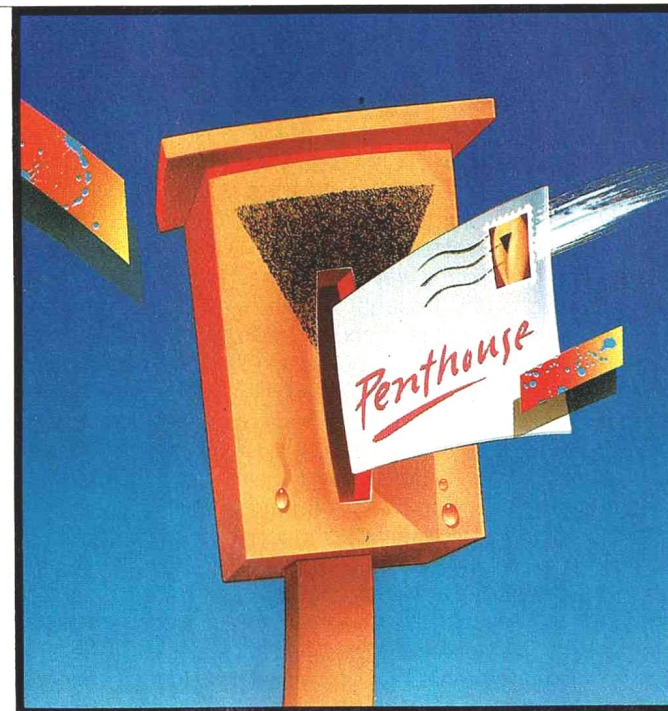
One day, as I sat in the break room drinking a lemonade, Leanne came in and sat down beside me and we chatted. I had worn shorts to work that day because it was warm outside, and, as we talked, she "accidentally" brushed her leg against mine. Laughingly, she apologised for bumping my leg and placed her hand on my thigh and squeezed. My dick hardened at her touch and, as the bulge in my shorts became apparent, I saw a knowing smile come across her face. I was totally embarrassed.

With that, she got up and said, "When you're done with your break, could you come to my dressing room and move some furniture for me?"

"Sure," I said, with a little crack in my voice. But she had already walked off with her arse swinging, not waiting for a reply.

As I sat there, slowly finishing my drink, I ran the last couple of weeks through my mind. I realised that the whole time I had been working there, Leanne had been looking at my hairy arms and legs or commenting on my five o'clock shadow, which gets very dark early in the day. A fantasy began to form in my mind. "Does this lady get off on body hair?" I wondered. "Well, I have plenty of that!"

I ran down the hall to her dressing room. I knocked on the door and then went in.



"Where's the furniture?" I asked.

"Fuck the furniture!" she said, as she reached behind me and slammed the door shut. I was a little surprised. She then grabbed my crotch and stuck her tongue in my mouth. I responded by grabbing her big bouncy butt, and she moaned heavily.

After a few minutes of tonguing and groping, she wordlessly got down on her knees, unzipped my shorts, and yanked down my underwear. When my dick jumped out, she let out a loud "Oh, Jesus!" My dick has hair growing halfway up the shaft, and I guessed that if she got off on the hair on my arms and legs, the hair on my dick probably really turned her on. She wasted no more time on words and started licking my cock up and down, paying special attention to the lower, hairy half. She then got down to some really serious sucking, and shortly I was squirting what felt like six months' worth of come down her throat. She swallowed most of it, but the last couple of pumps she directed on to her face. After my joint stopped jerking, she rubbed my come all over her face with it.

If my mind was blown when she started to blow me, it turned to putty when she said, "Fuck me" — but not so much that I didn't quickly obey her command. I laid her down on her couch and stuffed my still-hard cock into her. She loved it. She kept saying, as she twisted and turned under-

neath me, that she could feel the hair on my dick tickling the inside of her cunt and her clit. I gave her the best, most inventive screw I could come up with, and pretty soon she was arching her back moaning and coming. I surprised myself by keeping control, and, partly because I had just blown my wad a few minutes earlier, I didn't come. I pulled out of her dripping cunt and turned her over, so I could fuck her from behind.

In a state of massive pleasure, I didn't at first hear the insistent knock at the door. Leanne did, though, and she managed to croak out a "Yes?" in between her moans. A voice came back: "Five minutes to air!" We'd been having such a good time that we forgot what time it was. Leanne had to do the news in five minutes. Luckily,

she wasn't going to be cruel and make me pull out when I hadn't come yet — bless her heart! She just kept encouraging me with things like, "Pump my hole!" and "C'mon, shoot your load inside me, baby!"

I pulled her up on her knees into a doggy position and really started to hump her. It didn't take too long until I was squirting a giant load of cream inside her, and experiencing what was probably the greatest orgasm of my life.

I was thrust back into reality when Leanne crawled out from under me and my dick popped out of her with a slurping sound. She cleaned herself up, quickly put on some makeup, brushed her hair, blew me a kiss, and was out the door and down the hall to do the news.

After I cleaned up, I staggered out of the room and went into the break room. I turned on the TV set and there was Leanne, saying something about the economy. I got a thrill knowing that the smile on her face wasn't really because unemployment was down, and that she was sitting behind the news desk with a big load of my goo still inside her. — *Name and address withheld*

Smooth port

Last summer, I decided to take a cross-country trip on my motorbike. After a long, uneventful ride I finally made it to Port Mac-

FORUM

quarie. I pulled the bike into a motel advertising low rates, got a room and slept for about ten hours. I woke up about 9pm and decided to ride around and check out some of the pubs this place is known for. After bar-hopping for an hour or two, I settled in one with a good rock 'n' roll band. There were three lovely ladies at the table near the stage. I asked one of them to dance and she readily agreed. Her name was Laura and she was absolutely gorgeous. She was wearing shorts so short that you could see part of her cute little arse sticking out of them. Her huge tits swung braless inside her T-shirt as we danced, with her nipples protruding noticeably through the thin material. After a couple of drinks and a few more dances, we ended up in a long kiss after a slow dance.

I somehow talked her into saying good night to her girlfriends, and we rode the bike back to my motel. Laura is probably six feet tall, an inch or two taller than me. She's got shoulder-length, curly, very blonde hair, and a great tan. She said she enjoyed the bike ride and that the vibration of the bike really felt great. As soon as we got in the door she hugged me and we engaged in a long French kiss. What a great tongue! I soon found out it was good for more than just kissing.

We tore our clothes off and jumped into

bed. She had the biggest, brownest nipples I'd ever seen. I started sucking those huge globes, and her nipples got so erect that they must have stuck out a full inch. While I was doing this, I was slowly and gently caressing her whole body with my hands. I slid my hand through her furry dark-blonde bush and felt her wetness on my fingertips. I slowly ran circles around her clit with my finger and gradually went faster and faster. I was sucking her big brown nipples while doing this, and she was moaning. "It feels so good, it feels so good!" Soon I fed one finger into her slit, then another, and another, and another! I was fucking her furiously with all four fingers of my right hand when I decided to get a taste of this amazing pussy that could really squeeze my fingers tight when she contracted her muscles.

I kissed my way up to her silky smooth thighs until I caught a slight whiff of her pussy's aroma. I couldn't control myself any longer, and I buried my face in her sweet snatch. I slowly slid my tongue up and down her clit. While spreading her pussy lips wide, I thrust my tongue into her sweet hole as far as I could get it, and wiggled it around. After a few more minutes of this she came to a shuddering climax. I wiped my face off on her pubic hair and proceeded to kiss my way back up to those big beautiful tits. I was just about to slide my throbbing dick into her hot wet gash when she said, "Oh, no. Now it's my turn."

I certainly had no objections when she laid me back on the bed and proceeded to do her thing. She stuck her tongue in my ear and nibbled it around the edges while she was gently squeezing my balls. She kissed my neck and started sucking my nipples. At the same time, she was stroking my manhood with an expert touch.

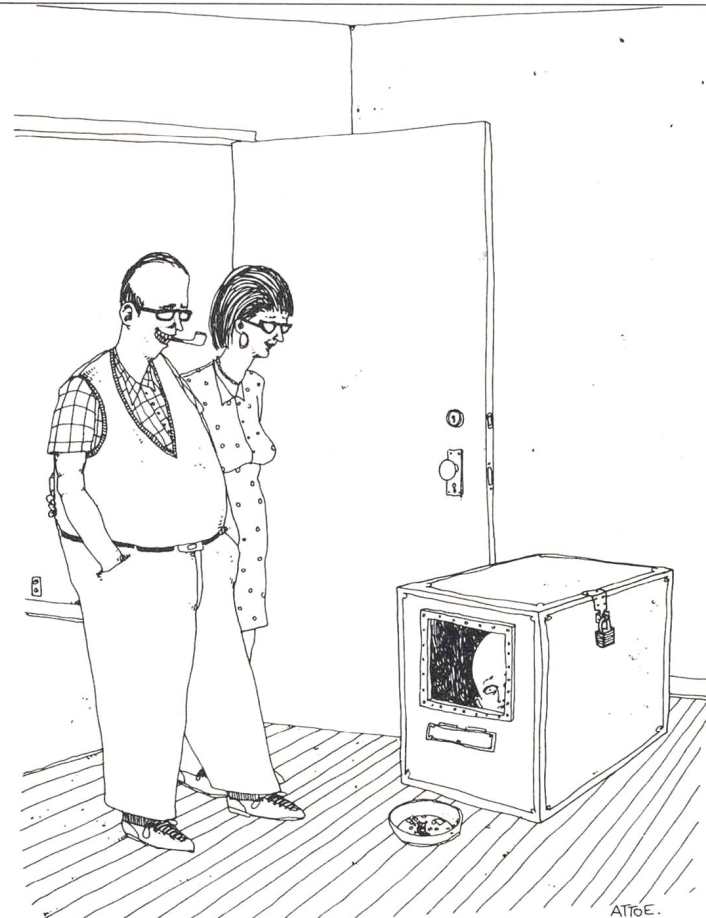
Finally, she kissed her way down to my crotch. She would lick one of my balls and then suck it into her warm mouth, then she would do the same to the other ball. Lubricating juice was oozing out of my dick, which she proceeded to rub around its head. Suddenly she sucked as much of me into her mouth as she could manage. She started sucking for all she was worth, back and forth and back and forth — what a great feeling! When she sensed I was about to come, she grabbed the base of my dick as hard as she could and lightly swirled her tongue over the head of my pulsating member. She did this three or four times. Just when I thought she was going to do it again, she started sucking fast and furious. I started to come like never before, spurt after spurt after spurt, and she swallowed every drop. After a short time, we cleaned up a little and hopped back into bed.

We kissed for a while, and before long my rod was back at attention. Laura crawled on top of me and slid my dick up her snatch. She did something I had never experienced before. Without moving her hips, she squeezed my cock with her pussy muscles and then relaxed them. She did this over and over until I thought I was going to explode! I couldn't stand it any longer. We rolled over with me on top and then I really hosed her. I fucked her as hard and as fast as I could. She screamed while she squeezed her breasts and pinched her nipples.

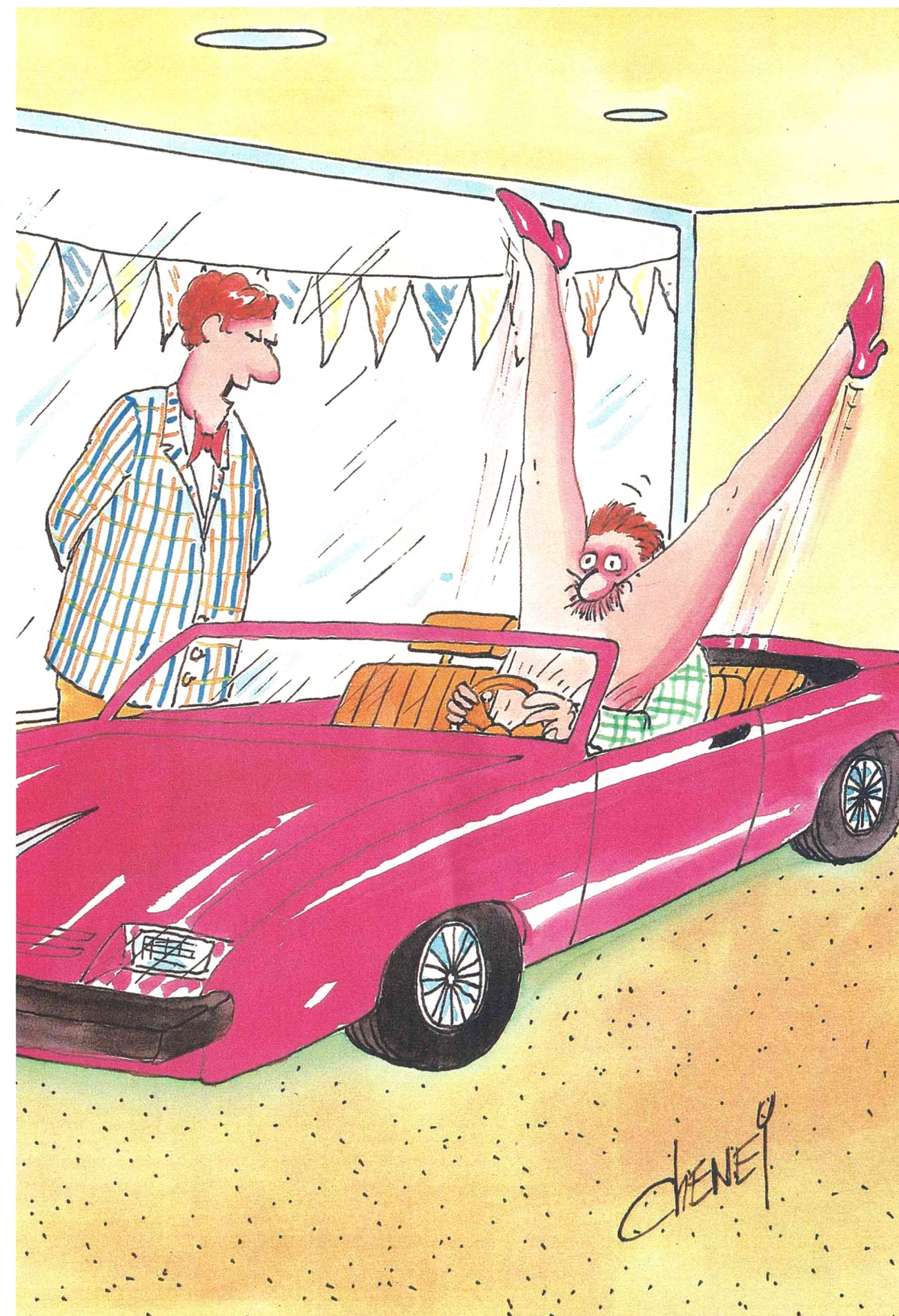
I spent a couple more days at Port Macquarie. Laura let me stay at her place and we had a great time. We exchanged phone numbers and addresses, and I went on my merry way back to the fast life of Lakemba. — Name and address withheld

Young blood

I am a 22-year-old female student with a lust for younger men. One Friday night my friends convinced me to take a break from studying and go with them to a concert being held in the student union. When we arrived, I noticed that there was a large portion of boys just ripe for the picking. One boy in particular caught my attention. He could not have been more than 18 or 19 years old, probably a local. We passed each other frequently and I sensed there was a mutual sexual attraction. The show was boring so my friend Sally and I decided to leave for a while. We went out into the hallway and the boy was there sitting on the floor talking with his friends. He kept looking up at me and appeared disinterested in his conversation. It was now time for me to make my move.



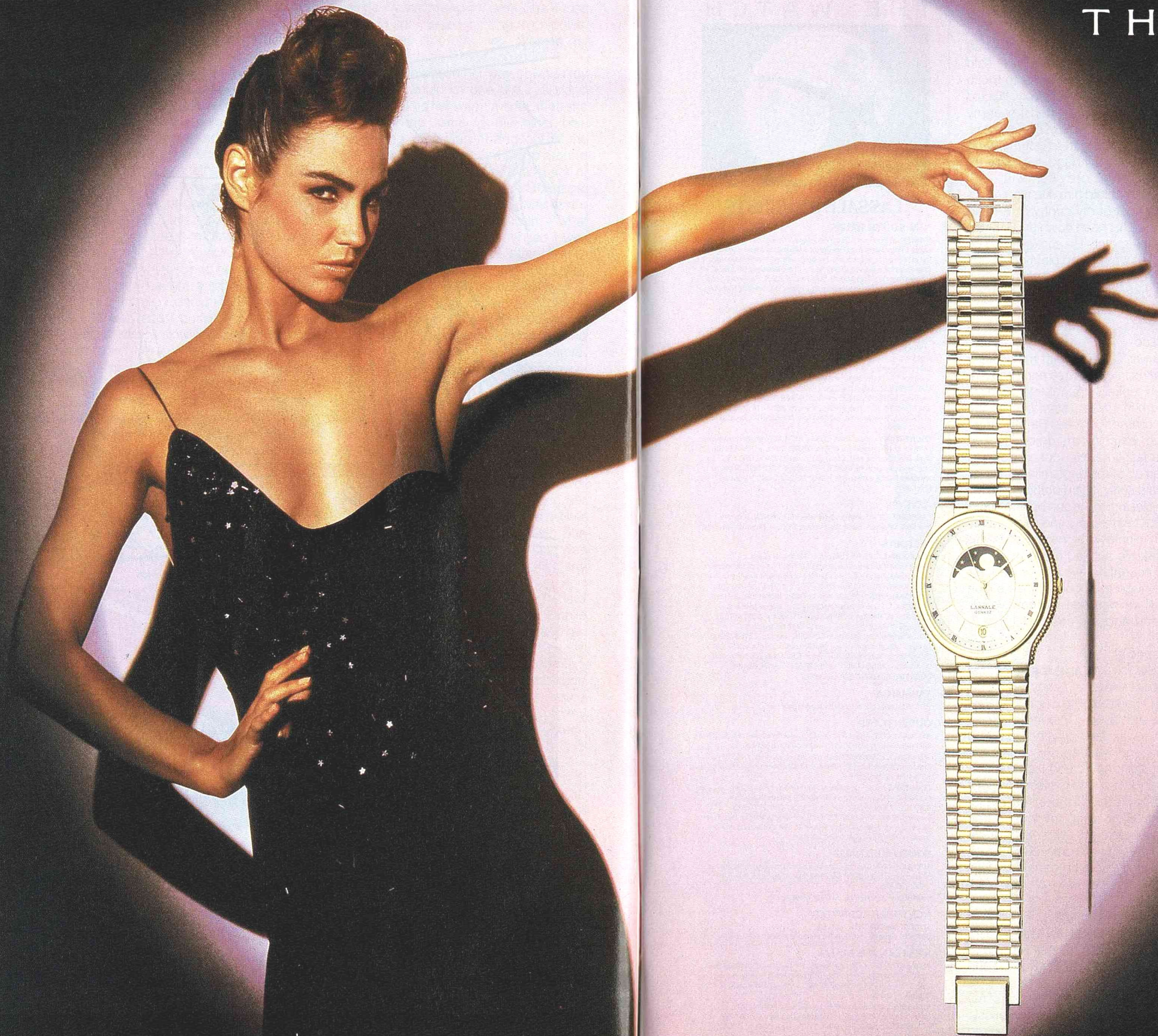
"I can hardly wait to see his reaction when we let him out on his 21st birthday."



"As you can see, it's loaded with options . . . including the customized collision air bag."

LASSALE

THE WATCH



WATCH OUT

FORUM

I walked over to the crowd and sat down directly across from him. His legs were bent in front of him, his arms wrapped around his knees. I fixed my eyes on his crotch and waited. He fidgeted at my stare. His legs wiggled, then he slid them forward. His pants got tighter. I kept my focused gaze. He crossed his legs. He was not noticeably erect. He had trouble keeping up with the conversation he was involved in. He drew his legs close up to his body and folded his arms at his waist, trying obviously to hide his swollen cock. I finally looked up at him. The expression on his face was of embarrassed arousal.

I licked my lips and motioned with my eyes for him to follow. I stood up and began to walk down the hall. He quickly got to his feet and pursued me, just as I expected. I found an empty unlocked room around the corner and went in. I stood behind the door. When he entered, I shut the door behind him. I reached for his hand and kissed it lightly. He looked at me and whispered shyly, "I've never . . . umm . . . well I haven't . . ." I knew what he was trying to tell me. I had already assumed that he was a virgin. I put my arms around his waist and pulled him close. I could feel his hard cock press between my legs. He was ready and so was I.

We held hands and walked over to a small couch beneath a large window. We could hear the music playing in the distance and the sound of people gathering in the hall outside our door. I ran my hand over this thigh. He reciprocated by running his over mine. I asked if I could touch him. He replied bashfully, "Yes, but I'm nervous." I laid him back on the couch and I lay on his chest. He held my arse and manoeuvred me on top of his crotch. We ground our pelvises together, nearly knocking ourselves off the couch. I carefully unzipped his fly so as not to frighten him, and tugged his pants down past his knees. I rubbed my hands up and down his legs, his virginal form quivering beneath my palm. He tensed up when I touched his underpants. "Oh my God!" he moaned. I pulled them down in one swift motion, revealing a well-developed young man, much larger than I anticipated. His long slender penis lay against his smooth, hairless stomach. I stroked it lightly, licking and sucking the head. I cupped his balls in my hand and squeezed them. He let out a yelp. I chewed and sucked his hot cock until he spilled his load of sweet milk down my throat.

I sat up and straddled him. He put his hands up my skirt and ripped my panties off. I took his engorged cock and guided it into my dripping pussy. As I moved up and down on it, he grabbed my tits and pulled on my erect nipples. Before he was about to climax, he became frightened and tried to pull away. "It's not time," I told him.

I held on to him even tighter as he screamed in ecstasy, shooting his come up my cunt. He panted, his face covered in sweat. I licked his face dry with my tongue.

I suggested we both fully undress. He was slightly dazed but agreed. We disrobed in front of each other and put our clothes on a chair. I asked him if he had ever touched a woman "there." He said no. I asked him if he would like to touch me there, and he answered timidly, "Could I?" I took his hand and placed it over my cunt. I put my hand on top of his and massaged my clit. He began to get the hang of it and I removed my hand. He explored every fold and crevice with his fingers. "Faster," I told him. He worked his finger in and out of my cunt with a rapid pace. I pushed his head down and shoved his face in my crotch. He sucked hard on my rigid clit. It was incredible! I could feel my knees weakening. I wrapped my arms around his head and pushed him harder against my cunt. He plunged his tongue deep inside me and thrust and I came all over this face.

His face was covered with my juices. I took his hands from my arse and lifted him to his feet. I looked straight into his eyes and kissed him. Then I went over to the chair and dressed myself. He still stood there naked, watching me dress. I looked at him one last time. He looked down at his feet then up at me and smiled. "Thank you," he said softly. I said nothing and left the room, closing the door behind me. I walked back to the show and rejoined my friends. Ten minutes later, he walked in. His face glowed. He spotted me from across the room. I caught his eye and winked. He gave me a huge grin, one I think he'll be wearing until we meet again. I know we will.

— Name and address withheld

Midnight special

I would like to relay an experience that I know your readers will enjoy.

It began innocently enough on New Year's Eve with a quiet dinner in a local restaurant. I was feeling very sexy in a black dress and wearing my new garter belt, sheer black hose, and lace panties. With my blonde hair and petite frame, I felt and looked pretty foxy. Throughout dinner I subtly leaned closer to my lover so he could get a peek at my full breasts straining through my tight knit dress. By the look of the bulge in his crotch I knew he was getting a bird's-eye view of my erect nipples.

Declining to go to a nearby nightclub to meet some friends for a New Year's bash, we opted instead for a quieter evening at home. Once settled inside, Ben turned and embraced me with a long, wet kiss. As his tongue and lips nibbled the corners of my mouth, I felt a wetness coat my pussy. Slowly he reached behind me, unhooked my bra, and began caressing my tits. Easing me back to the couch, he pulled off my dress and ravenously devoured my tits with

LASSALE THE WATCH



LASSALE STOCKISTS

NEW SOUTH WALES

SYDNEY CITY: Allison's Duty Free/Angus & Coote Duty Free/Angus & Coote/Bridge Street Duty Free/Bruce & Walsh/David Jones/Downtown Duty Free/Fairfax & Roberts/G. Frieberg/Gemtec Duty Free/Georges Duty Free/Grace Bros/Le Classique Duty Free/Mainland Duty Free/Martin Plaza Duty Free/Midcity Duty Free/Prouds/L. Sanders & Sons/South Pacific Duty Free/Southern Cross Duty Free/Sterling Nicholas Duty Free/Whitehall Duty Free.

SUBURBAN: BANKSTOWN: Duty Free World. BOND I JUNCTION: Younger Bros. BURWOOD: Younger Bros. CHATSWOOD: Alfreds the Jewellers/Chatswood Duty Free/David Jones. DARLINGHURST: Sterling Nicholas Duty Free. FAIRFIELD: Regines Diamond Mine/S&T Jewellers. GORDON: Tapners Jewellers. HORNSBY: Alfreds the Jewellers. HURSTVILLE: Younger American Jewellers. KINGS CROSS: Passport Duty Free/Sterling Nicholas Duty Free. LIVERPOOL: Diamond Den Jewellers/The Diamond Mine. MANLY: Corso Jewellery/Hays Jewellery. MARRICKVILLE: Marrickville Duty Free/Sterns Jewellers/Thessaloniki Jewellers. MASCOT: Cantori Jewellers. NORTH RYDE: Grace Bros. PARRAMATTA: Duty Free World/Grace Bros. PENRITH: Gillers. ROCKDALE: Younger American Jewellery. ROSELANDS: Roselands Centre Jewellers.

COUNTRY: ARMIDALE: Evan I. Lewis. BATHURST: Regency Jewellers. DUBBO: Regency Jewellers. GOSFORD: P&G Quinn. KOTARA FAIR: Whitakers Jewellers. MAITLAND: D.J. Bailey. MUSWELLBROOK: Matthews Jewellers. NEWCASTLE: G. Caldwell. ORANGE: Regency Jewellers. TAREE: Loretans Jewellers. WOLLONGONG: Farquhars Jewellers.

A.C.T.

CANBERRA CITY: Downtown Duty Free. BELCONNEN: Dimitries Jewellers. MANUKA: Dimitries Jewellers. WODEN: Dimitries Jewellers.

VICTORIA

MELBOURNE CITY: Alex Bros./A.P.I. Trading/Bevilles City International Duty Free/Downtown Duty Free/Dunklings the Jewellers/International Duty Free/Queen Street Duty Free/Rundles/Simpsons/Salara's Jewellers/Ted's Duty Free/V.F. Trainor/West End Duty Free.

SUBURBAN: ABBOTSFORD: Poh-Ting. BRANDON PARK: Bevilles. BRUNSWICK: J & N. Velican. CAMBERWELL: Valgine Jewellers. CHADSTONE: Bevilles. COBURG: Lamar Jewellers. DONCASTER: Bevilles. FOOTSCRAY: L. Newsome/Salara's the Jewellers. GREENSBOROUGH: Bevilles. HIGHPOINT: Bevilles. KEYSBOROUGH: Bevilles. LALOR: Paton's Place. NORTHLANDS: Bevilles. RESERVOIR: Paton's Place. SUNSHINE: H&F Berne. TULLAMARINE: Melbourne International Airport Duty Free. WANTIRNA SOUTH: Bevilles.

COUNTRY: GEELONG: Duffs Jewellers.

TASMANIA

HOBART: Diamond World/International Duty Free.

QUEENSLAND

BRISBANE CITY: Angus & Coote/Anita Jewellers/Downtown Duty Free/International Duty Free/Valray Jewellers/Wallace Bishop.

SUBURBAN: INDOOROOPILLY: McKinneys Jewellers. KIPPARING: Richardsons Jewellers. MT. GRAVATT: J.P. McCarthy/Wallace Bishop. WYNNUM: J.P. McCarthy.

COUNTRY: CAIRNS: Downtown Duty Free/Great Barrier Reef Duty Free. COOLANGATTA: Inspirations. NAMBOUR: Nambour Jewellers. ROCKHAMPTON: Rod Cooper Jewellers. SOUTHPORT: Birkbecks Jewellers. SURFERS PARADISE: Anita Jewellers/Downtown Duty Free/Haines & Stephenson/Wallace Bishop. TOOWOOMBA: McKinneys Jewellers. TOWNSVILLE: Loloma Jewellers.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

ADELAIDE CITY: City Duty Free/Downtown Duty Free/Edmonds/I. Farren Price/Leigh Street Duty Free Shop/Myer/Shiels Jewellers/Wendts Jewellers.

SUBURBAN: WALKERVILLE: Class A Jewellers.

NORTHERN TERRITORY

ALICE SPRINGS: Centre Jewellers.

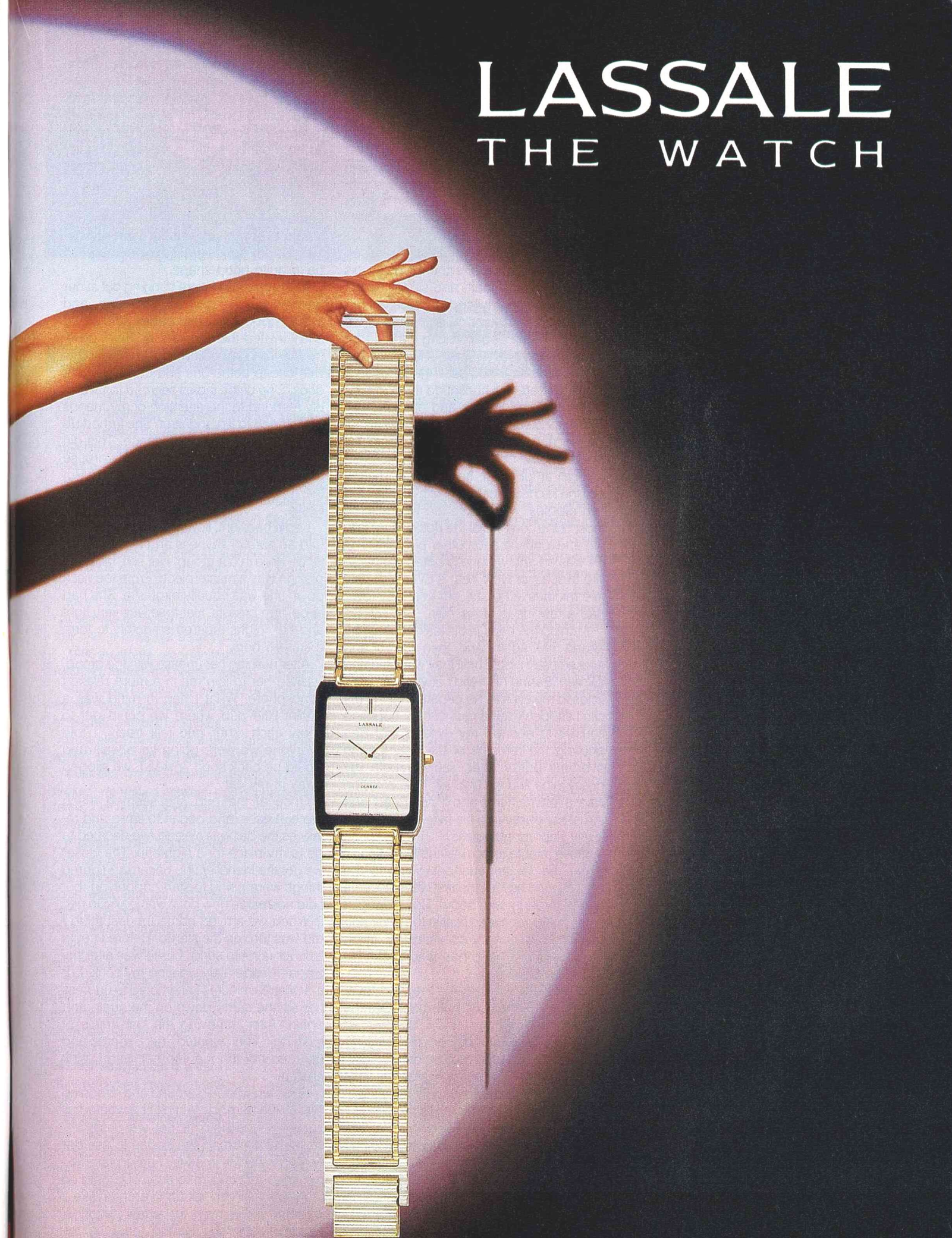
DARWIN: Georges Jewellers/The Diamond House/Pauls Jewellers.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

PERTH CITY: Anthony's Jewellers/Budget Duty Free/Caris Duty Free/City Duty Free & Tax Free Centre/Centreways Duty Free/Downtown Duty Free/Gateway Duty Free/International Duty Free/Mazzucchelli's/Prouds/Rosendorff Jewellers.

SUBURBAN: BOORAGOON: Mazzucchelli's. CANNINGTON: Mazzucchelli's. FREMANTLE: Downtown Duty Free/C.H. May. HILLARYS: Mazzucchelli's. KARRINYUP: Mazzucchelli's. SUBIACO: Prestige Jewellers.

COUNTRY: BUNBURY: Inwoods Jewellers. GERALDTON: Mazzucchelli's.





Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.



The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

his tongue and lips. By now my hands were groping over his body and, having found the bulge between his legs, I proceeded to quickly strip off his pants and shirt, exposing his lean, sinewy physique. My mouth sought his cock, which sprang from his brief underwear, hard and ready to be sucked.

With garter and hose still on, I pressed against his hardness, slithered down his lean body to his shaft, and slowly began giving him head. My tongue probed the tip of his cock before easing my mouth down his rod. When I began licking his balls, he moaned softly.

"Suck it baby. You suck me so good," he whispered, as I continued my pumping motion with my mouth and hands.

Unexpectedly, he stopped me from continuing my delicious task and asked if I wanted some champagne. With his erection still at full mast, he sauntered naked into the kitchen. Returning with a bottle and two glasses, we proceeded to consume most of the contents of the bottle, while talking and fondling each other playfully. The TV was on and we briefly noted the party-like telecast of New Year's Eve. With only five minutes left of the old year, my lover had a few ideas of his own.

Arching me back in his leather chair, he kissed me again and then licked and sucked each nipple until they were red and swollen. Easing his head between my legs, I closed my eyes as he began tonguing my clit. I suddenly felt a rush of cool bubbling liquid and opened my eyes to find Ben pouring the remains of the champagne over my pussy, then sucking both my pussy juice and the bubbly. The sensation was overwhelming and I squirmed and thrust my pussy into his face as he relentlessly kept tonguing me.

"One minute to go until the New Year!" came the TV announcer's voice in the background as I felt the first wave of come ripple through my body. Recovering, I stood him over me as I sat in the chair and resumed my hungry cocksucking, using my lips, tongue, and hands to stroke his shaft and balls.

"Thirty seconds," came the voice over the TV as Ben laid us both back into the leather easy chair.

Kneeling astride me, he pumped his massive cock a few times before inserting it deeply into my pussy walls. My love juices were already flowing as I sucked in his full length with a gasp. His thrusting increased and I could feel and hear him sliding in and out of my cunt, his balls slapping rhythmically against my arse as I started to come.

"Give me your pussy baby," he murmured. "Let me feel your sweet pussy come!" He continued thrusting harder and faster.

"Fuck me!" I cried. "Oh yeah!" I yelled

as I felt myself being released in orgasm. "Five, four, three, two, one!" came the raucous noise as I felt Ben stiffen and shoot his full load deep into my pussy. I squeezed my love muscle tight to savor every drop as he moaned softly in my ear, "Happy New Year, baby!" — *Name and address withheld*

Pickup

I am a 22-year-old student. I am very active in many sports and consider myself to be in quite good shape.

My friends and I were hanging out at our favorite spot — a small, secluded, and scenic park. Two sexy babes strolled by and I invited them to join us. Right away my friends bombarded these two beauties with cheap come-ons and crude innuendoes. One of the ladies seemed to favorably respond to the attention of my friends and started to flirt and strut. She turned up our radio and started to dance. This girl had a nice body and could easily arouse anyone with her firm scoops of flesh. But the real treasure was in her quiet friend, Leslie.

Leslie had light, flowing auburn hair. She had an aura of shyness and almost reluctance while in our group. Her soft, fair complexion was a masterpiece. From the neck down she was equally exquisite. She had large, firm breasts. Her arse was very tight and her thighs tapered smoothly to form a superb body.

After noticing her unease with the group, I asked her to join me in a more relaxed atmosphere. What I had in mind was a quaint little pub where we could get to know each other and talk freely. I told everyone we were going for a walk and would be back soon. Instead, we slipped away in my car.

Once at the pub she seemed much more at ease, and began to smile and relax. As the bar was closing, we decided to go to my place for a nightcap. The closer we got the friendlier she became. I figured things were going to start happening, but I did not realize how hot it was going to get.

When we arrived home the first thing I did was turn on the stereo. Before I could ask her favorite song, Leslie was after my zipper, desperately wanting my cock. For the next 20 minutes I attempted to undress her as she came down on me again and again. After removing the last article of clothing, she wanted her share and coerced my tongue into her warm, pink snatch.

She then wheeled around and straddled my thumping prick. At first she wanted all of me slammed into her hot, wet pussy. After the initial thrust, she began to use her vaginal muscles in a way I have never experienced. This carried on until I could no longer contain myself and I erupted like a volcano. I lay there for a few seconds, numbed, until she started tonguing my

Continued on page 134

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

THE YEAR OF LIVING GREEDILY

Let's not get too twisted up over this Year In Review business. Thankfully there are only a few weeks remaining in this shameful circus called The 1986 Show, and no-one will be more pleased than I to see it slink away forever. But given its display of bad manners to date, it has shown it's the type of year that won't pass quietly.

Every tacky chat show will conduct its own "How We Saw 1986" report, which will be as deeply penetrating as three-minute segments will allow. Most newspapers will do the same. The fact that you were ringside and saw the whole sordid battle appears circumstantial.

So, because this Year In Review business is now bigger business than dope cropping in Griffith but no more moral, this correspondent thought it critical not to be caught short in the annual clamor for copy. Though, to my credit, I do have a grander reason. Never has one year caused me so much angst and generated so much outright anger as this one. It does not deserve to be legitimised in print.

1986 Australia, and for this it should be totally ashamed, can be reduced, folded and neatly labelled in a word: GIMMEGIMMEGIMME. Australia The Country pleaded Gimme A Break to all whom it owed money. Which was just about everybody on the planet except for a couple of leather workers in Samoa.

Australia The Worker ordered Gimme More Money. "No money, no work," they cried. To which could be added: "No sense."

Australia The Government demanded Gimme More Taxes. "We're broke," we replied between sips of chardonnay. "Trust us," they countered, "we're your government. Remember?"

Australia The Conscience shrieked Gimme A Chance when a couple of home town boys were hanged for their crimes. We conveniently forgot they were playing in the League Of High Rollers . . . and they lost.

Finally, Australia The Spirit said Gimme Shelter. It had been kicked in the head too often by its own team and couldn't take any more. Last I heard it was laid out in a deck chair at Noosa, happy on the dole.

Everyone demanded gimme from 1986 until it turned out its pockets, showed us it had no more to give, then gave us a boot between the legs. Take that, suckers.

Enough of the prose. Sure, Australia isn't perfect. Aggravation has replaced sunburn as

uniquely Oz; the national condition has deteriorated to the extent that we could be dead but just won't lie down. What with little Kylie trying to desex the cat with a can opener, your other daughter knocked up to a job who has what appears to be a coathanger through his ear, and you having to contend with a bank trying daily to swindle you out of your home, at times it's a mess.

I agree everything costs more than you have in your pocket. It's virtually impossible to keep a Tooheys cold once the sun gets a line on it. And when you ultimately decide on the suburb in which you'd like to live out your days, your neighbor turns out to be a cantankerous oaf with eight children who all own air rifles.

But why take it out on your country?

I'd rather live here than anywhere else in the hopelessly war-afflicted world. How about you? If you agree, begin acting like an Australian again. If I need to explain what that is, perhaps you should go back to where you came from.

Another option. We can stay Australian-made, or become the kind of people who think a fine example of a cultural centre is Disneyland. It's your choice.

1987 is hiding over the hill. From all expectations, it should be a good example of how a year should perform. Which leads me to point out how all of us should conduct ourselves, to give the year at least a fighting chance of coming out of the struggle with a decent reputation.

• Stop whingeing. Even if your in-laws come to stay.

• Do not do drugs. If you can afford them, you've got too much money.

• Do not even consider saying: "Have A Nice Day-ee!"

• Stop giving money away to international relief funds. Worry about Australia first. I need cash, so give it to me. My Reeboks need resoling.

• Stop criticising foreigners. Can you afford to live overseas? No. Neither can they, so let them live here. But charge them more.

• Stop worrying about the PLO, Gaddafi and other vicious towelheads. Unless, of course, they come to Australia. Then shoot them.

• Finally, stop bitching about Australia. Stand up, hold your hand over your wallet and salute the flag . . . if you know which one it's going to be. Maybe next year. — S.R. Gibbs

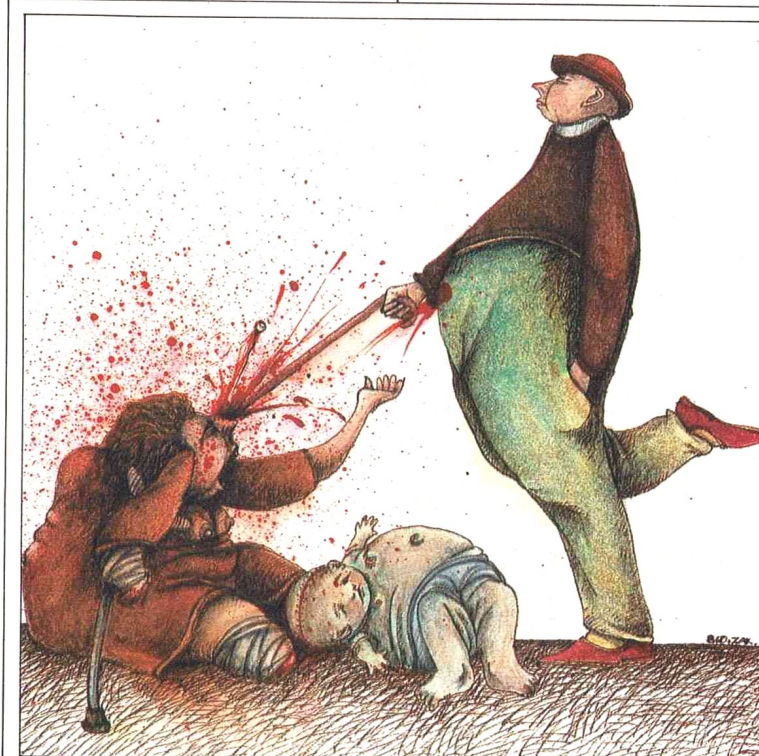


Illustration by S.R. Gibbs

LUST



THE HAPPIEST KINGDOM OF THEM ALL

It's 1942, at the height of WWII, and Flt Cmdr A.R. Smythe-Ffawkes (Algie to his chums) has parachuted from the burning fuselage of his Spitfire right into the hands of Gerry. Name, rank and serial number was all he'd given the jackbooted blighters who'd interrogated him, and by Jove, the threat of facing the secret weapon of the SS was not going to shake his nerve.

"Commandant Weiss vill crack you," his guards had laughed evilly.

"Chin up, old chap," Algie told himself as he heard Weiss approaching, heard the creak of the door, saw the spit-shone boot.

Boot? This was a six-inch stilet-to shoe, attached to a perfect leg that seemed to stretch further than a meat ration queue back home. This much-feared demon of Deutschland was a woman. And what a woman!

His eyes wandered past the tops of her black stockings to linger on a tight, black leather G-string from which curled unruly blonde hairs. "If only they'd warned me of this back home," he thought, drinking in the creamy breasts that spilled from her SS jacket — the perfect face, lips red and snarling, the hair tumbling from the harsh correctness of the German officer's cap.

"Remove ze uniform," Weiss ordered with a menacing swish of a short whip that ruffled Algie's painstakingly trimmed moustache. "You vill talk, svine, and zen ze fun begins."

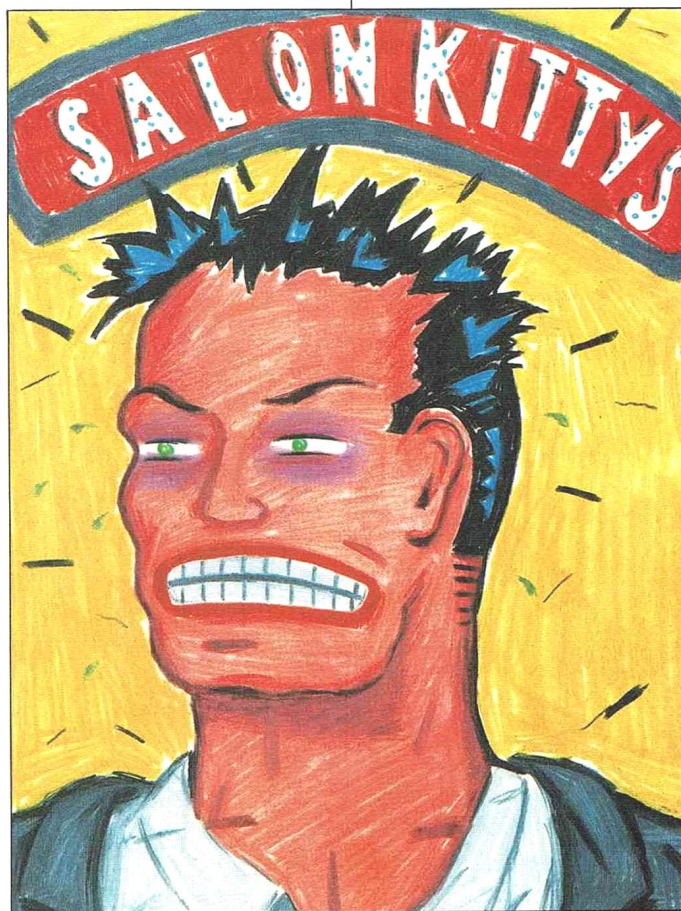
The stiffness of Algie's upper lip had migrated south. He tried in vain to chant the patriotic motto, "For King and country," but as she leaned toward him he smelled her warm wetness, leaving the feeble vestige of his chant: "Cunt."

There was a rustle as his RAF-issue trousers fell to the floor. His moustache trembled as he mouthed the words... "What do you want to know?"

Actually it's 1986, in the heart of Sydney's Kings Cross. Funny how the mind wanders. A petite, attractive American woman had been

showing me the appointment book at Salon Kitty's, a house of pleasure specialising in playing out fantasies to exquisite fulfilment. It had only been one line. There, between the schoolgirl fantasy and the Dashiell Hammett fantasy, was written, "3pm. WWII. Captured pilot. Nazi interrogation." Algie leaped out at me.

"You should get this published," I said, snapping back to reality and manageress Joy's businesslike voice. She just laughed and led me through to the wardrobe room where Commandant Weiss' uniform hung amidst a profusion of nurses' outfits, nuns' habits, school dresses, feathered thingies, latex lingerie and who knows what else.



"We make new outfits all the time. We can satisfy even the most amazing imagination."

"Amazing" is one word to sum up Salon Kitty's — "mindblowing" is another. Joy and I had talked for a while in one of the groundfloor rooms of this grandiose Victoria St mansion. Then she'd taken me on a tour — an odyssey through what seemed like countless rooms, each decorated to suit a different sexual whim.

We'd stopped in the schoolroom to see the authentic school photos donated by an adoring patron. All the school uniforms had come from exclusive Eastern Suburbs schools. In the doctor's surgery she pulled a metal instrument from a sterilising jar and told me the

price of it. It was expensive and authentic medical merchandise. I didn't dare ask what it was for.

We paused longest in the Titanic Room, large and decorated to the point of olde worlde decadence. Here larger groups, in particular bucks' parties (a Salon Kitty specialty), are entertained. Rooms upon rooms, and still we didn't visit them all. On many doors Joy knocked to be answered by a male, "Come in." We didn't. I was hoping for just a peek through one door. No luck.

Salon Kitty's has grown rapidly in popularity since it opened just over a year ago. "It's all word of mouth," said Joy. "We're very different, we're very good, and the kids (as Joy refers to the 20 or so handpicked girls who work there) are very beautiful, talented, and specially trained by me.

"And we're expensive. We're after the right sort of men. We get them, we treat them well and they come back."

Questioned further about the price: "This is not a pay by the half hour brothel. At Salon Kitty's men, or men with their partners, may stay as long as they wish to play out fantasies, sexual or otherwise.

"We think of ourselves like a high class restaurant. You pay for fine food and wine and the last thing you want is someone hurrying you along."

At 5pm we stood winding up in the cocktail bar and talking about the huge erotic photographs that decorate the walls. "We had them done ourselves. That's one of the best girls," said Joy indicating a magnificent female form in leather, "and that's me." A perfect body with breasts thrusting above a white lace corselette. "There's more to me than meets the eye." It didn't surprise me. Salon Kitty's had blown my surprise gasket.

Outside, sorting it all out, it niggled me where you'd start with a Dashiell Hammett fantasy. I didn't get much further than, "Is that a Maltese Falcon in your pocket, or are you just pleased to see me?" These things are best left to the experts. — Anita Newman

Paradise on wheels? It's yours with FUJITSU TEN car audio.



Minimal requirements in our M Series...

- PLL synthesizer tuning • Auto Seek
- Preset tuning • Auto Reverse with magnetoresistor • Dolby* NR • Automatic Program Selector • Tape Selector
- Hard permalloy head • Built-in 4-channel amp • Separate Bass/Treble controls • Loudness switch • Digital quartz clock.

This and more. But at FUJITSU TEN, here is where it all begins.

...and what we do to make them better.

POTENTIAL: Users can grade-up easily and economically. The 4-speaker M Series has built-in power and pre-amp faders for later multiple installation of a high-power amp or graphic equalizer.

PRECISION: To make sure drivers get the highest quality audio, features like a Dual Azimuth Adjusting System with a swivel head give precise tape alignment — both ways.

PERFORMANCE: Automatic adjustment makes driving safer, more relaxing. The Ultra Tuner includes Auto Separation Control to adjust for weak signal areas, Auto Tone Control to

reduce hiss, RF AGC Amp circuit, Soft Mute, dual-gate MOS FET, balanced mixer and noise blanker — all of which help to improve listening — automatically.

PLEASURE: User friendliness includes large dual-function controls, "Beep" confirmation tones, Preset Scan, a large LCD panel, OPTI-MI color-changing display, green edge-lighting for night driving, and more.

So the next time you shop for a car audio, don't just count functions. Count up to ten. FUJITSU TEN — for the best sound on wheels.

Dolby and the double-D symbol are trademarks of Dolby Laboratories Licensing Corporation.

Model M3



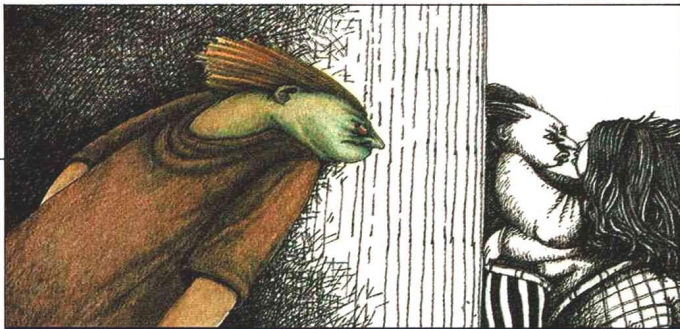
The Best Sound on Wheels



FUJITSU TEN LIMITED Japan

WHOLESALE APPLIANCE DISTRIBUTORS PTY. LTD.
Unit 6, Araluen Place, Corner Araluen & Millway Streets, Kedron, Brisbane, Qld., 4031, Australia
Tel: (07)-359-8499 Telex: AA41332 Fax: (07)-268-7172

ENVY



THE SANTA CLAUSE

First, a confession. I am in that irritating category of people — envied by millions — who when asked what they want for Christmas, are unable to think of a thing. Cuff links? I don't wear them. A wallet? I have one. A briefcase? I have several. A dinner date with Joan Collins? I've had dinner with Joan Collins.

I'm not saying that I am the proverbial "man who has everything." I suppose, were money no object, I could think of *something* I wanted — a Ferrari GTO would do very nicely — but at the normal level of gift-giving, my mind goes blank.

I suspect this comes from my childhood as a Hollywood brat, brought up in a world where every day was Christmas, except for one's birthday, when *serious* gift-giving took place. My late uncle, the movie producer and Olympic-level spender Sir Alexander Korda, was in the habit of sending his secretary around to all the members of the Korda family before Christmas. Her job was to find out what we wanted. On Christmas morning, Alex's chauffeur delivered the goodies, and to this day, so far as I know, Alex took no part in the process, except to pay the bills — or to make sure that the shareholders of London Films or United Artists paid them . . . Anyway, my bedroom looked like a warehouse and as a result, perhaps I was gifted-out early.

Of course, it's one of the very few disadvantages of success that successful people either have one of everything, or could afford to buy it for themselves. *Really* successful people in the business world are also insulated from the needs of normal people by the corporate Horn of Plenty — they *have* the company jet, the company limousine, the company car for personal use, the gold-plated Thermos and enough technical goodies to stock a Japanese trade fair. With power come perks.

Then, too, power-seekers aren't hobbyists as a rule. They don't have the time, and their energies

are directed toward success, rather than the golf course or woodworking. It is, in fact, one of the peculiar paradoxes of success that the higher you rise and the more money you make, the less time you have to enjoy it, with the result that the people at the top are very often having less fun than the people at the bottom.

Since I am assuming that as an envy-ridden power-seeker (and reader of this column) you already own black Gucci shoes, an expensive wristwatch, a good briefcase, and a lot of white shirts and dark ties, I have decided to offer, instead of the usual list of expensive wish-items for Christmas, a gift list appropriate to higher corporate success — which will incite your underlings to new heights of raw envy. Remember: The man (or

woman) who is making a six-figure salary doesn't need to sit around daydreaming about what he is going to find under the Christmas tree. In the first place he will probably be in the office working on Christmas Day, and in the second place, since you can buy yourself whatever you want at that salary level, why waste money mailing a letter to Santa?

However, if you feel compelled to send a letter to him, here is a suggestion. Since you're probably pretty busy stabbing your fellow executives in the back, or plotting a quick leveraged buyout of your company, you can just clip this out of the magazine and have your secretary mail it to the North Pole.

Dear Santa,
I've been a pretty good boy this

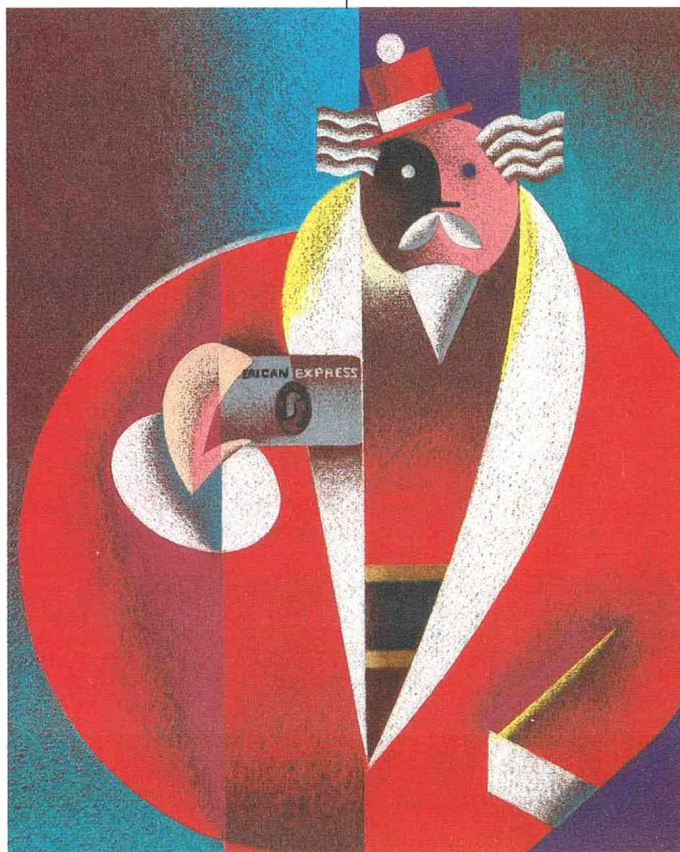
year, and since I know your time is almost as valuable as mine, I'd like to list a few things I could really use in the coming year. I'm anticipating delivery early morning, December 25 and would like to take this opportunity to thank you for your co-operation, and also to point out that you are entirely responsible for any damages incurred by your livestock when landing on my roof.

- Kindly provide the following:
- (1) A 25-hour day. The present one is too short.
 - (2) The perfect secretary.
 - (3) A glamorous, sultry, willing girlfriend with access to insider's information and hot stock tips.
 - (4) A parking place with my name on it.
 - (5) A golden parachute.
 - (6) A platinum American Express card.
 - (7) An office with four windows, a tree, a conversation pit, a free-form granite-top desk, leather sofas, and a private bathroom with real towels, fresh every day.
 - (8) A brass nameplate *screwed* into my door — not the slip-in kind of nameplate that says, "Here today, gone tomorrow."
 - (9) A yuppie assistant who worships the ground I walk on.
 - (10) A bonus plan and stock option as big as the Ritz.

Of course, there's more to life than envying those for whom these gifts are passe. The truth is, who *needs* all those Christmas gifts that fill the catalogues, and will soon fill our closets? The ties and Swiss army knives and cigarette lighters that men receive, the sexy lingerie that men give women (always a size too small) and which women never wear . . . We'd trade them all, Santa, for the supreme gift — going back ten or 20 years.

Now, *there's* a present worth getting! How would you like to be 21 again, but *smart* this time?

Unfortunately, for this particular present, it is no use writing to Santa. Write, instead, to The Devil, Deepest Pit of Hell, for more details. Just ask for the same deal Faust got . . . — Michael Korda



The big problem with cheap videotapes lies in the quality of the coating on the tape.

Or rather the lack of quality.

After some use the coating can start to deteriorate.

The result; the picture breaks up, the audio breaks down, and you have to fork out for a new tape.



WHY CHEAP VIDEOTAPES ARE A LOT MORE EXPENSIVE THAN TDK VIDEOTAPES.

TDK videotapes, on the other hand, boast a remarkable tape coating called Super Avilyn. In plain English what it does is to reproduce a razor sharp picture, with colours that are naturally bright; not washed out or garish.

It also means a tape so durable you can record and playback hundreds of times without any loss of picture quality.

Which in the long run means a tape that costs less than the cheapest tape you can buy.



TDK
DOES AMAZING THINGS



AVARICE



THE PRICE OF FUN

She's abandoned you, your vices, and your clapped-out Kingswood for a straight exec and his Volvo. "Gold digger," you cynically chortle. "How could I have fallen for her?" She's dismissed as a cheap pursuer of the soft life, if not a whore — and you quickly do your best to forget her.

In the world of single men, this is not an unfamiliar scenario. A woman who purposefully seeks a man with sound business affairs is callously dismissed as the "marrying kind" who simply can't wait to find someone gullible enough to support a flock of ankle-biters. So many of us thank our lucky stars that we made good our escape before it was too late.

Yet I, for one, have gradually been forced to admit there's more to it than that. My past protests now haunt me: "I don't care about money — and I hate paperwork. If I've got it, I spend it — simple as that." A brave front. It hasn't been pleasant — and believe me the process isn't complete — but this attitude is gradually being pummeled out of me. Perhaps you, too, will finally make the admission that attending to mundane business details is not necessarily "out of character" with your fun-loving, colorful self — and that failure to do so is more likely a mundane expression of one ingrained character trait which seems extremely common these days: unmitigated laziness, unbelievable slackness.

I know of a guy earning 30 grand a year who will very likely, very shortly, go to jail. Despite his accountant's begging, he has not cleaned up his room and found the few relevant pieces of paper so his tax can be done. As well, any day police will knock on his door demanding money for unpaid parking fines, which have tripled since he first invited them. He admits he worries about this every day. Has he cleaned up his room yet?

Another acquaintance's "hard luck" story: he's had three cars ripped off in 18 months. The first time, he was uninsured; the se-

cond — well, he was uninsured again. Next he bought a brand new sports car — and it went too. Do you think he insured it? Though he earns in excess of 40 grand, to borrow a line, if booze was just two bob a bottle he couldn't even buy the smell.

People don't often go broke overnight these days. They don't shout "I'm ruined" and neck themselves with any regularity. They go into debt. This whole country's economy is, and probably always will be, run in the red. Most of the Volvo drivers with sound business affairs are more than likely in debt up to their ears. The difference? Attention to detail.

Brace yourself. I can feel a plati-

tude coming on: If we can't attend to the little things, how we can possibly attempt the big things? Here's a few hints I've solicited from various sources. None of them have come from stingy arseholes.

- Invest in details — buy a filing cabinet. Like it or lump it, this country runs on paper. A few hours organising just one drawer into sections can have everything at the ready. What's more, it makes you feel organised. You don't need a personal computer, and you don't need a personal secretary to do it for you.

- Bite the bullet and spend that time settling your affairs. Nobody likes queues and bureaucracy, but

they are all part of playing the game.

- Develop a telephone manner — with the facts at your fingertips — which is smooth without smarm, occasionally tough but not abrasive, cool but not complacent. If you have never exploited telephones, you may be surprised what you can achieve — even if you must summon uncertain courage. Having a credit card number to quote can save time, postage and petrol money.

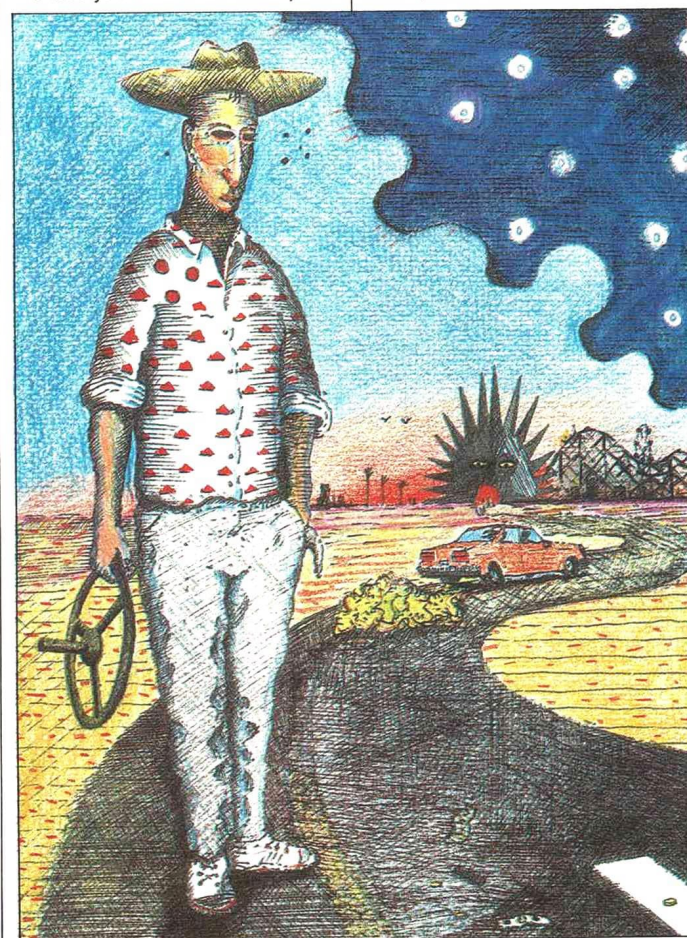
- Rule up a simple diary of your obligations. No bill's arrival should surprise you — you'll get enough surprises at the inflated amounts that appear on them.

- Make even the vaguest, occasional effort to understand what Max Walsh is talking about. (I keep hoping something will rub off.) It's no coincidence that dry financial news seems to dominate headlines so much; it's the reporting of how our government is meeting its commitments; we can learn what not to do.

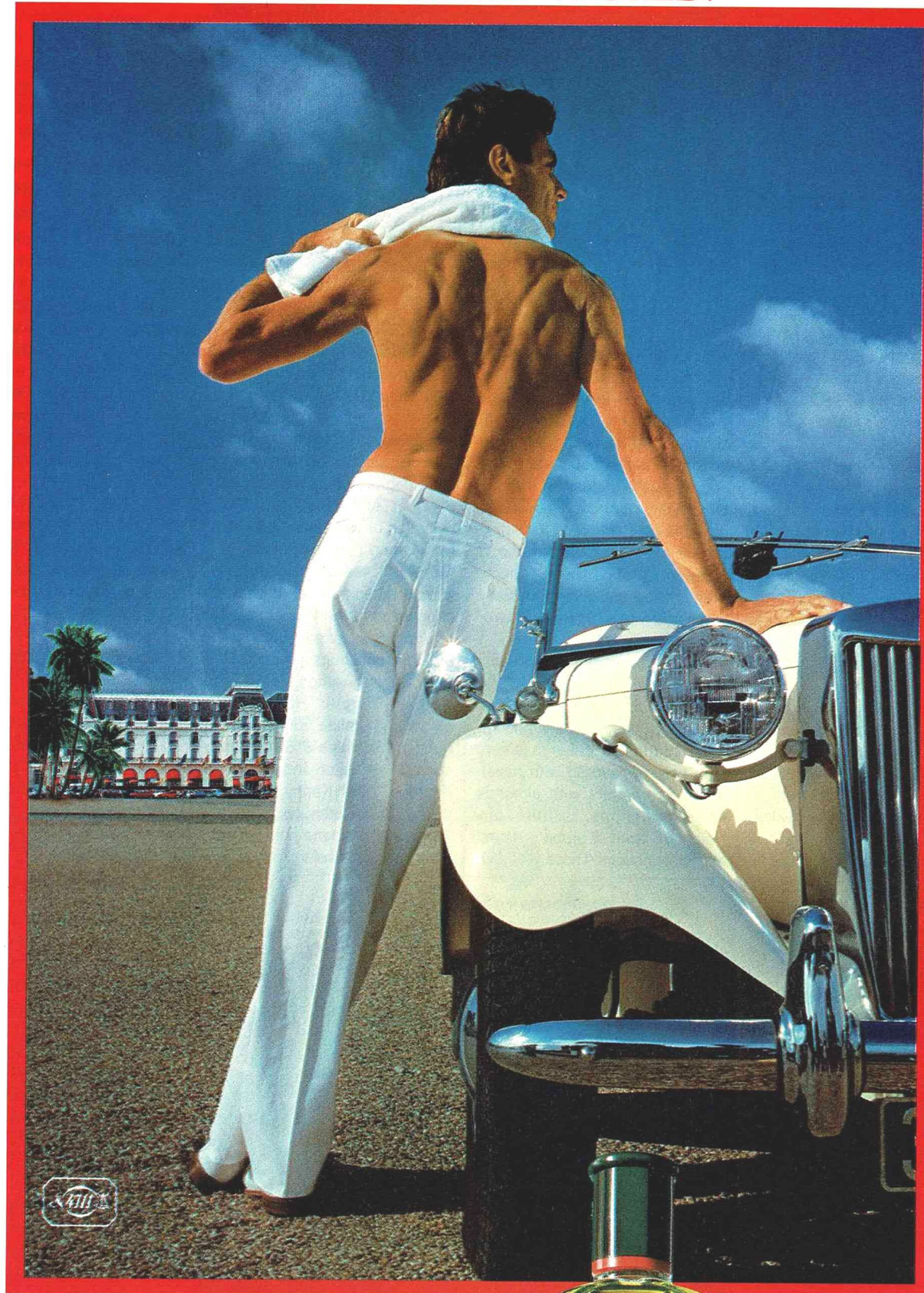
- Don't confuse owing money to institutions with being in debt to friends. You'll never lose an institution.

Don't get me wrong. You'll have no argument from me if you think that the financial world comprises the most colorless collection of grasping deadshits on the face of the Earth. But it's only natural that such defectives will gravitate toward these spheres. I suggest we can dabble to suit our needs simply through the most basic attention to detail. I'm not even talking about lusting after vast riches — not in the least. I'm referring to satisfying our greed for good times and acknowledging that fun has a certain price — or rather, responsibility. The basic prerequisite of a fun time is being free from worry — knowing where you stand.

For goodness sake, this country's treasurer has warned that we're likely to turn into a banana republic in the near future. It's time to admit it to yourself if you are a slackarse, and to decide if you're going to do anything about it. — Graeme Sims



A PART OF HIS WORLD.



MEN'S CLASSIC

Eau de Toilette, After Shave Lotion and a complete selection of men's grooming essentials.



GLUTTONY



A GOURMET GIFT GUIDE

There may be some who honestly believe it's the thought that counts when it comes to gift giving, but I'm not one of them. I will die happy if I never receive another jar of home-made orange chutney. When I give or get anything at Christmas time, it has to be like an All At Once love affair — exciting, satisfying, sinful and expensive.

The key to confidence in Christmas food giving is to be sublimely selfish and wildly arrogant. As these qualities are two of the oldest human virtues, it's an easy directive to surf along with. Why do you need to be selfish and arrogant? The prime motive of forking out for some rich and/or obscure delicacy is, of course, to ensure a portion for yourself.

It doesn't matter if your grasp of the French language is minimal or non-existent — everyone knows that the translation of *foie gras* is "unashamed luxury." In France, you can buy fresh or semi-cooked foie gras, but our quarantine laws restrict the Australian experience of foie gras to the very superior canned variety. Far beyond mere goose liver, the suppleness, unctuousness and tenderness of foie gras is viewed as the greatest achievement of French gastronomy and good living.

Foie gras is the high point of any meal, private or public, and its versatility is legendary. You can scoff it simply with melba toast, or go madly sophisticated in quiches, tournados, tagliatelle and fettucine dishes. Some gourmets contend that it should be served at the beginning of a meal, when diners are still hungry and can fully savor its delicacy.

The choice of wine to serve with foie gras is far more restrictive than its culinary applications. As an accompanying gift, your selection is restricted to a lush dessert wine or a wallet surgery Cognac. Fun-in-consumption types should buy a Chateau d'Yquem, Peter Lehmann Semillon/Sauternes, Brown Brothers Orange Muscat and Flora or Hill-Smith Botrytised Semillon.

Confectionery consumption has been on the slide in the last few years, with one big exception: chocolate. And it seems the more luxurious the product (and the price tag), the better. For true aficionados, no other sensuous pleasure competes with the satiny texture of a champagne truffle, a hazelnut praline or a cherry brandy-filled bon-bon. Especially when you let the liquor spill over your chin.

Prime stock-up points in Sydney are The Bon Bon Shops in Double Bay and the MLC Centre. Best sellers include kirsch, champagne and rum truffles, icebergs (a very light praline flavored with hazelnuts), thin wafers with almonds and zabaglione truffles air-freighted from Europe's finest chocolate houses. Those in search

of something different can choose from chocolate novelties such as milk, dark and white chocolate Porsches and Mercedes tanked up with Godiva chocolates, or a champagne pack of a small bottle of Moet et Chandon, a house selection of chocolates and Marilyn Monroe marzipan legs.

In Perth, searchers for the satin should check in at Julianne's chocolates in the City Arcade for an Aladdin's cave of the world's big-time chocolate producers — from Danish Anthon Berg to the German Sarotti. Honey, rum, ginger and praline truffles rule the roost at Adelaide's Swiss Glory shops in the Hilton and City Cross Arcades. Ross Kenny Fine Australian Chocolates on Wickham Terrace in Brisbane puts out with 20 or so varieties of top chocs from

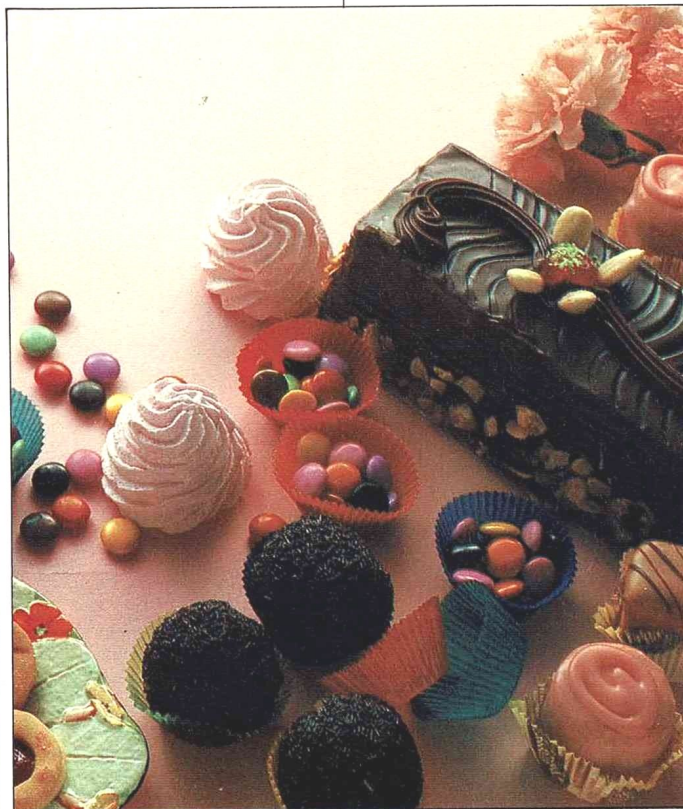
Pina Colada, Cointreau, fresh cream and Drambuie to Irish Coffee truffles, pecan swirls and Cheri-Suisse liqueur creams.

Like Sydney, Melbourne is a goldmine for the addicted. My favorite spot is Chocolate Coniferie in Toorak. All the chocolates are imported from Belgium and Switzerland, and the showcase is set with silver trays of hand-dipped, double-layered hazelnut pralines, toffees, fresh creams and coffee creams in a coat of white chocolate. The shop specialises in unusual gift boxes of chocolates, some covered in Laura Ashley fabric and reusable for jewellery.

I'd do almost anything for a big wheel of fresh, ripe Brie in a straw box, but I'd do everything for a perfect Stilton. Made in the British summer from the richest milk, to which cream has been added, a six month-old Stilton is nirvana on a stick. The best gift choices are the small Stiltons that come in fancy stoneware jars, so that just the two of you can eat them up.

After petroleum, coffee is the world's biggest trading commodity — with good reason. Those for whom the best is barely good enough can buy a first class ticket to Jamaica for the rare-as-a-20-year-old-virgin Blue Mountain coffee. Failing that, pack up a set of four or more demitasse coffee cups with the finest Italian espresso, New Guinea Highland or Kenya blend. You could also include a tiny bottle of Sambuca, anisette, Grand Marnier, or coffee flavored liqueur as a spirited accompaniment.

Someone once defined eternity as two people and a ham. This is only true in the case of a coarse, badly flavored meat. For connoisseurs, a properly cured ham is as much a treat as a tiara or Gucci loafers. The best of hams for giving include the French Jambon de Bayonne, German Westphalian, Italian prosciutto and that of any producer of English York ham — who might like to emigrate to the corner of my street and set up shop. Soon. Please. — Elisabeth King



Christmas giving criteria: exciting, sinful, expensive.

As seen on TV

Outstanding success with women.

Read Special Guarantee*

Increase your natural ability to attract girls

Imagine instant success with women, Imagine that you had the secret to attract and turn women on without saying one word. This power does exist, read how science has come to the aid of all men.

Bodywise the stronger undetectable fragrance that attracts women.

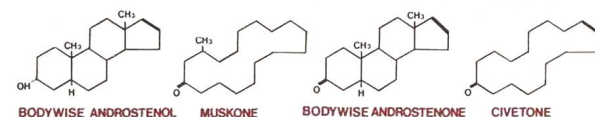
There's not a man alive who doesn't want to be more attractive to women, until recently male fragrances were blended by artists in the blind hope that if it smelt nice it should work. Recently scientists discovered pheromones the sure fire attractants created by mother nature to ensure success in the mating game.

What are Pheromones

Pheromones are scents which all of us exude naturally. Although undetectable they effect the way we react to each other socially and sexually. The male pheromone that attracts women is called Andostenone, research has confirmed the amazing forces of attraction of women by androstenone. Dr. Alex Comfort suggests that the musky scents may act directly on the brain's sex centre to heighten sexual arousal and attraction. In experiments carried out in London confirmed that 73% of women showed marked behavioural reactions towards Androstenone. It's a scientific fact that women can detect pheromones thousands of times more than men.

Bodywise the ultimate male cosmetic

Only one in ten men produce androstenone in sufficient quantities to attract women. Bodywise when applied directly to clothing or used as a cologne will give you that pheromone boost that will make you stand out to women. Bodywise is a blend of two important pheromones in a specific ratio, (the ones few of us produce in sufficient quantities) they are complimented with a carefully chosen subtle fragrance. The result is a desirable aroma, that will inspire a positive behavioural response from anyone within sensory range.



Muskone and Civetone are pheromones produced naturally by muskdeer and civet cats for the purpose of attracting a mate and perfumiers highly prize these two pheromones and use them only in the most exclusive perfumes. The chemical structure drawings show how very close they are to the human pheromones. Androstenol and Androstenone which are naturally more effective for us than the animal pheromones.

Now it's your turn.

Bodywise is not available from agents or stores, its easy to obtain just fill in the coupon and post. We want you to feel fully confident when you take the plunge.



Order Now by Telephone
(02) 949 4513

* GUARANTEE

Bodywise is guaranteed to live up to your high expectations within 90 days or your money back, just return the pack and the cost of the product will be refunded in full.

What the U.K. press says about Androstenone:

- Heaven Scent! 'The secret of Sex-cess — The spray gives men a heady start when it comes to the mating game' — The Sun
- Minute quantities were sprayed on a chair in a dentist's room. Women patients made straight for the chair! — Sunday Times
- 'A male sex pheromone which has a scent that attracts females' — Time
- 'Dr Alex Comfort suggests that the musky scents may act directly on the brain's sex centre to heighten sexual arousal — but at a level below the threshold of awareness' — Cosmopolitan
- 'This stuff makes Petunia want to screw like a bunny' — Qui
- 'Our push button world has come up with an instant answer for all men who can't pull the birds... Spray-on sex appeal' — Daily Mirror



ACT NOW!

And we'll present you with a 3 months subscription of the exclusive Black Label Penthouse worth \$12.00 FREE. Just fill in the details on the coupon. Offer closes 30th of this month.



(If you already subscribe we'll extend your subscription.)

Order form: Oliner Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 56, Seaforth, N.S.W. 2092. 171 Seaforth Cres. Seaforth, Sydney. Please send me ☐ packs of Bodywise at \$34.95 per pack. Please add \$2.00 for postage and handling. I enclose my Cheque ☐ Money Order ☐ Credit Card details ☐

☐ Special Offer 3 for \$99 incl. P & H.

Name:

Address:

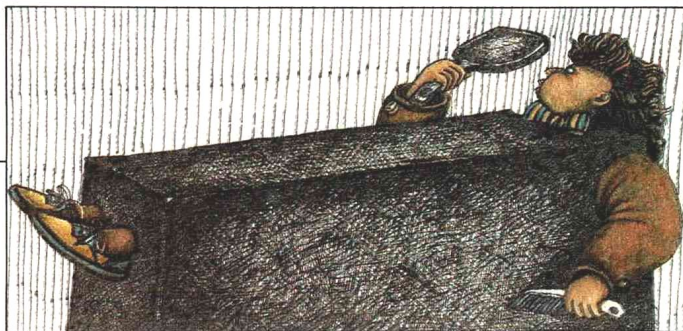
Postcode:

☐ American Express ☐ Visa ☐ Bankcard ☐ Mastercard ☐ Diners Club

Signature: Expiry Date:

ADD \$4.00 EXTRA FOR OVERSEAS ORDERS — REGISTERED.

VANITY



FEAR OF FASHION

Frustration once got the better of Brian Rochford back in the early Seventies. He picked up a woman's swimsuit, grabbed the inside of the bra, and heaved. It was a master stroke. In the world of fashion, Brian Rochford is allotted the distinction — one of many — of being the first man to rip the padding out of women's swimsuit bras.

Everyone liked it. No-one has looked at women's breasts at the beach the same way again. Brian Rochford has gone on to become the man who took the seam out of the crotch of men's swimming briefs.

Perhaps that has escaped your attention. But if you thought swimming attire was more about what you didn't wear, or else a matter of modest practicality, you'd be one of an ailing breed in Australia. It's only happened in the last five years or so, but the Australian man has finally overcome what Rochford refers to as his fear of fashion. "The Australian man has finally matured," he says.

At the beach or poolside, our vanity is brazenly displayed — our self-image is paraded. Nowhere else are we more sensitive to lingering looks. "At last the Australian man feels good about himself, and he's confident enough to show it," says Rochford. Reflecting this is a rush of color — and brevity of material. Rochford says we'll probably never get any more daring than we are now. And men are walking into shops and buying their own fashion gear. "Even boardshorts are fitting backsides these days."

Even if you've thought only twice about what you wear in the water, chances are you've been influenced by the design genius of Brian Rochford. Back in the late Sixties he was designing hats, but then women stopped wearing hats. "I might have become a chef after that. I knew more about cooking than I did about swimwear at that stage." However he perceived the market, undertook extensive "field research", and began wearing his favorite hat, his thinking

cap. He taught himself swimwear.

Now he can sit in his office and sketch, often visualising an entire new range in a matter of hours. "I start at the impossible and work backwards. About 95 percent of the time it seems to work."

"Seems to work" is one of many understatements by the modest Rochford. He is an unlikely candidate for the title of the man who has probably made the biggest single contribution to our collective vanity. His originality in design, color and choice of materials has given him the reputation of being the name in Australian fashion swimwear — and that means the swimwear of the world.

"We spend more time on

beaches than anyone else because our season is the longest. We are the only country in the world where people actually wear out their swimming costumes. Undoubtedly we are the most innovative country when it comes to swimwear."

Don't be kidded into thinking men's fashion swimwear is some kind of afterthought to complement the women's. The name Brian Rochford on the side of men's togs — even down to scanty thongs (G-strings) — is *big* business.

"A decade or so ago young men in their early twenties were actually getting quite fat. These days they're exercising and looking after themselves better — and

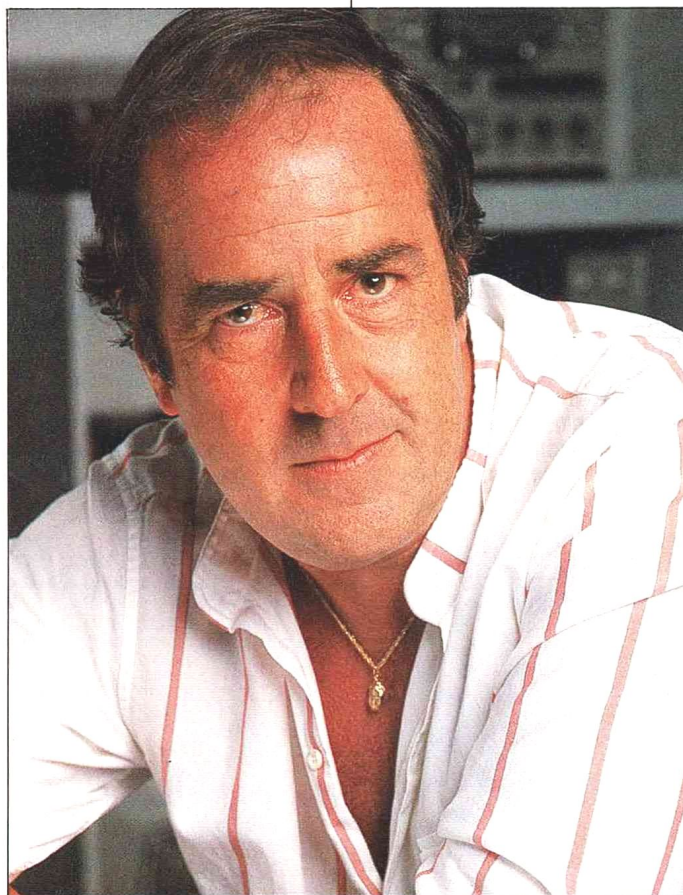
they're not branded pansies if they don't mind showing it. They're deciding they want color. At last we've escaped the plain black, navy or red briefs that women used to buy for men. Now they've discovered they want to look good, it's going to be hard keeping up with the guys. They're far more demanding than women."

Rochford's immediate thoughts for future directions will be in the area of color and material rather than style. Sample fabric swatches on his desk glitter with scribbles of shiny gold, impregnated in the fabric by laser. He's working with even brighter colors and further committing his ranges to stretch fabrics rather than woven — mainly in lycra, but also cotton. Materials are all-important in his fashion philosophy. For although the actual dimensions might be shrinking, Rochford works on providing the impression of something substantial and strong, rather than the lightweight racer style.

"Guys will still wear their boardshorts, but they've always had briefs on underneath." Now, it seems, they're likely to own a couple of pairs of briefs rather than a couple of pairs of boardies.

One thing he does particularly recommend, with prices at the top of the range pushing \$36, is the protection of the investment. If swimwear is washed in cold, fresh water with a little soap after each use, it'll last forever. Never boil them in a washing machine and never chuck them in a dryer.

And what does Brian Rochford wear when he goes swimming? A recent fashion magazine competition asked teenyboppers to describe what they thought Brian Rochford was like. Images ran the whole gamut, from a "35-year-old poofa who holidays in St Moritz" to an "18-year-old Maserati driver who doesn't wear anything when he goes to the beach." In fact, this 52-year-old family man, whose face is so little known quite simply because he is camera shy, wears relatively modest pastel briefs with two-inch width sides. — Graeme Sims



Brian Rochford: The man who took the padding out of bras.



If you were going out with her tonight,
what would you wear?

It's an aftershave as individual as you are.
As individual as she wants you to be.
When you know what women like, you'll
wear Partage.

PARTAGE by FABERGÉ.

AFTERSHAVE FOR MEN — WHO KNOW WHAT WOMEN LIKE.

Also available — Partage Face Saving Moisturiser, Close Shave Formula, Superior Cleansing Bar, Deodorant, Anti Perspirant and Talc.



SLOTH



VIVA VANUATU

The good news about Vanuatu is that the Ugly American has never heard of it. Which means it escapes the tidal wave of big-tipping tourism — the Yanks making hay while the Aussie dollar doesn't shine.

These fat greenbacks rolling down from the US stop Down Under. Only a former GI, remembering World War II's Coral Sea Battle, might be tempted to make a nostalgic detour from our shores.

Australian dollars have been trickling into Vanuatu since it took on Fiji in the island hideaway stakes several years ago. For our money, Vanuatu has a slight edge. It's not overrun with gimlet-eyed pedlars, for one thing. Or boring mums, with kickable kids in tow, from Moonee Ponds or Marrickville. Vanuatu is a bit more up-market.

This string of 12 islands attracts hedonists more inclined to sip Campari than Fosters before tucking into local delicacies like coconut crab and flying fox. They can afford to. French wine is relatively cheap, ignoring the stiff mark-up in the better restaurants. But there's no tipping. The government gets its bite of the tourist dollar from a flat 20 percent VAT.

Man doesn't live, of course, by crusty French bread alone. So, what else does the place offer? Nothing — if that's what you enjoy doing. It rambles along at a sedate pace. Clocks are quickly forgotten as lazy days blur into weeks. And the sun never gets too hot to melt the smiles of the Vanuatians.

They're marvellous people, the native *ni-Vanuatu*; simple and incredibly honest Melanesians, they'll happily squat on a white sandy beach and yarn to you for hours in English, French or Bislama, the local pidgin English.

Don't fritter away your holiday hanging around Port Vila, the sleepy capital on the island of Efate. Harbor cruises, coral viewing and a different restaurant every night soon become tedious. Get out to some of the other is-

lands — places like Pentecost, where young bucks tie vines to their ankles, climb an 18-metre bamboo tower and plunge headlong to the ground. Or Ambrym, home of active volcanoes. Then there's Santo, with some of the best diving in the South Pacific.

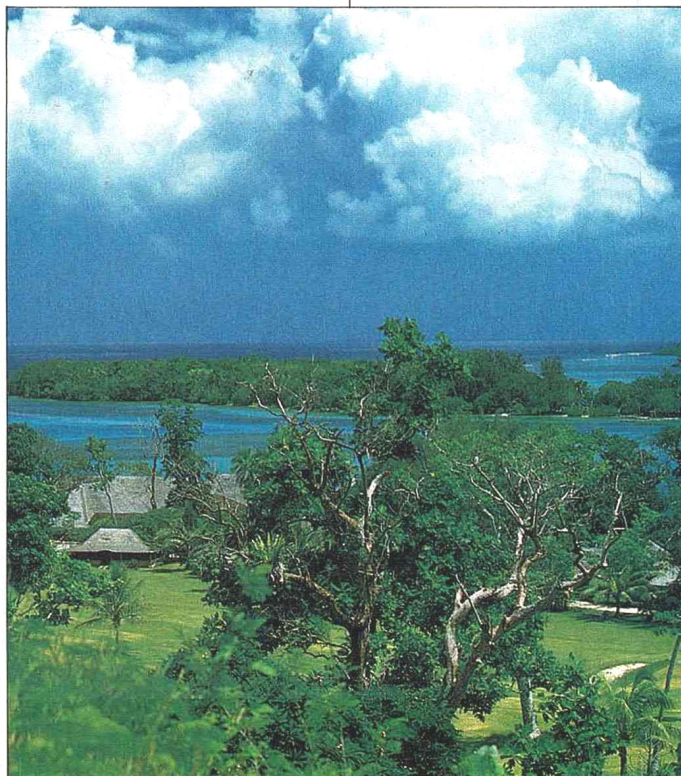
Tanna, however, is where time stands still. This mysterious island boasts more than the world's most accessible active volcano. It's the home of the John Frum cult. Many of the natives believe he'll come flying in one day with a planeload of goodies. This curious cult springs from the days of the GI occupation, when the Yanks flew in refrigerators, radios and other gadgets of the 20th Century. Most of the islanders are still keeping their fingers crossed.

Keith Barlow, a former Queensland crop duster who now runs

Vanuatu's two-plane Air Tropicana, will whip you out to any of the islands. He's a trip in himself.

Keith, 52, once had a fleet of 12 charter planes in Rockhampton. They hit the deck when the bum fell out of the beef business, so he lashed his last plane to the deck of a friend's boat and sailed off into the tropical sunset. The rough-and-ready sky cowboy has been island-hopping in Vanuatu for 11 years now. His seat-of-the-pants exploits haven't always impressed the authorities. He once got a rap over the knuckles for flying back to Port Vila with palm fronds trailing from his undercarriage. He pulled out of that one by telling frowning officialdom that he'd been forced to land on a rather short strip.

Nowadays, say his mates, he misses the palms, but often arrives



Vanuatu has the edge in the island holiday stakes.

with salt spray caked on the windscreen. Rumor has it that this may have something to do with this intense curiosity about the height of masts on cruising yachts.

The big bird from Australia takes around four hours, via Noumea, from Sydney or Brisbane. A package deal, however, won't clip your wings. They work out at around \$883, ex-Sydney, and \$135 cheaper from Brisbane. Buy a week in the low season and they throw in an extra week.

Vanuatu's local currency, the vatu, hovers between 60 and 70-odd cents Australian, which is on a par with Fiji. Spend some of it on French perfumes, hand-painted local clothes, wood carvings and shell and coral jewellery.

Local cabs are not cheap and drive on the wrong side of the road, anyway. On Efate you can see more on a hired bike, with or without a motor.

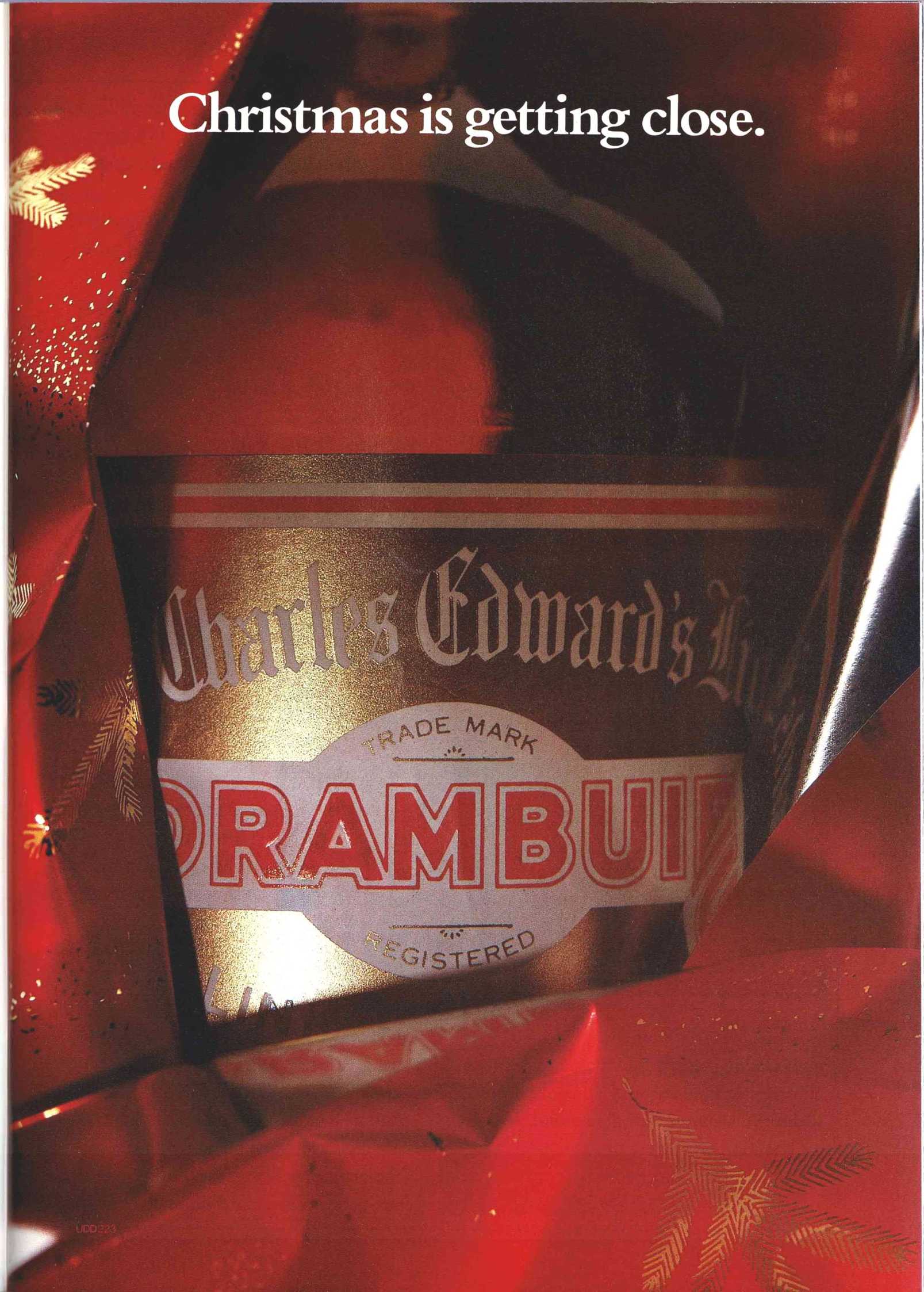
Port Vila is a good tucker town. There are at least 20 restaurants that could easily make a living in Sydney, Melbourne or Brisbane. Seafood is the go. Don't miss the local coconut crab, reef fish and lobster.

Vanuatu is a coconut-tourist economy but this is not to say that you can't get your teeth into the place. Tackle the home-grown Charolais beef, washed down with French chardonnay. There are also a couple of good French, Vietnamese, Chinese, Japanese, Tahitian and Melanesian nosheries. Or, if you want to slum it with a beautiful harbor view, tuck into a slab of the local fish — mai mai, poulet and wahoo — followed by mouth-watering papaya on the terrace at Rossi's hotel.

Keen divers are more likely to find real treasure off Vanuatu's reefs and wrecks. You can even scuba down to the *President Coolidge*, a Coral Sea casualty off the island of Santo.

And if all that seems too much, just soak up the sun. The *ni-Vanuatu* don't have to pray to the white man's God that it will shine every day. It does anyway. — Rob Dingle

Christmas is getting close.

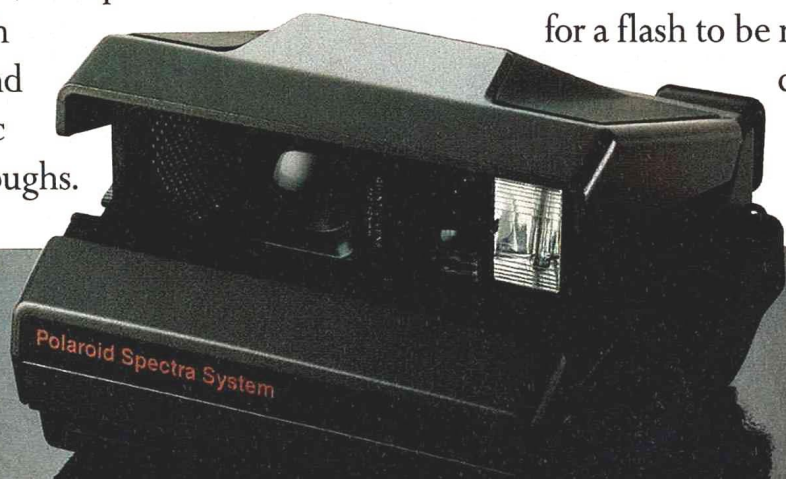


Introducing a revolutionary photographic system that captures reality in a way we've never done before.

The new Polaroid Spectra System.

THE CAMERA. THE VERY PICTURE
OF HIGH TECHNOLOGY.

Continuing a long tradition of Polaroid innovation, the Spectra camera's interior is filled with optical and electronic breakthroughs.



INTRODUCING THE FIRST CAMERA OF THE FUTURE FROM POLAROID.

In all, over 40 advances.

Including advances that help make over 30 complex focusing and exposure decisions within 50-thousandths of a second. So you get beautiful pictures.

Instantly and automatically.

Press the shutter release, and the Spectra

autofocus system snaps the exclusive 125mm Quintic lens into precise focus. Its longer focal length makes it ideal for landscapes as well as portrait and group shots.

And the camera's special audio-signalling self-timer lets you not only take those group shots, but be in them as well.

And since life doesn't stand still waiting for a flash to be ready, the Spectra flash can usually recycle in less than one second.

The camera's auto-exposure system, dual silicon photo-diodes, measures light you can't even see.

But you definitely see the results. More evenly exposed pictures and truer skin tones.

Your ears can also help you take better pictures. Because the Spectra audio-signal system chimes in when you're too close to your subject, if the lighting is too low or if you're out of film.

THE FILM.

18 MICRO-THIN LAYERS
FOR BRILLIANT
PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Spectra film's new larger rectangular format greatly increases your picture-taking options.

And its revolutionary new dye chemistry greatly increases colour quality.

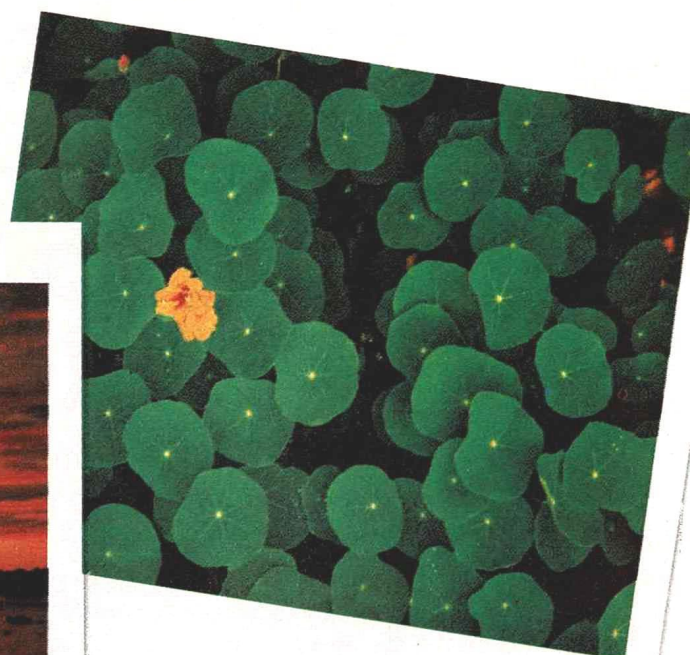
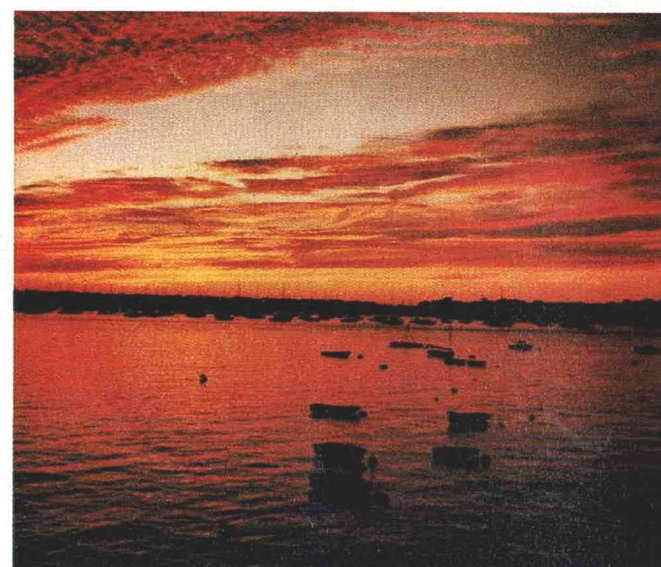
You get pictures with brighter yellows and greens, deeper reds, more vibrant blues, truer

whites, incredibly accurate pastels. And more background detail than ever before.

Instant pictures so sharp, so life-like and so full of detail that we guarantee them.

In writing*.

Like all true photographic systems,



Spectra has a series of optional accessories that maximize your picture-taking options. But there's more to the Spectra System than just taking great pictures.

Using the latest in laser and computer technology, we've developed a new copy system that produces borderless laser enlargements of your Spectra photographs. Reprints with virtually no difference in overall quality from your original. And they're available in sizes up to 8" x 10".

The Polaroid Spectra System.

We call it the first camera of the future.

Rest assured it may be the last camera you ever need to buy.



Produced from actual, unretouched Spectra photographs.

PolaroidSpectraSystem

WE TAKE YOUR PICTURES SERIOUSLY.

PART 2

THE NEW CONSERVATISM

BY PAUL MANN

THE POLITICS OF PORNOGRAPHY

After two decades of liberalism, Australia's wowsers are trying to turn back the clock

Australia has traditionally been starved of sensual and cerebral freedoms, but in the last 20 years we've caught up with the rest of the civilised world in the area of censorship. Yet, lulled into a false sense of security, sated into smugness in the afterglow of the censorship revolution, we haven't noticed that some of the gains of the past two decades have been subtly but insidiously eroded.

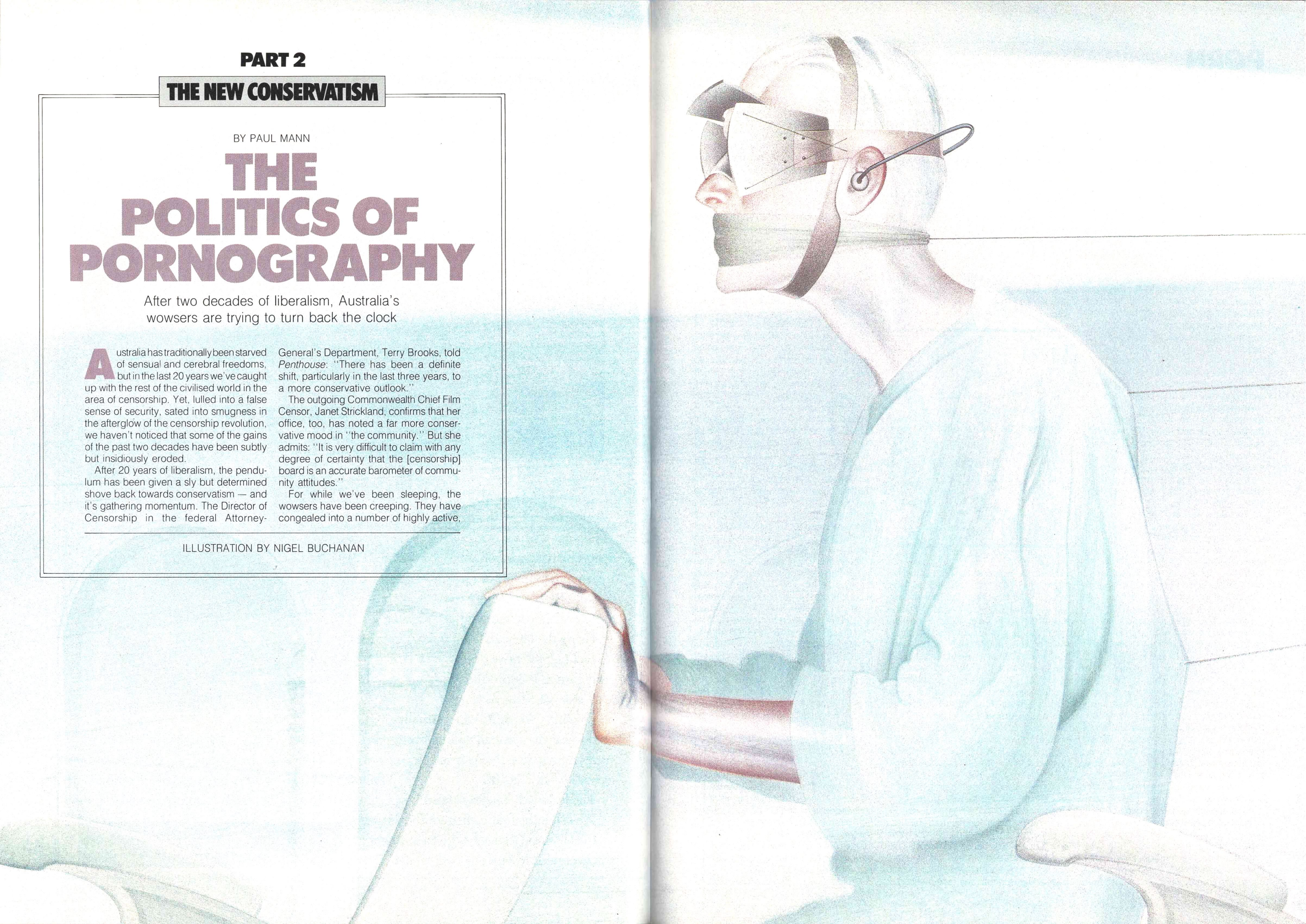
After 20 years of liberalism, the pendulum has been given a sly but determined shove back towards conservatism — and it's gathering momentum. The Director of Censorship in the federal Attorney-

General's Department, Terry Brooks, told *Penthouse*: "There has been a definite shift, particularly in the last three years, to a more conservative outlook."

The outgoing Commonwealth Chief Film Censor, Janet Strickland, confirms that her office, too, has noted a far more conservative mood in "the community." But she admits: "It is very difficult to claim with any degree of certainty that the [censorship] board is an accurate barometer of community attitudes."

For while we've been sleeping, the wowsers have been creeping. They have congealed into a number of highly active,

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN



PORN

vociferous pressure groups. And they are scoring their retrograde victories with a clever ploy. By attacking an increasing incidence of sexually violent material at the hard end of the market, they have created a climate of disapproval which, they argue, justifies a censorship crackdown at the soft end. Ironically, the hard end — kiddie porn, bestiality, torture and snuff — has simply gone further underground where it continues to prosper, while the soft end is harassed and penalised continually because it is so visible and makes an easy target. The wowsers, the neo-puritans, are trying to throw the baby out with the bathwater on the pretext of exorcising kiddie porn.

It would be a tragedy if this incipient prohibition escalated into a kind of sexual McCarthyism. Yet the recent record of the censorship bureaucracy in this country suggests that is exactly where we are heading . . .

When *Deep Throat* was first shown in England, anti-fun crusader Mary Whitehouse went beserk.

According to her this was The End of Civilisation As We Know It. She campaigned on TV and radio, had questions raised in the British Parliament and summed up the nation's outrage with one memorable line which guaranteed the movie's success and at the same time immortalised its male star, the impressively priapic Harry Reems.

"The British public," Mary righteously declared, "doesn't want this sort of thing shoved down its throat."

I can remember, as a happily amoral young reporter on the *The Sunday Sun* in Brisbane, that whenever we had a slow news day we could always beat up a headline by stirring up the local wowsers. And we didn't have to work too hard at it.

For example, it so happened that the landlord of the local pub had installed a condom vending machine in the men's room — a thoughtful gesture on behalf of his customers. By four o'clock one Saturday afternoon we were still stuck for a good page three lead, so we phoned the local parish priest and told him that a certain city pub was openly encouraging promiscuity by flogging frangers to its predominantly unmarried clientele. The priest obligingly foamed into the phone about this dark and insidious threat to the very fabric of society and demanded the immediate withdrawal of the vending machine with its subversive cargo of rubber chewing gum.

A decade later, on *The Sunday Mail* in Adelaide, the same ploy still worked. Once again a slow news day acted as the catalyst for our mischief.

It turned out that the paper's film critic had just seen a nasty little revenge flick called *The Exterminator*, which contained

a scene in which a man was fed, protesting loudly, into an industrial mincer. We cobbled together a shock-horror piece about this threat to impressionable minds — of which there are many in South Australia, despite the state's self-proclaimed image of sophistication — and ran it with an editorial expressing our alarm that such violence and depravity could be seen masquerading as entertainment in our cinemas. Then we called the Attorney-General's Department of South Australia for a quote. They reacted even better than we hoped, banning the picture state-wide.

Talk to any armor-plated tabloid journo and he'll confirm that, on a slow news day, there's nothing easier than whipping up a story with a bit of wowser-baiting. It doesn't really matter what the issue is — it can be abortion, contraception, the legalisation of marijuana, video nasties or porn. But porn gets the best reaction. All you do is phone the Festival of Light and they will complain

The wowsers
are trying to throw
the baby out with the
bathwater on the pretext
of exorcising
kiddie porn

on cue.

These examples are not cited to demonstrate how unprincipled and irresponsible most tabloid journalists are, nor even to demonstrate how stupid wowsers and politicians are. Rather, they illustrate how the game has been played in Australia during these past two or three decades. Remember, any debate at all about censorship in Australia is a relatively recent phenomenon. In fact, it's only been possible since the Menzies Dark Ages ended in 1966. Previously, there was no question of how censorship should be defined and administered and to what degree censorship should govern our personal lives. There was not even something you could call "censorship." Before 1966 there was simply a total ban on everything.

Until 1966 Australia was about as culturally enlightened as South Africa. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* — one of D. H. Lawrence's duller books and far less threatening than *Sons And Lovers* or *Women In Love* — was banned in Australia because it included a few "fucks" and "cunts", expressions which you could hear *ad nauseum* at any race meeting or

footy match in the land. Even laughter was suspect under Menzies. Especially when that laughter was inspired by an English satirical magazine such as *Private Eye*. *Private Eye* was banned because it did outrageous things like lampooning the Royal Family. It also ran a comic strip drawn by that cultural exile and subversive, Barry Humphries, depicting the adventures in London of a blundering, chundering Aussie clown called Bazza MacKenzie — a comic strip which later spawned two successful films.

Then came the revolution. Impressive gains were made in the ten years between 1966 and 1976. Australians frantically made up for lost time in a welter of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll climaxing with Whitlam's arrival in office in 1972, when the throttle was opened wide.

Remember switching on the TV and seeing things like *Number 96*, *The Box* and *Alvin Does Dubbo*? Every night the tube crackled with tits 'n' bums.

Things have calmed down a bit since then and the Australian way of censorship has evolved into a series of state and federal government mechanisms which, though still patronising, are fairly sophisticated and surprisingly responsive to public taste.

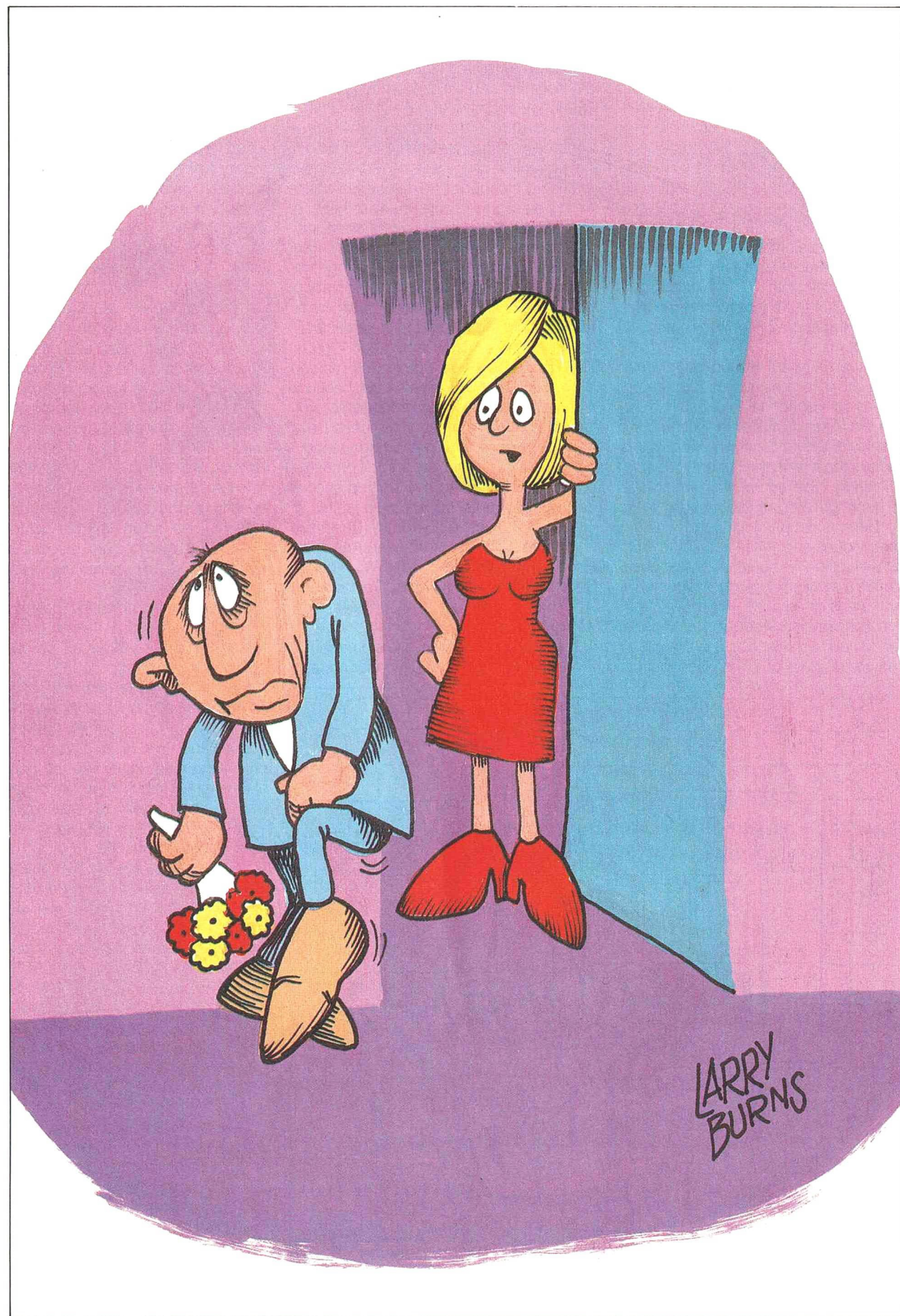
But now, after 20 years of liberalisation, the wowsers are striking back. They've become craftier: wowser-baiting isn't quite the safe, lazy man's sport it once was. Now they're operating under the banners of organisations like the Festival of Light, the National Viewers and Listeners Association, Knights of the Southern Cross and a menagerie of feminist pressure groups. And they've scored some major victories.

In Australia, a change is usually brought about in a sly, subversive way by the application of pressure on bureaucratic channels — the technique now being used by religious zealots and the Australian New Right to impose subtle but fundamental restraints on the marketing of hard and soft core pornography in this country.

In the US they tend to induce change by cavalry charge. For the past two years the charge against porn in the US has been led by Attorney-General Ed Meese, who was asked by President Reagan to chair a Senate Committee of Inquiry Into Pornography.

The Meese Committee panel was loaded with rabid conservatives including a Christian evangelist, the editor of the US *Women's Day*, a priest, and a psychiatrist who specialises in bizarre sex crimes. The Meese Committee has claimed that porn is the root of all evil. It has been widely criticised by American liberals, but still it has succeeded in having US editions of *Penthouse* and *Playboy* removed from the shelves in grocery store chains. The battle lines have been drawn once more. The neo-puritanical measures being taken in Australia are not far behind.

X-rated videos, once available in adults-



"That's premature ejaculation!"

PORN

only bookshops throughout Australia, have been banned everywhere since 1983 except in the federally administered Northern Territory and the ACT — from where various entrepreneurs now run booming mail order trades in X-rated videos to all corners of the Commonwealth. One such firm, Caballero Home Video, boasts that it fills 40,000 X-rated home video orders a year, running from \$49 to \$59 a pop with a \$12 rebate when customers exchange tapes. Around 35 percent of these videos go to Queensland, the state with the strictest censorship laws in the country — which supports the traditional belief that repression creates demand.

Now that X-rated videos have been backed into a corner, the Federal Government has convened the Joint Select Committee On Video Material to examine the desirability of further controlling video sales, especially those with the hitherto acceptable R-rating. The committee, which has held hearings around the country since early 1985, is not just looking at whether R-rated videos should be subject to stricter classification — given an X-rating, for example. It's not just looking at whether R-rated videos should be withdrawn from sale in conventional video shops and restricted to adults-only shops. It is examining the entire business of video classification.

And this is where the danger lies. This examination comes at a time when there has been a distinct hardening of attitudes by censors toward published material. The censors themselves admit they are taking a harder line and claim it is in response to what they perceive to be a more conservative attitude in the community. Material once passed for unrestricted circulation is increasingly finding itself moved into more restricted categories — categories where it must be sealed in cellophane or kept under the counter until asked for specifically. Material given an unrestricted rating in the past is now being banned altogether in some states. And we're not talking about hard core porno magazines here. We're talking about the soft end of the erotic publications market. The September 1986 issue of *Australian Penthouse* was banned entirely in West Australia — not because it contained a photograph considered overly explicit by local censors, but because of advice dispensed in its medical correspondence column. This was an edition of the magazine composed and printed specifically for the more conservative states of Queensland, West Australia and Tasmania — an edition far tamer than the *Australian Penthouse* distributed in NSW, Victoria, South Australia, the Northern Territory, the ACT and incidentally, conservative New Zealand.

Those groups which have stomped the X-rated video boom into submission, and

encouraged a far harder line on published material than has been seen in Australia for a decade, are the same groups now lobbying the Select Committee and pushing for more restraints on videos through stricter classification.

Publications like *Penthouse* were in at the start of the sexual revolution — a revolution which propagated a subversive theory which postulated that women were entitled to enjoy sex as much as men and, indeed, it was better for both partners if they did. It was a revolution which promoted a climate of tolerance and brought liberation to many, especially women — something the magazine's critics conveniently overlook. What they forget is that feminists and wowsers don't have to read *Penthouse*. *Penthouse* is a men's magazine. It says so on the cover. People should know now what to expect when they turn the pages. If they're going to be offended they shouldn't look. Magazines like *Penthouse* are traditionally about having fun. Not about bestiality or snuff. Their purpose is to equip men with the knowledge they need to get the most out of life and to have a good time doing it. That includes the latest information on cars, careers, clothes, computers, sport, adventure, escapism, and sex.

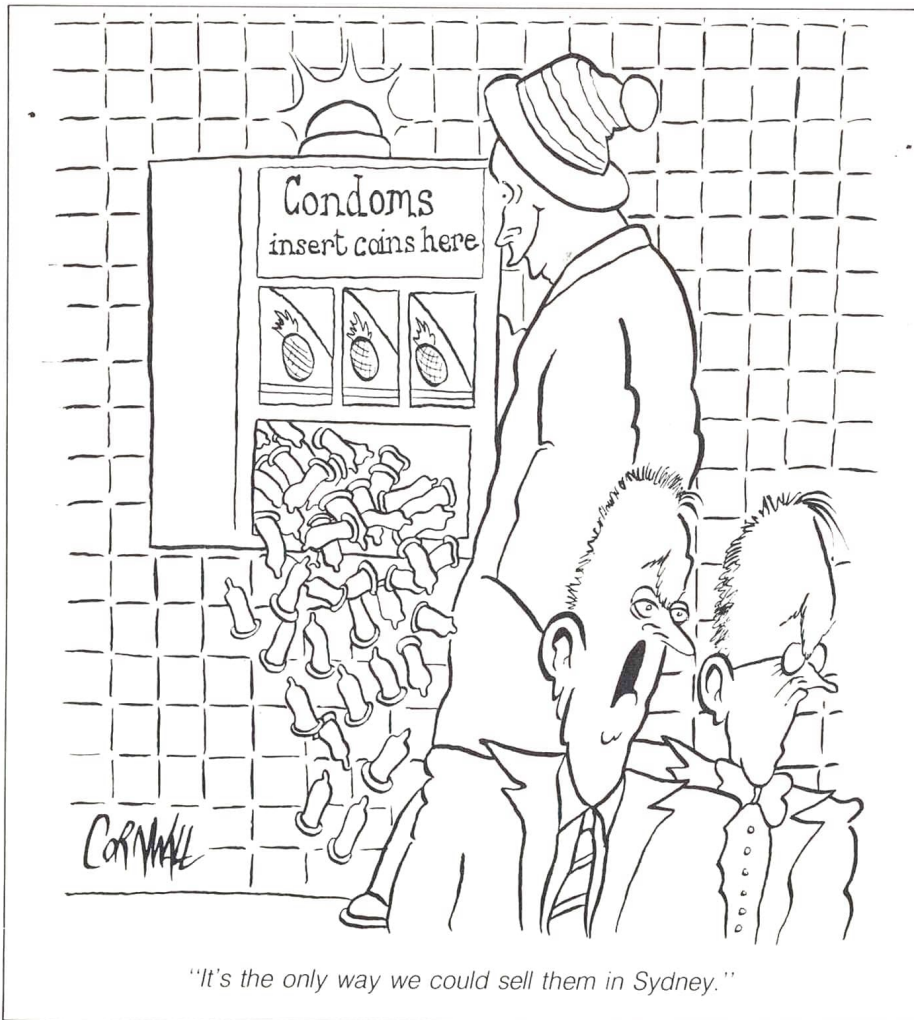
Especially sex. Healthy heterosexual-type sex. Good sex. Safe sex. Happy sex. Responsible sex. Above all, sex between consenting adults.

Mary Whitehouse can rest assured — no-one wants to shove anything down her throat. Why, then, do the Mary Whitehouses and Fred Niles of the world insist on poking their noses into the bedrooms of the nation? Why do they so desperately want to stop consenting adults from enjoying themselves? And why are they able to do it with such success?

The answer to the first two questions is that, for some reason, neo-puritans believe they have a right to impose their views on everybody else. Why they are able to do that, in Australia at least, comes back to the bureaucracy of sex. Governments at the state and federal levels try to regulate everything we do, including our sexual preferences. You will be surprised to learn in what detail. In the mean time, just be grateful they haven't yet devised a way to tax sex. Though they're probably working on it.

Every state in Australia has its own censorship board governing the classification of publications, films and videos. Most states follow the line of the Commonwealth Film Censor on film and video, though they have the power, through their local Attorneys-General, to ban a film they don't like. Which is why South Australia could chuck out *The Exterminator* even though it had been passed with an R-rating by the Commonwealth censor.

When it comes to the classification of publications — magazines ranging from *Penthouse* to the hard-core Swedish-



“Of course they're easy to make. It's just that they taste complicated!”

It was no idle boast. A Bacardi rum daiquiri is simplicity itself. The tricky part is in getting the correct balance of flamboyance and showmanship into the mixing performance.

“So watch closely.” My guests, gathered in the kitchen, moved a step forward. “To 45 ml of light, dry Bacardi rum we add a dash of lemon juice, a teaspoon of sugar, ice... er, crushed usually... and strawberries. Into the blender.” And then I said, pitching my voice above the whirr of the mixer as smiles broke out all around, “Hey Presto! The 18 second, Bacardi rum, strawberry daiquiri.”

I took a sip of the foaming, pink, magical daiquiri. Flushed with pride, I saluted the gathering with raised glass as, in unison, they cried, “Encore!”

The BACARDI rum daiquiri.

Try your favourite fruit — bananas, peaches, limes or strawberries.

BACARDI and the Bat Device are registered trademarks of Bacardi & Company Limited.

APR 1944-A Ogilvy MBA 0098

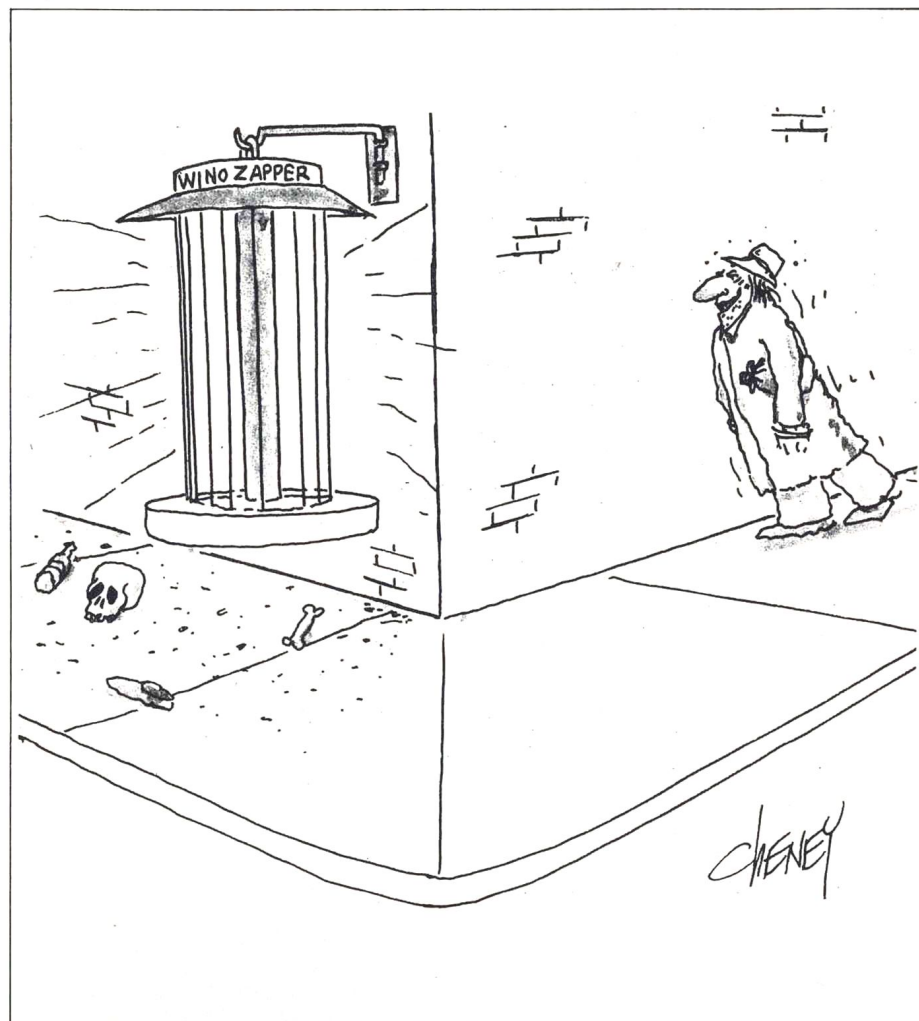
produced *Color Climax* porn magazines — most states follow the line drawn by the federal Attorney-General's Department, though they all have their own review boards to restrict or reject anything they decide is too strong for local tastes.

Then there is Queensland. The best way to describe Queensland is as a law unto itself. There is, however, a Literature Board of Review which takes a relatively conservative stance. That's *Queensland* conservative. So conservative that the American editions of *Penthouse* and *Playboy* have never been allowed into Queensland. Not legally. Back in the Seventies Hugh Hefner spent an estimated half a million dollars battling the Queensland ban, to absolutely no avail. It was a very expensive exercise for Hefner to discover something the rest of us knew well — that logic carries no weight in any argument with any state institution in Queensland. If they don't like your product you don't come in. Full stop.

The Director of Censorship in the federal Attorney-General's Department, Terry

"I suspect," she says, "that the sheer visibility of what was hitherto under the counter and covert has raised the ire and anxiety level of many in the community." As a result the board had tightened considerably its guidelines on sexual violence. Fair enough. However, as she also admits: "It is very difficult to claim with any degree

In all the material, not once has any publications classifications board, film censor or the Joint Select Committee on Video consulted the people who really matter. That is, the millions of people who buy the stuff. 



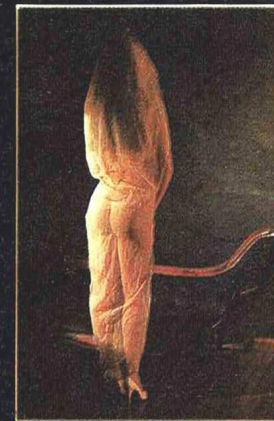
Naughty Towels are just \$22.95 which includes a 3 word message and delivery anywhere in Australia. (For each additional word, add \$3.00. The maximum is 30 letters.)

For additional orders – attach separate sheet



2 NAUGHTY TOWELS

P.O. Box 24, Cowandilla, S.A. 5033
142 Burbridge Rd., Hilton, S.A. 5033

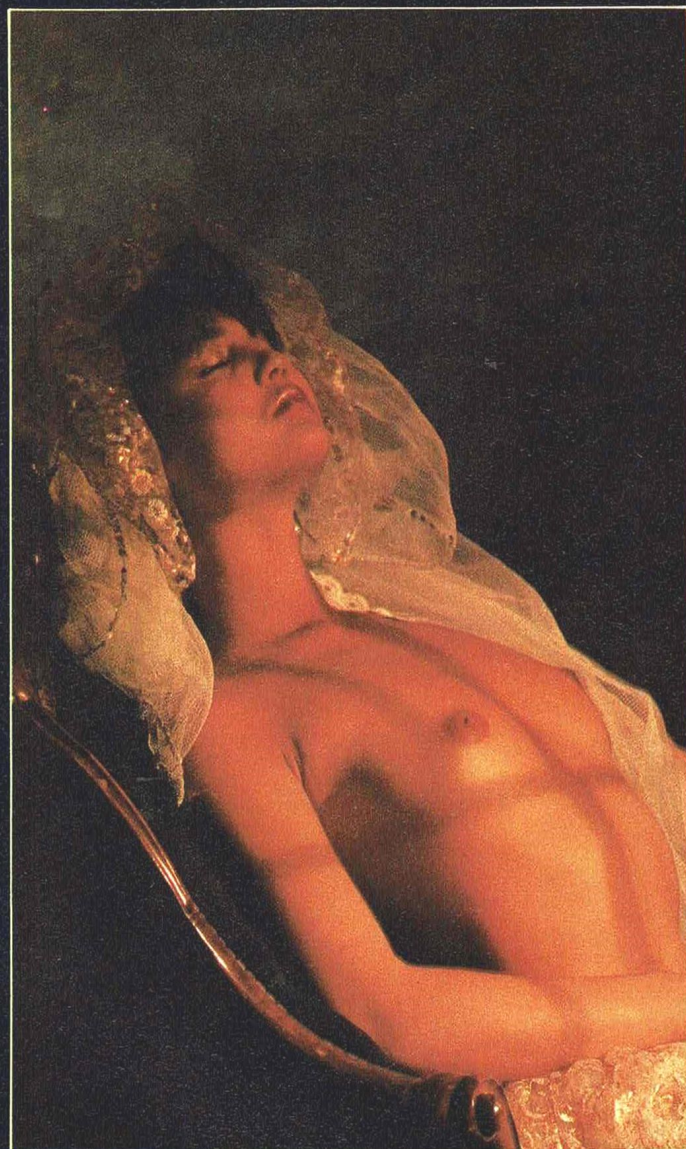


PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALAN VERTUE

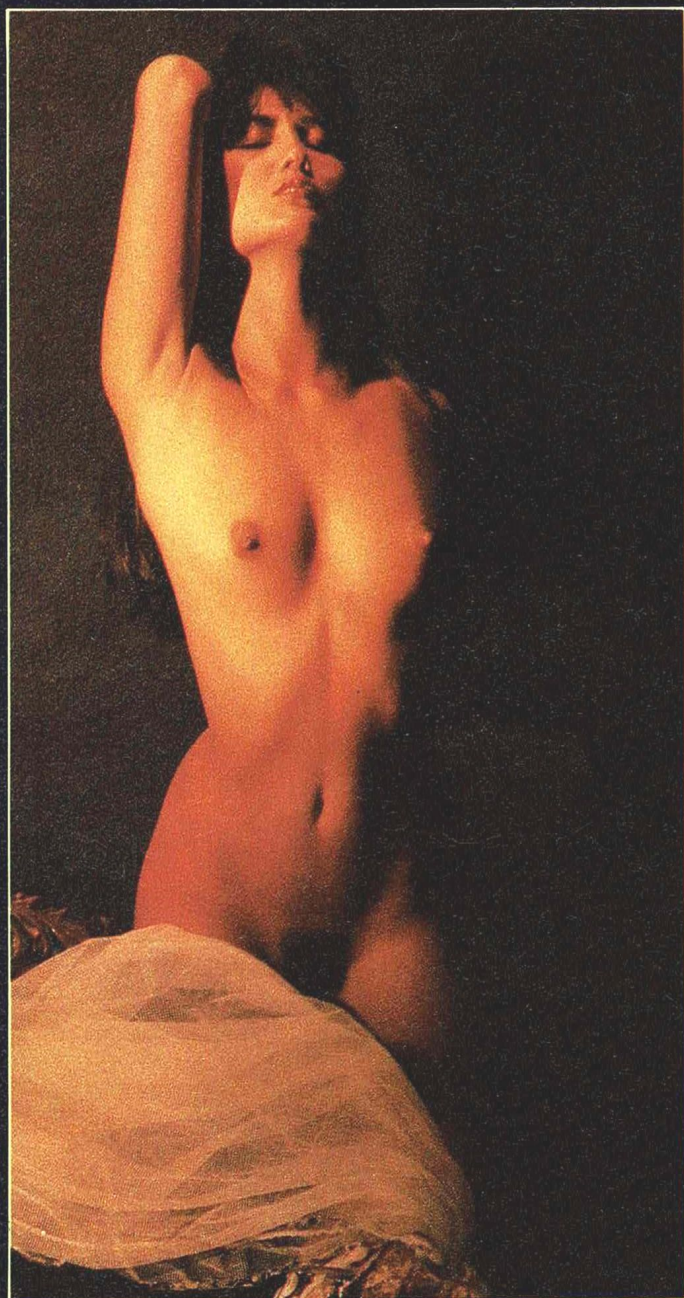
MAIDENHEAD

As if he has trained his lens through a peephole on times past, photographer Alan Vertue captures the pagan combination of reverence and carnality surrounding a disrobing bride. Through wedding lighting and styling techniques along with the serenity and beauty of his model, Vertue evokes the spirituality of the loss of innocence. This lifting of the veil on the exquisite moments of expectation is a consummation unto itself.

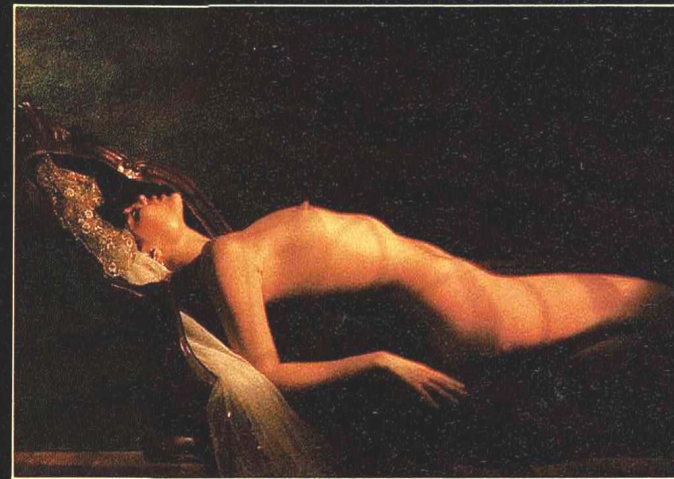




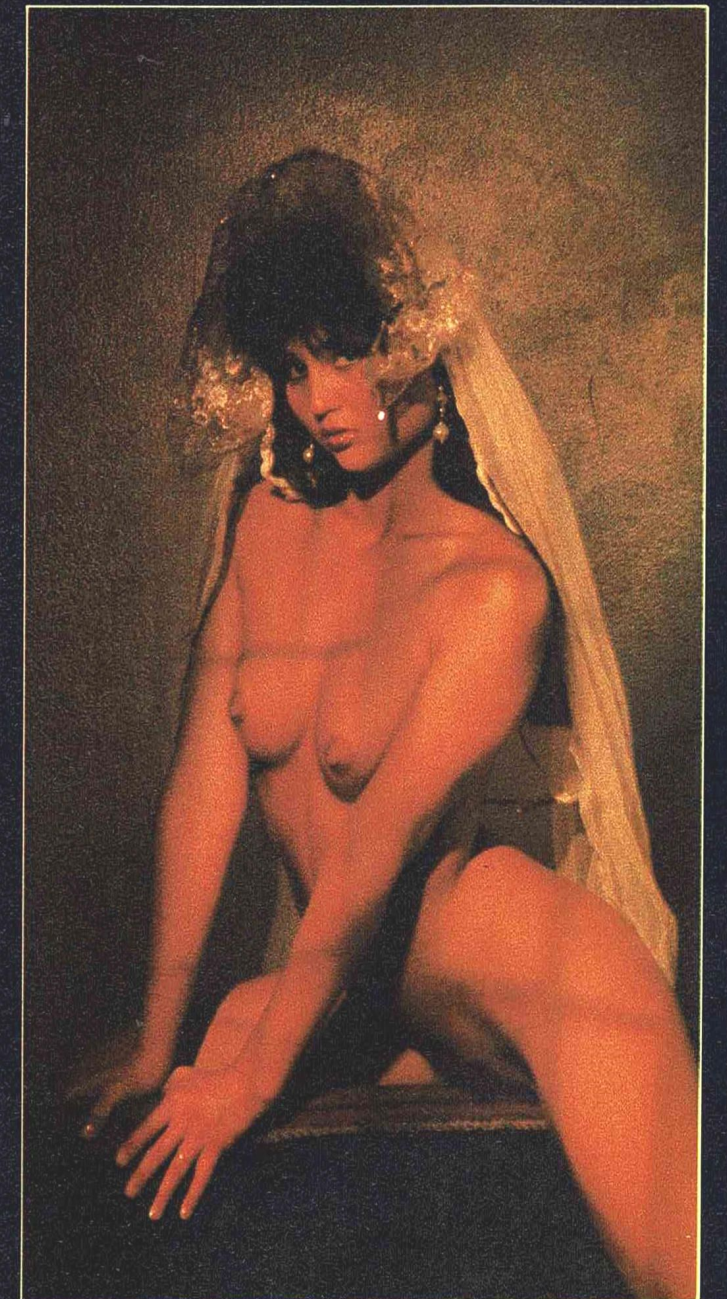
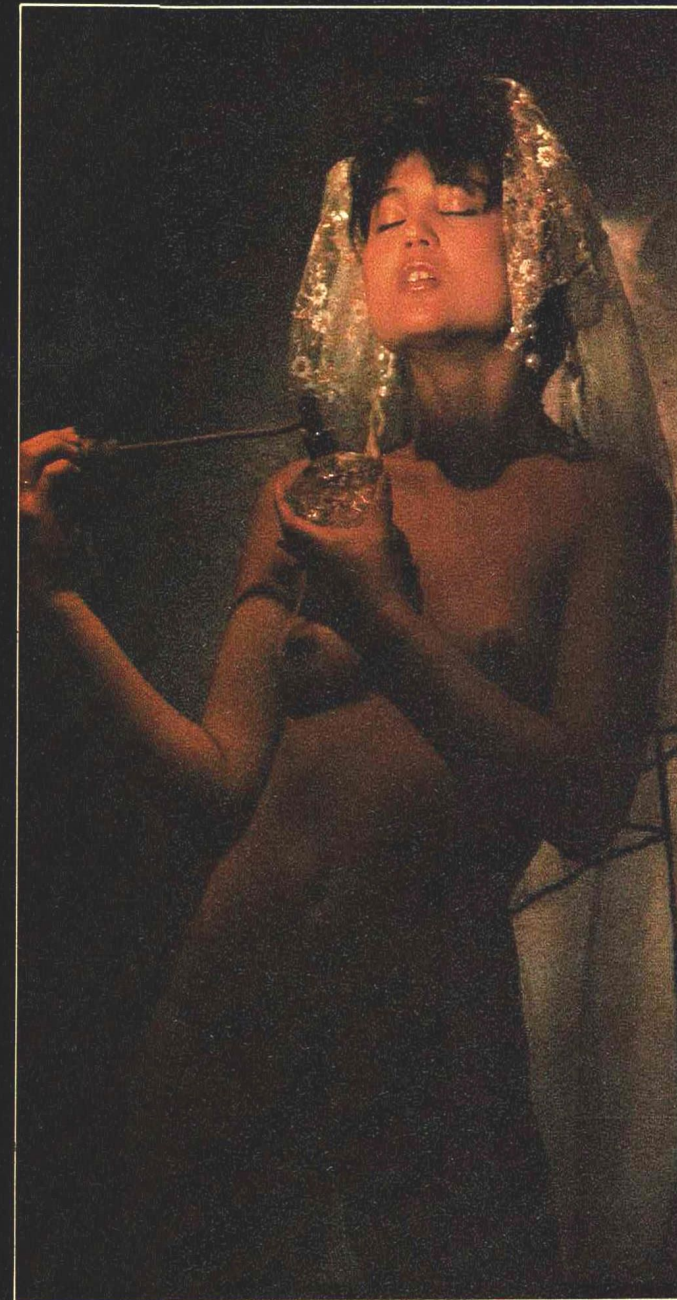
MAIDENHEAD

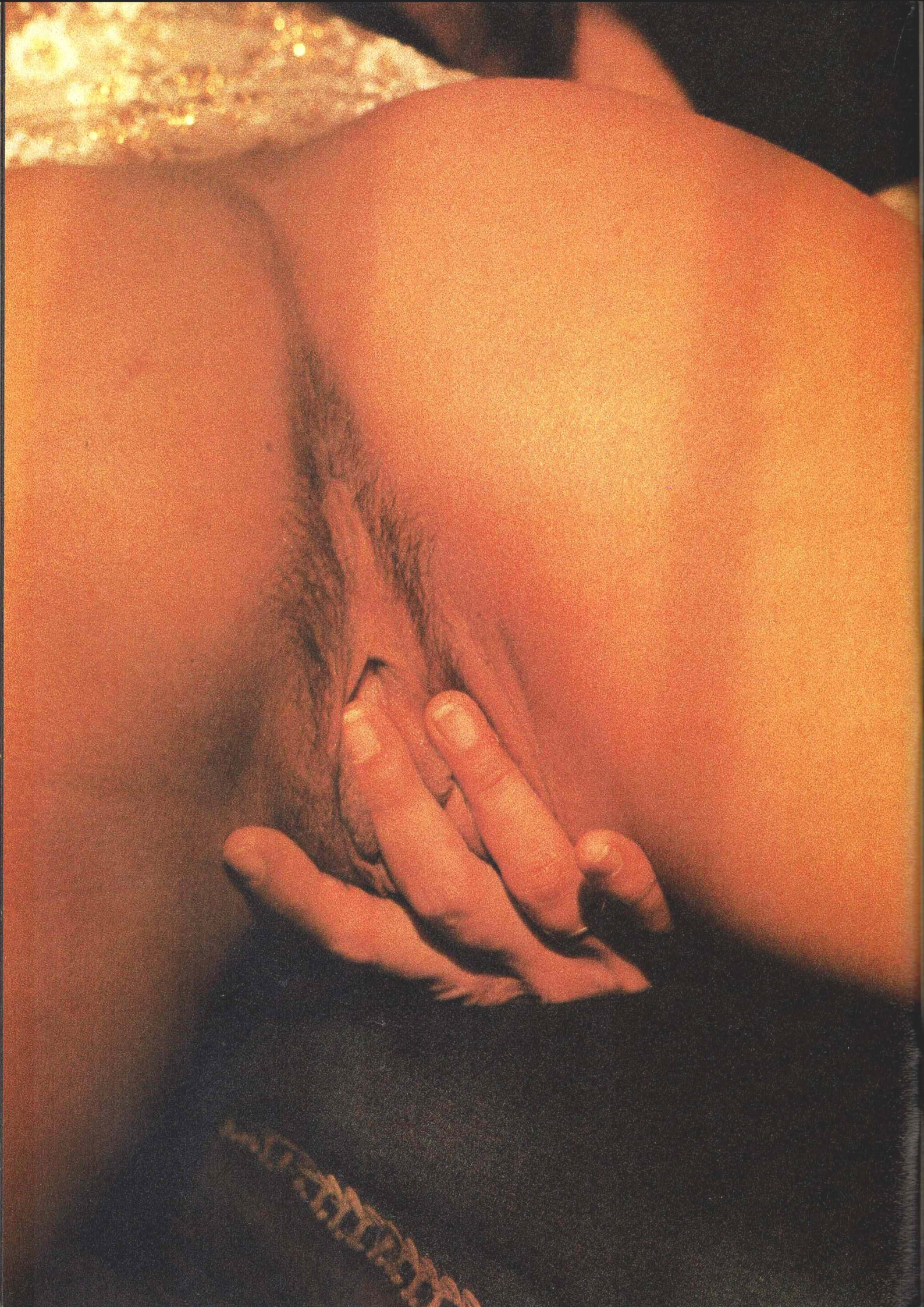




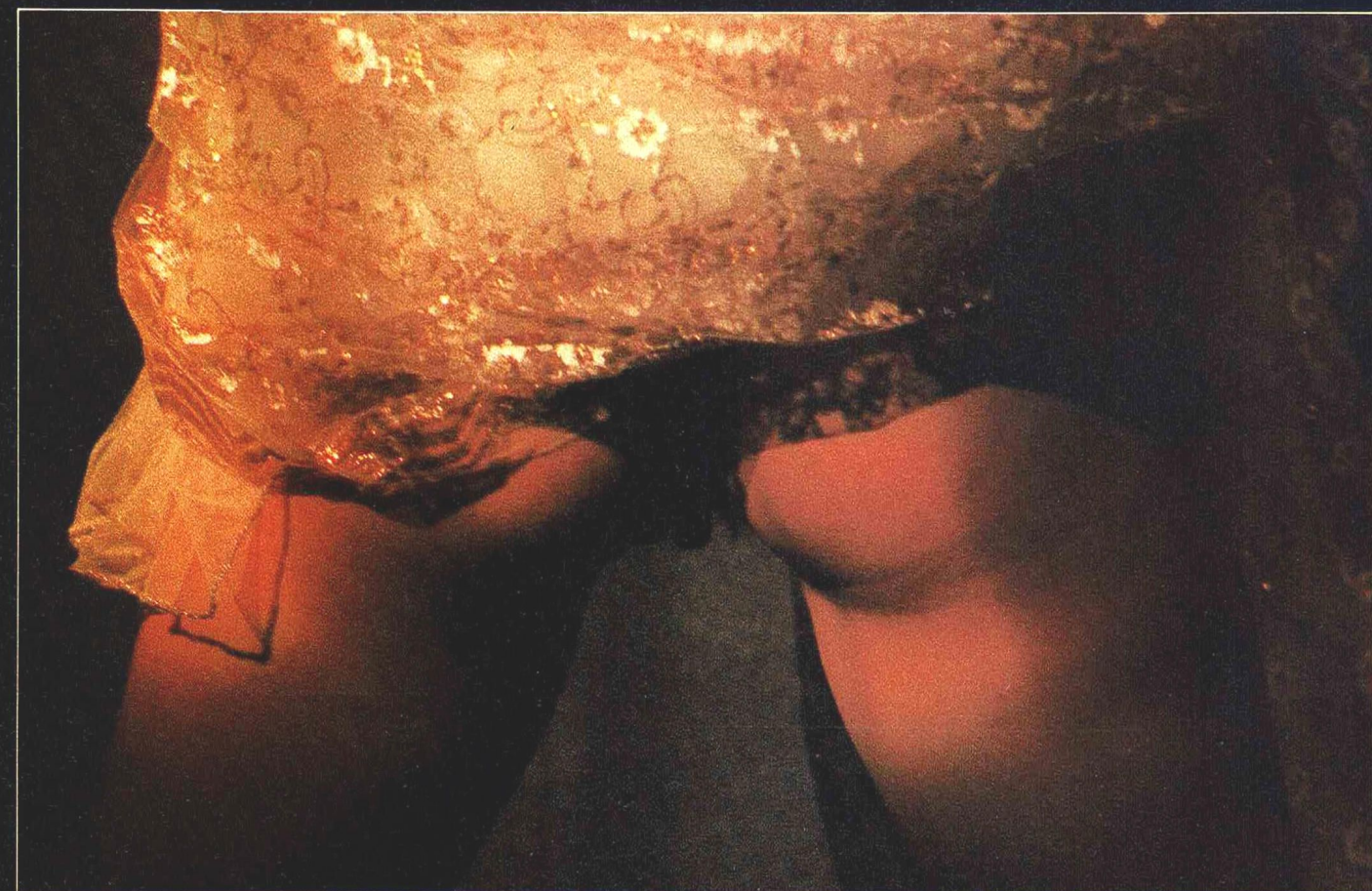


MAIDENHEAD





MAIDENHEAD

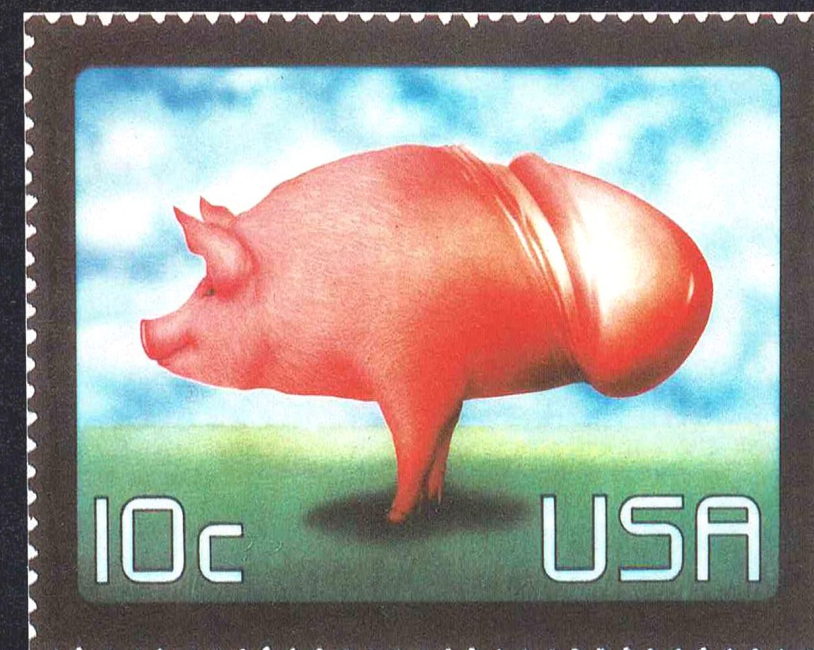


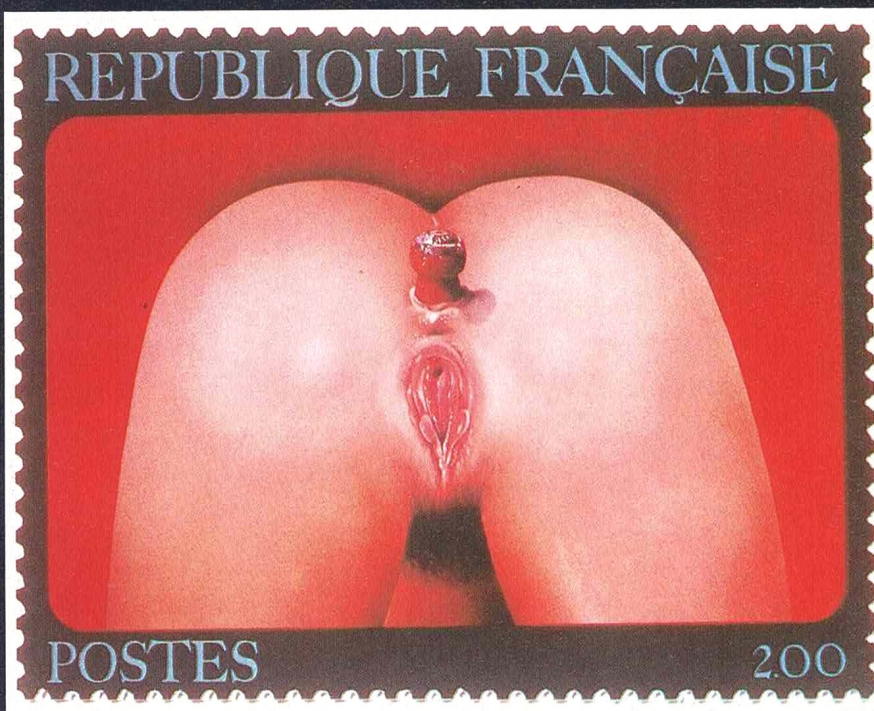
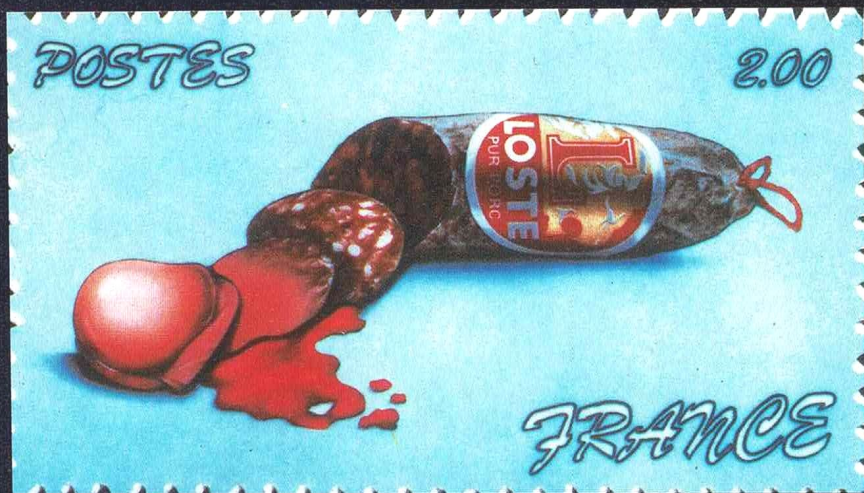


An internationally famous satirist places his personal postmark on these celebrations of lust around the world

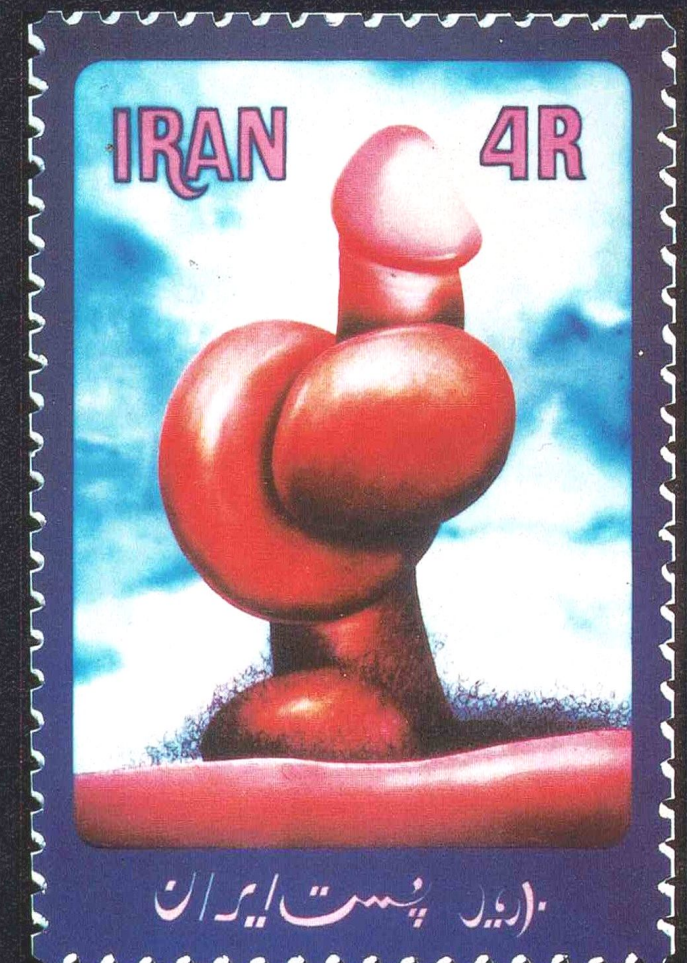
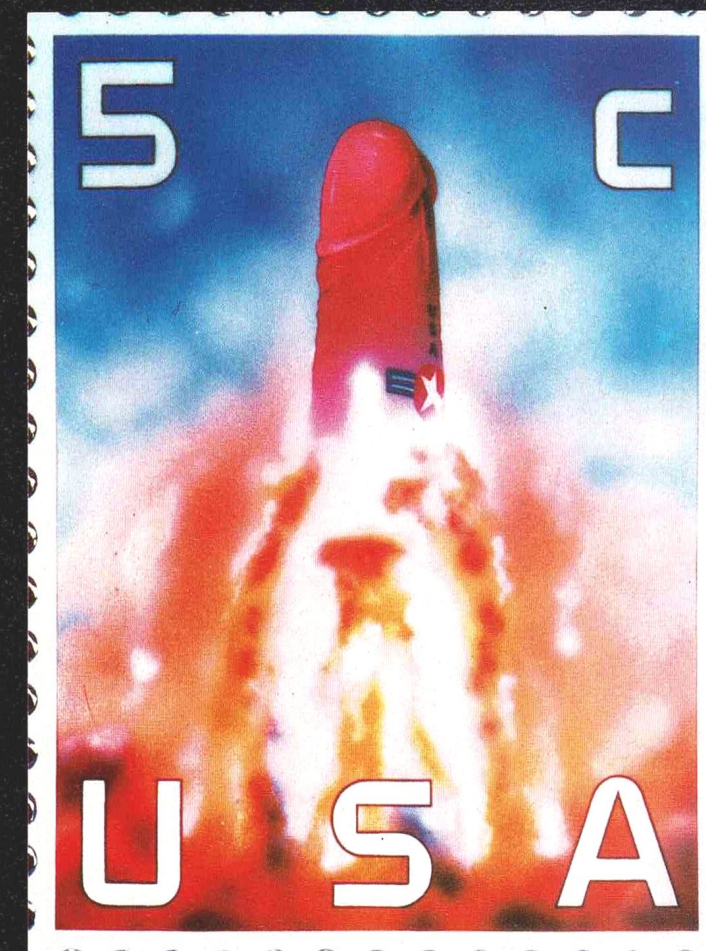
FRENCH LETTERS

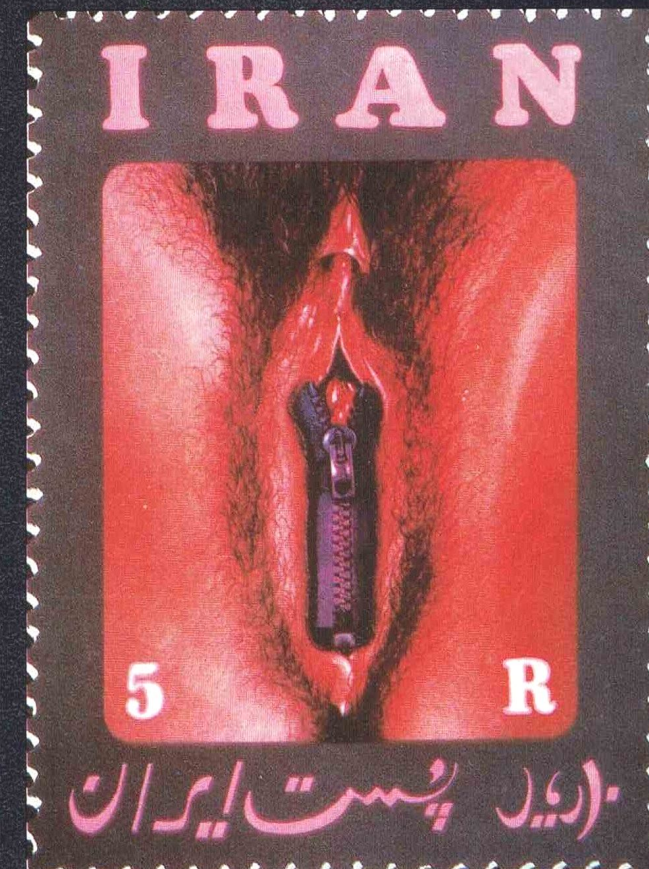
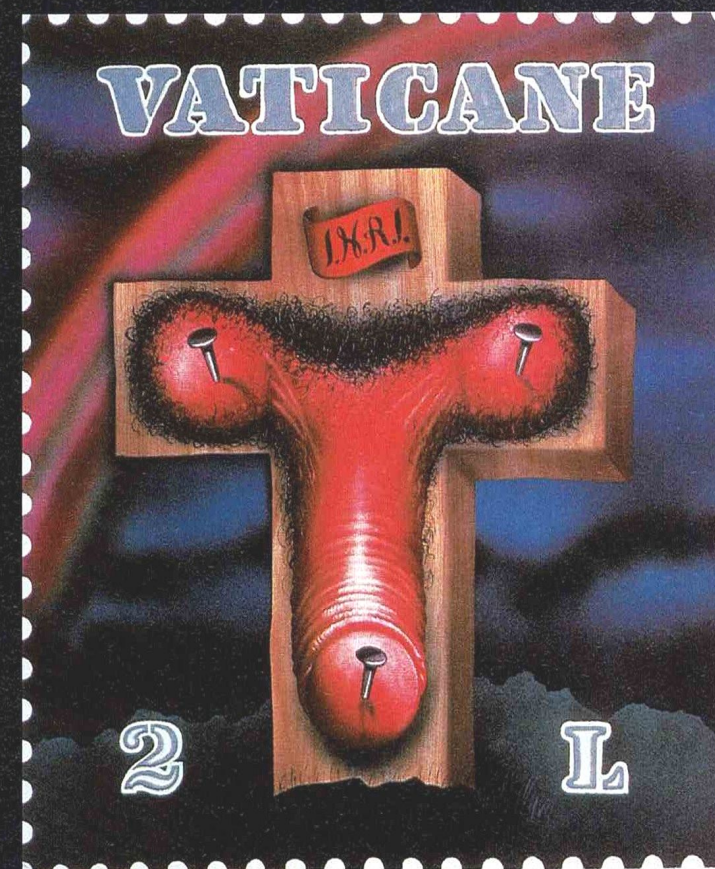
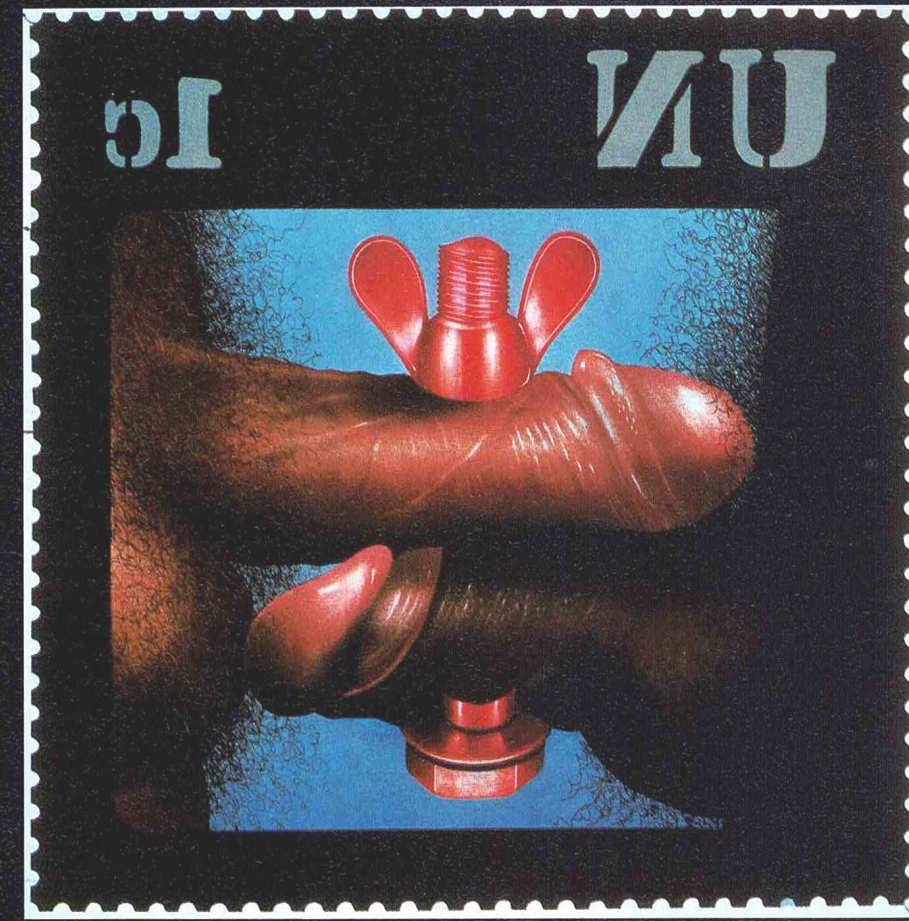
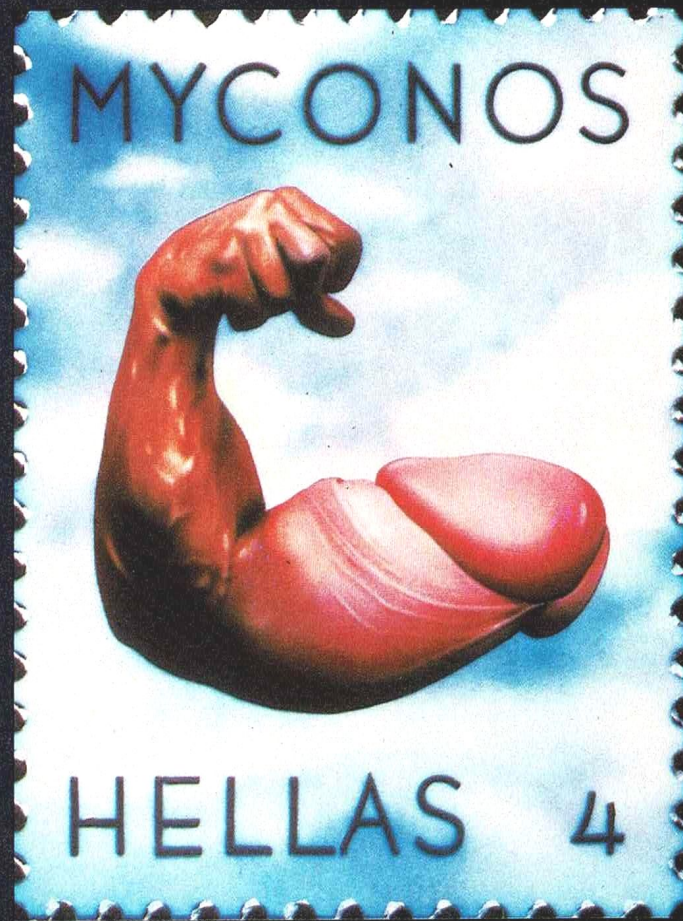
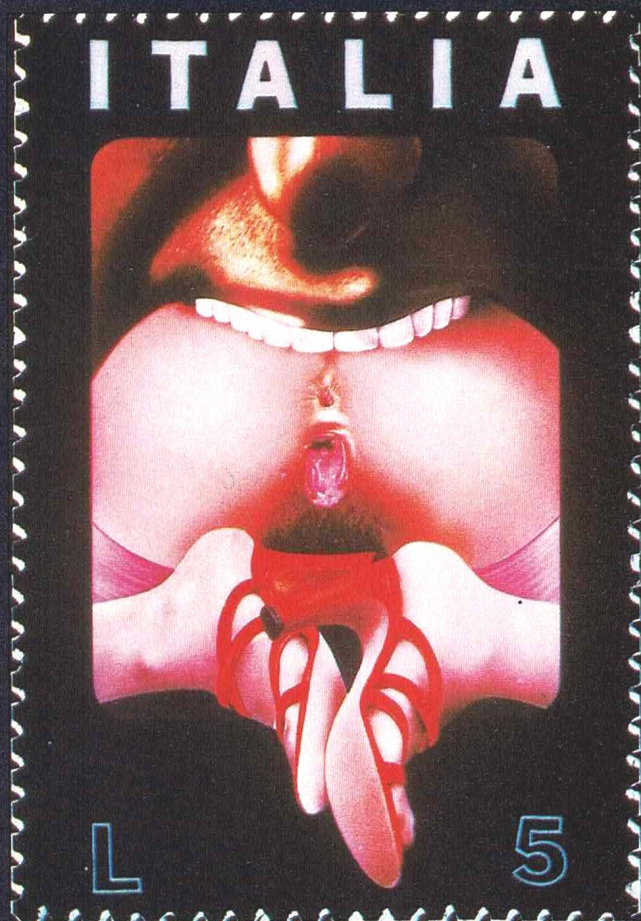
PAINTINGS BY ADRIAN LOOS





"I am not a surrealist or a photo-realist," says Adrian Loos. "Rather, I am a victim of advertising art." Laughing, he continues, "I guess you might say I suffer from an Andy Warhol syndrome." Loos, whose paintings are displayed in the Fodor Museum in Amsterdam, the Hara Museum of Contemporary Art in Tokyo, and a select handful of galleries both here and abroad, is an eccentric artist whose style can be closely linked to that of French poster art. Although Loos specialises in what he calls "realisations of dreams," the erotic stamps pictured on these pages are, in effect, parodies of countries. "Most people are too uptight, and they react negatively toward me and my art," says Loos. "You must have a sense of humor to appreciate both." 







Stories of violence,
betrayal and isolation, from
the young victims of America's
latest and greatest high

CRACKING UP

BY M.S. VURAL

They're calling it the fast food of drugs. It's a cheap, instant euphoria that has no preference for age, sex or race. It needs no ad campaign, no franchisees, no public relations, and the first taste can hook you into a tailspin from which you may not recover. Listen to the voices of its victims.

Larry, 14: "When I came here I was so skinny I had to wear three pairs of pants to walk the streets."

David, 16: "I didn't get tired, I got caught. I didn't want help. I just wanted more. Now I have chronic bronchitis and a heart murmur."

James, 15: "After that first hit, crack was all I cared about. My pipe went everywhere with me. I didn't eat or sleep. At first it was great with sex. Later I didn't care about sex anymore, either. Just crack."

Larry holds his young head between his hands. In his grey eyes, fear darts like quicksilver. He lights a cigarette with trembling fingers. He is flanked by a 15-year-old and an 18-year-old. These are the children of the working class. They are telling "war stories" of their life in the streets. Stories of violence, betrayal, and terrible isolation. Each abandoned home, school, and his own future in search of crack, America's latest and greatest high.

ILLUSTRATION BY GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN

CRACKING UP

Although they are among the few who have found safe haven at a residential treatment facility for teenage drug abusers, they are all victims of the fastest-spreading, cheapest, and most marketable high the USA has seen to date. Each got his first taste at or near the place where all children go — school.

When Richard Pryor nearly immolated himself in 1980, the world learned about an exotic, rich man's high known as "free-basing", or smoking cocaine. "Base" or "rock" is created when powdered cocaine is mixed with baking soda and water and cooked very briefly over very high heat. When the water and soda are poured off, a brownish, brittle pancake is left. Overcooking by even a fraction of a second destroys the cocaine, leaving nothing but froth. If successful, however, the resulting rock cocaine is about 90 percent pure and can be smoked. Unlike with snorting, the coke then enters the bloodstream directly from the lungs and reaches the brain's pleasure centres in three to eight seconds. The resulting rush of euphoria lasts from five to ten minutes.

Crack is the blue-collar version of this high. It is, in fact, the same high packaged in rock form at deceptively affordable prices. Before crack, an American cocaine

user would get a gram of coke at anywhere from \$US65 to \$120. After cooking, he would be left with half the amount in rock. Now, individual rocks are sold for as little as \$US8. For the first-time user, the first taste of crack is often free. The beginner can cut that small rock into quarters and get four highs, or he can shave it and mix it with a cigarette or marijuana and smoke it. That way it offers a rapid, intense, sweet rush followed by such a steep crash that the desire for more is inherent in its use. Thus, in five to 15 minutes, the user can sink from heaven to hell — and another hit can seem like the only way out. Crack is the quintessential commodity: it creates its own demand.

According to a *Newsweek* cover story published earlier this year, crack first appeared in Los Angeles nearly three years ago. Houston (Texas) has been inundated for at least two years, while in New York City, generally America's drug capital, it first surfaced in December 1984. Although New York City witnessed an unexpected 18 percent increase in burglaries in the opening months of 1986, it was not until the late spring — after a rash of crack-related violent crimes — that law-enforcement officials began to put two and two together.

For the first time since the days of the 1971 Knapp Commission, which found rampant corruption in the New York City Police Department Narcotics Unit, a new

investigative team has been created. Dubbed the 101-Crack Unit, it has the exclusive mission of waging war on crack. The 101-man unit — an allusion to the 101st Airborne Division of the US Army — is headed by Martin O'Boyle, a former precinct commander in the notorious South Bronx and a former army tank commander. To facilitate the war, legal weapons are also being sharpened.

The day before the 101 unit hit the streets, US Attorney Rudolph Giuliani reported that 44 suspected crack dealers had been arrested in a one-night raid conducted by federal and local law enforcement officials. Of those nabbed, 18 were dealing within 300 metres of a school, and were therefore subject to twice the normal penalty under a federal law enacted last year. Giuliani said that in September 1985, his office had not handled a single crack case. By late May 1986, 50 percent of the drug cases in his office were crack-related.

By June the infection had become a national disease, spawning execution-style killings, turf wars among dealers, a rapid rise in vicious street crime, and a rash of cover stories. These stories told of something completely new, a phenomenon never witnessed even in the worst days of the heroin epidemic of the late Sixties and early Seventies — unpremeditated violence on the part of individuals who had never before evidenced even a hint of any such tendency.

Officials at the US Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA), the federal agency charged with breaking up the international drug trade, have expressed concern that the massive publicity crack has received is the equivalent of a multimillion-dollar ad campaign and is adding exponentially to the dimensions of the problem. Despite the agency's 2500 operatives and 40 offices around the world, and despite record cocaine seizures, international cocaine traffic has steadily risen. Congressional sources report that since 1980, the influx of cocaine into the United States has increased from approximately 25 tons in 1980 to approximately 125 tons this year. The DEA tends to view the crack trade as a retail operation and is engaged in foiling wholesalers by developing large-scale conspiracy cases. DEA spokesman Cornelius Dougherty says, "Crack is dealt on a retail level; we deal wholesale. That is, our goal is to stop the cocaine trade at the highest levels. If we are able to do that, there won't be a crack problem."

The cocaine leaf, which is grown in Bolivia and Peru, has traditionally been processed into cocaine powder in Colombia. That process involves drying the leaves, cooking them into a paste, processing the paste into base, and processing the base into cocaine hydrochloride, the powder cocaine. The final stage of the conversion process involves ether. There has been a shortage of ether in Colombia for some time now. And although the DEA and



Arguably, adidas Lendl Competition are the best tennis shoes in the world.

Perhaps it's because of their supple leather and breathable nylon upper, speed lacing, ankle collar padding and padded tongue.

Or their specially constructed sole with a heel wedge and a microcellular midsole that guarantees maximum shock absorption.

Could it be the durable two colour rubber outsole in two different degrees of hardness, featuring a new profile and ensuring the best possible grip.

But the best way to find out is to ask the man who wears them.

He would be the first to argue, they are definitely champion shoes.

adidas Lendl champion shoes.



CRACKING UP

local officials believe that crack is a lucrative retail industry precisely because it can be manufactured in any kitchen. Dougherty acknowledged the possibility that cocaine may also be imported in base form now. He says: "We've been on the alert for that. We have found a number of domestic conversion labs, and we think they may have been bringing in base for some time now." That frightening theory is bolstered by the fact that crack first surfaced in California and Texas, both nearer America's points of entry for imported cocaine than the northwest.

In the US, Dr Arnold Washton, director of research for the National Cocaine Hotline, estimates that two thirds of the 1200 calls a day taken by the hotline are from crack addicts. Only 15 months ago the hotline had never taken a crack call. By November 1985, a hotline survey showed 50 percent of all crack addicts to be teenagers, mostly white. By the following March, the hotline was getting twice as many calls from black and Hispanic teenagers.

Cocaine seems to be the only imported black market drug that has taken that route. America's other big imported narcotic, heroin, spent decades in the nation's ghettos before invading Middle America during the late Sixties and early Seventies.

Until the Eighties, cocaine was seen as the non-addictive recreational drug of the wealthy. But in the last decade, cocaine abuse among high school students has doubled.

"We're in a tidal wave of coke," says Lieutenant Oscar Long of the Phoenix Police Department in Arizona. "Since January of this year, we've seized as much cocaine as we did in the previous two years. In the past different groups used different drugs. Whites were into speed, LSD, and psychedelics. Minorities did heroin, PCP, and downers, but cocaine knows no barriers."

The cocaine epidemic in Middle America has set the stage for crack. The price is right. At Outreach House, Larry's 16-year-old friend David recalls: "It started out with a hit that a school buddy gave me. A week later, I was doing \$100 a day. I wound up stealing my grandmother's wedding ring and my mother's Social Security check. In one weekend binge, me and two friends spent \$3000. My day would start around four in the afternoon. I'd sleep all day and hang out and get high all night. I didn't go to school for three months. One day I came home at five in the morning and I couldn't even make it into the house. I sat on a bench in the street just shaking. I was 65 pounds underweight and my hands were blue."

David's healthy glow and childlike face do not betray his painful past. His family

fully supports his efforts at recovery. His mother is a cashier, his father a truck driver. He is the second youngest of four children. His 18-year-old brother and 22-year-old sister also do drugs. The 12-year-old is clean, so far. They live in a modest, cosy, and well-kept one-family house in Rego Park, Queens, New York City. After David had taken all he could from his own household, he began stealing from other houses in the neighborhood and dealing to his friends. He explains, "Everybody who uses winds up dealing at least a little. It's the only way you can stay afloat."

Larry's and David's stories are not unusual. They are reminiscent of the stories told by heroin addicts who learned to steal to support their habits. These are tales not previously linked to cocaine use. In fact, the rapid spread of crack among the young may be due, in part, to the drug's long-standing image of being non-addictive. But crack is different. Dr Arnold Washton, who is also director of addiction research and treatment at Manhattan's Regent Hospital and Stony Lodge Hospital in Ossining, New York, has called it the most addictive drug known to man. This is explained by the way in which pure cocaine affects the body.

Cocaine affects the nervous system and the heart. Its active property, cocaine hydrochloride, stimulates the pleasure centres of the brain to release the body's natural narcotics in large doses. Hence the

THEY BOTH CONTAIN THE SAME RECORDING. SO WHY DON'T THEY SOUND THE SAME?



There is a big difference between ordinary cassettes and the TDK SA: the coating on the tape.

The TDK SA has the advantage of a remarkable coating called Super Avilyn.

Which, in a nutshell, means you don't lose the highs and the lows. A common failing with some tapes.

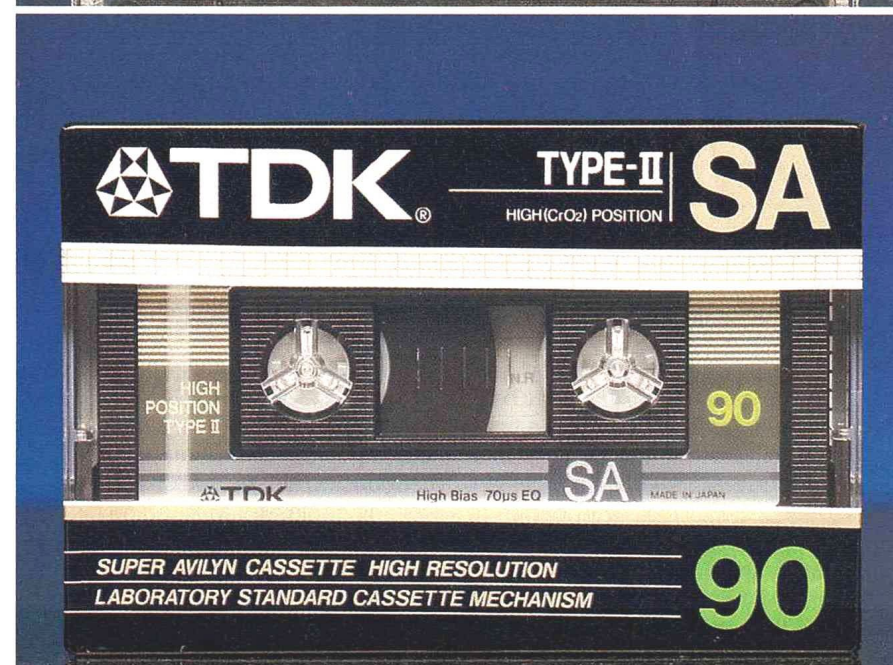
In short, you hear a lot more of the music you've recorded.

Small wonder the TDK SA has set the standard for high-position formulations around the world.

In all likelihood your own machine's high-position was aligned with the TDK SA.

To lay your hands on the TDK SA or any one of the other seven tapes in TDK's new improved range, stroll into your nearest record store.

TDK DOES AMAZING THINGS



Lintas TDK 3034

The power and the passion.

MATCHABELLI

For men with spirit.

Now available in new Musk and the original fresh Matchabelli fragrance.



CRACKING UP

ego boost and the frequent coupling of cocaine and sex. Because crack is smoked, it goes from the lungs directly to the brain's basic reward centre, which is that area stimulated by food, water, and sex. The consequent rush is comparable to a mental orgasm. The ensuing crash involves palpitations, irritability, severe depression, paranoia, and, in some cases, homicidal or suicidal tendencies.

This deadly combination of up and down is behind crack's highly addictive quality. For young female users, it frequently leads to prostitution. Maria's story is a case in point. Even now she speaks of her first try with a kind of confused reverence: "My friend Mark put the pipe to my lips. It was glass, like a water pipe with no water. He put a rock on the net and told me to suck soft and slow. A milky white smoke started to swirl around in the pipe's belly. When it was full up with smoke, he said to take a hard hit and hold it in my lungs. I did and the rush swept through me like a wave. I couldn't hold all the smoke in so I put my mouth on Mark's to pass him the smoke. The next thing I knew I was the middle of a sandwich — two guys were screwing me. By the time I left there I was haemorrhaging and it was three days later."

Maria is 16. She brings two fingers pensively to her heart-shaped lips. Her skin is cafe au lait, her agate eyes moist with tears. She is one of eight children from a strict Catholic home in the Bronx, New York City. She refers to herself as a "garbage head," which means she will do whatever drug is available to get high. But when she added crack she also added prostitution to her repertoire. Three months later she had been kicked out of school and home, lost 50 pounds, and slept with more strangers than she could count, just to keep high.

"Every time I'd come down, my heart would be trying to jump outta my mouth and I couldn't stop shaking. Sometimes I'd just break down sobbing or get myself into a fight. A couple of times I got the shit kicked out of me by some guy who was on a down slide himself. Then I discovered methadone. As soon as I'd start to come down, I'd take about 30 milligrams and that would mellow me out. Now I'm hooked on both."

"Crack is a drug that leads to multiple addictions," explains Dr Michael Smith, director of Lincoln Hospital's Substance Abuse Division in the Bronx. "The crash is so harsh most users assuage it with another drug. Often they add some kind of tranquilliser, frequently heroin or methadone."

The growing connection between crack and methadone is certain to result in increased crime. Methadone, after all, was popularised as the antidote to street crime because it offers junkies an alternative. Methadone maintenance is the most ex-

pensive and far-reaching medical program ever financed by the US federal government. Methadone blocks the heroin high, and it is relatively easy to wean a heroin addict on to methadone. The cure ultimately proved to be more addictive than the disease, but it did significantly reduce street crime. Addicts no longer needed to steal in order to support their habits. Crack threatens to reverse all that. A source close to Rockefeller Institute's methadone program estimates that 50 percent of all maintenance patients in the program are now also using crack. Crack is riding high. It's making headlines on both coasts, employing the unemployable, creating a new generation of addicts, and spawning a new underground economy. By contrast, the forces lining up against it seem impotent.

In a working class Queens neighborhood, there is one individual who is successfully waging war on crack. That's

"He said to take a hit. The next thing I knew two guys were screwing me. By the time I left there it was three days later."

because he's been waging holy war for years. Father Coleman Costello is a tall, ruddy-faced Irish priest who has made the young his parish. He has been working the streets of Queens for the last 20 years. He is the founder and executive director of Outreach Project, which has served 25,000 young people on an outpatient basis since opening its doors in 1980. Two years ago he founded Outreach House, a residential treatment house for drug abusers under 18, a population almost no-one serves.

Sitting in his windowless office surrounded by mementos, the father's deep blue eyes reflect his courage but also his sadness. He leans his large boxer's body back in the chair and laments, "There's a flood of drugs coming into America, and it's incredible that neither the Drug Enforcement Agency nor the FBI has even begun to stem the tide. Even within our borders, prescriptions are not properly monitored, marijuana is the number-one crop in California, kids are inhaling White-Out, designer drugs are being tailor-made for new and exotic highs, and right here in Queens, angel dust and crack are produced."

His full head of hair is completely white, and contrasts with his youthful face. On his desk a sign reads, ALL THAT IS NEEDED FOR EVIL TO TRIUMPH IS FOR GOOD MEN TO DO NOTHING.

"All I see is window dressing and denial. Here in New York State, statistics tell us that 1.5 million young people aged 12 to 25 are doing drugs. Yet we have only 40,000 residential treatment slots in New York State. Let's say tomorrow we were able to identify 50,000 kids who want help. Who need help. It would take 90 days before any of these kids could even get an interview. What kind of message is that? It's barbaric. Where is government? Where are our tax dollars?"

The father stresses that addictive behavior is encouraged in our society. It is, in fact, what advertising and mass marketing — those singularly American contributions to culture — seek to accomplish. Brand loyalty, a customer guaranteed to return.

The cornerstone of treatment at the residential facility founded by Father Costello is something more elusive, more difficult to achieve — a sense of community, trust and purpose. He explains, "Drug abuse slows the development of normal coping mechanisms because drugs mask feelings and repress the need for that growth. Because this growth cannot happen in a vacuum, we only accept those youngsters whose families are willing to be a part of the treatment process — because drug abuse afflicts a family, a society, not just an individual."

A group of teenagers at Outreach House sit over juice and sandwiches, discussing what they call re-entry, that moment when they will have to leave this large family and return to the world outside — home, school, the streets. They share feelings they never ever acknowledged out there in the "cool world." They describe an atmosphere in which remaining drug-free runs counterculture.

"I intend to stay clean," Larry says with a slight tremor in his voice. "But out there, if you don't mess with drugs, they call you a faggot."

For Larry and his companions, the struggle to remain drug-free will play itself out one day at a time. But with crack, one slip can be fatal.

At 10.20 on June 4 this year, a trembling teenager walked into New York City's 23rd Precinct station house asking to be arrested. He said, "I killed my mother."

Sounding as if he couldn't believe it himself, he confessed to stabbing his mother many times in an argument that ensued when she caught him smoking crack. He stayed in the apartment with her body for two days before summoning the courage to turn himself in. His principal at the Mt Pleasant Christian Academy on Manhattan's West Side was quoted as saying: "He's a good boy. It can't be." ☪



Bag a Stag.

Tooheys Stag Premium Lager.

If it didn't have an Australian accent, you'd swear it was imported.



THE JOKE OFFENSIVE

Q. What's the worst thing about offensive jokes? A. Trying to remember them when you get to the pub.

Psychiatrists will tell you that offensive jokes stem from a community need to come to terms with tragedy, irrational fear or general ignorance. The theory is a slightly more complicated rework of the old "laughter is the best medicine" routine. By example, when a truck driver ploughs his rig through a crowded Northern Territory hotel, killing and injuring many people, the result is a joke that goes: "What's more dangerous than a hungry dingo? A thirsty trucker." Or: "What did the Alice Springs trucker order for dinner? A Big Mack and a Pub Squash." These jokes start appearing one to two weeks after the event — the shock has had time to sink in and the vestiges of the tragedy are then diffused in a series of glib question-answer jokes.

Then there are those who believe that psychiatrists are only doctors who can't stand the sight of blood and that a joke is a joke is a joke. The human needs humor and we take our laughs wherever we find them.

So the following compendium of 101 offensive jokes is either a cathartic catalogue that highlights Australian fears and ignorance — or simply a list of sick jokes. If the very idea of offensive humor offends you, don't bother reading on. But if you have a healthy appetite for the tasteless, browse through a list that's guaranteed 100 percent ideologically unsound.

Racism, sexism, religion, tragedy and even a couple of those terrible baby jokes — they're all represented in a compendium that goes a long way to explain why they call a joke a "gag." And who knows, there may even be a few jokes in here that you've never heard before.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FAYE WILSON

FAMOUS PEOPLE

Q. What's the difference between Britt Ekland and Ayers Rock?

A. Not everyone's climbed on top of Ayers Rock.

Q. What's the difference between Joan Collins and a bowling ball?

A. You can only fit three fingers in a bowling ball.

Q. What have Niki Lauda and Hot Lips Houlihan got in common?

A. They've both been fucked by Major Burns.

Q. What goes into 13 six times?

A. Roman Polanski.

Q. What would it take to get the Beatles back together?

A. Three bullets.

Q. What's red and white and lies in a gutter?

A. John Lennon.

Q. What do you call a dog with wings?

A. Linda McCartney.

Q. What's black and smells like fish?

A. Tina Tuna.

Q. How did AIDS get into America?

A. Up the Hudson.

Q. What have Rock Hudson and Muhammad Ali got in common?

A. They've both been badly battered around the ring.

Q. Why did they lie Rock Hudson face down in his casket?

A. So his friends could recognise him.

Q. Why does Nancy Reagan climb on top for sex?

A. Because Ronnie can only screw up.

Q. Did you hear about Ronald Reagan's bowel transplant?

A. The bowel rejected him.

Q. What does Boy George have for breakfast?

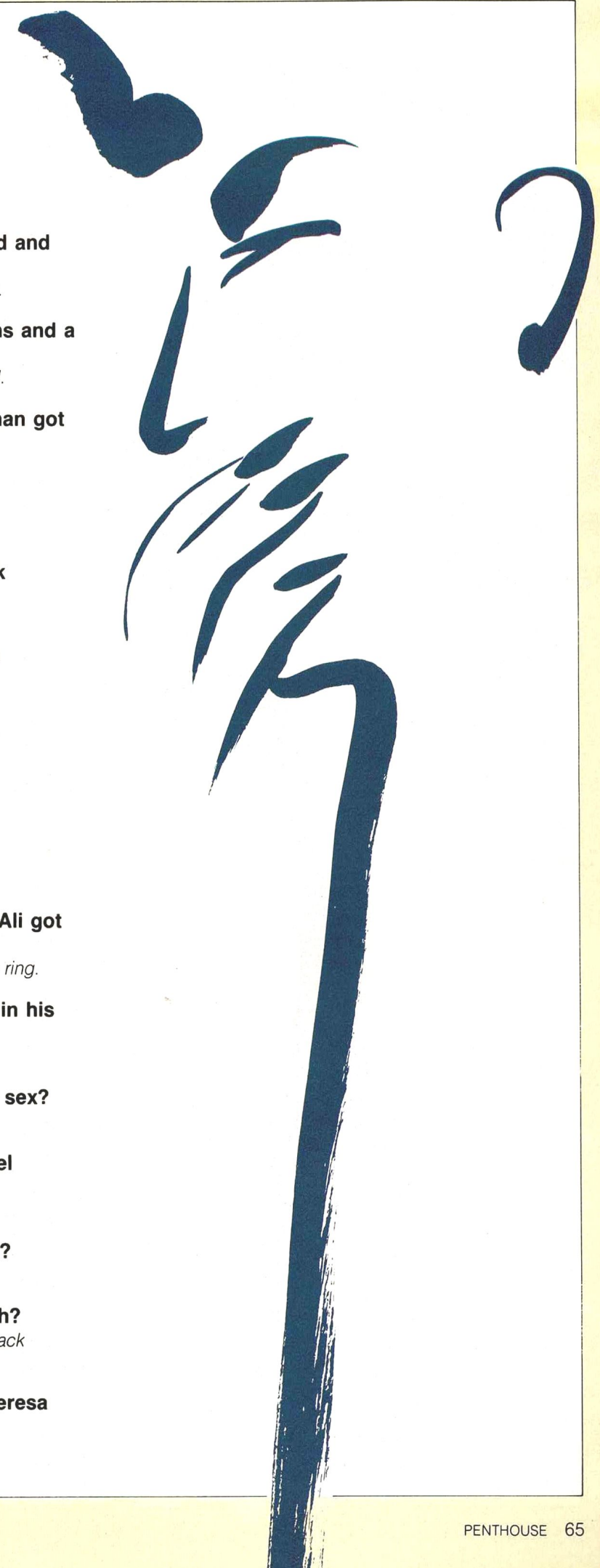
A. Smack crackle pop.

Q. Did you hear about the Irish football coach?

A. He came out here to sign the prop that got Jack Newton.

Q. What's the difference between Mother Theresa and a rubber tyre?

A. Ever had Mother Theresa go down on you?





MISCELLANEOUS TRAGEDIES

Q. What's deadlier than a Sydney funnelweb?

A. A Malaysian trapdoor.

Q. What's the difference between Bernard King and the space shuttle *Challenger*?

A. Bernard King teaches cooks. . .

Q. What was the worst thing about the *Challenger* disaster?

A. It only killed seven Americans.

Q. What are pink and shrivelled and found on Florida beaches?

A. Shuttle cocks.

Q. What were they drinking aboard the doomed shuttle mission?

A. Seven Up with a dash of Teachers.

Q. What's black and runs through the desert at 100mph?

A. An Ethiopian with a McDonald's voucher.

Q. What do you call an Ethiopian with a rat?

A. A vegetarian.

Q. What do you call an Ethiopian with two rats?

A. A caterer.

Q. What's a fart in Ethiopia?

A. A status symbol.

Q. What's the best thing about a blowjob from an Ethiopian woman?

A. You know she'll swallow.

Q. Did you hear about the Mexico City earthquake?

A. It did \$100 million worth of improvements.

Q. What do you call an Ethiopian in Mexico City?

A. A stick in the mud.

Q. Who killed more Indians than John Wayne?

A. Union Carbide.

HANDICAPS

Q. What do you do if you find an epileptic having a fit in a bath?

A. Throw in your washing.

Q. What does it say on a negro epileptic's ID card?

A. Help, I'm not breakdancing.

Q. What do you give a deaf, dumb and blind thalidomide victim for Christmas?

A. Cancer.

Q. What turns a nine-stone weakling into a 16-stone man of steel?

A. Polio.

Q. What's the hardest thing about cooking vegetables in a microwave?

A. Getting the wheelchair through the door.

Q. Did you hear about the spastic who won a disco competition?

A. He only got up to get a drink.

Q. What's endless love?

A. Stevie Wonder and Ray Charles playing tennis.

Q. What's black and bumps into pianos?

A. Ray Charles.

Q. Did you hear about the Helen Keller doll?

A. You wind her up and she walks into walls.

Q. Why didn't Helen Keller change her baby's nappies?

A. So she could always find him.

Q. Did you hear about the blind man who got a cheese grater for Christmas?

A. It was the most violent book he'd ever read.

Q. Why do farts smell?

A. So deaf people can enjoy them too.

PURE PREJUDICE

Q. How do you start a New Zealander in a small business?

A. Give him a big business and let him take it from there.

Q. How do you know if your house has been burgled by a Kiwi?

A. Your cat's been raped and your thongs are missing.

Q. What's it impossible to find in New Zealand?

A. Virgin wool.

Q. Why wasn't Christ born in New Zealand?

A. Because they couldn't find three wise men and a virgin.

Q. What's the difference between a Kiwi and a computer?

A. You only have to punch information into a computer once.

Q. What do you call a Maori in a suit?

A. The defendant.

Q. What do you get if you cross a New Zealander with an Aboriginal?

A. Someone who's too lazy to steal.

Q. What's the difference between the Milford Track and the Australian cricket team?

A. Not everyone's walked over the Milford Track.

Q. What's an Australian man's definition of foreplay?

A. "You awake?"

JOKE

Q. What's a Tasmanian man's idea of foreplay?
A. "You awake, Mum?"

Q. What's a Tasmanian virgin?
A. A girl who can run faster than her father and brothers.

Q. How does a Tasmanian know if his mother is menstruating?
A. His brother's dick tastes different.

Q. What do you call an Aboriginal in an orange VW?
A. A Jaffa.

Q. Did you hear about the two Aboriginals on *That's Incredible*?
A. One didn't drink and the other one had a job.

Q. What do you call an Aboriginal in a Rolls Royce?
A. A thief.

Q. What's an Aboriginal vibrator?
A. Eight blowflies in a sherry bottle.

Q. What did Jesus say on the cross to the Aboriginals?
A. "Don't do anything until I come back."

Q. Why is Italy shaped like a boot?
A. Because you can't fit that much shit in a shoe.

Q. Why do Italian boys grow moustaches?
A. So they can be like their mothers.

Q. Why do birds fly upside down over Italy?
A. Because there's nothing worth shitting on.

Q. What's a Greek tragedy?
A. Haemorrhoids.

Q. What's a Greek "10"?
A. The back of a "4."

Q. What do you throw a drowning Vietnamese?
A. His wife and family.

Q. Why do Pakistanis carry shit in their wallets?
A. For identification.

Q. Why don't Americans get piles?
A. Because they're perfect arseholes.

Q. Why do negroes always have sex on the brain?
A. Because they've got pubic hair on their heads.

Q. What do you get if you cross a black

whore with a Chinese?
A. A maid that sucks your shirts.

Q. What's black and brown and looks good on a negro?
A. A Dobermann.

Q. How many Californians does it take to change a lightbulb?
A. Ten. One to do it and nine to share the experience.

Q. How many Russians does it take to change a lightbulb?
A. You don't have to change it — they all glow in the dark.

Q. How many Irishmen does it take to change a lightbulb?
A. Ten. One to hold it and nine to turn the ladder.

Q. What do you get if you cross an Italian with a Jew?
A. A cleaner who thinks he owns the building.

Q. How can you tell a Jew from an Italian?
A. The Jew's the one in the Italian suit.

Q. What do you call Israeli paratroopers?
A. Air pollution.

Q. What do you call an uncircumcised Jewish baby?
A. A girl.

ANIMALS

Q. What's yellow and smells like bananas?
A. Monkey vomit.

Q. Why do dogs lick their dicks?
A. Because they can.

Q. What's the difference between a dog and a fox?
A. A few lines of coke and about ten drinks.

Q. What do elephants use as tampons?
A. Sheep.

Q. What's green and smells like pork?
A. Kermit's finger.

Q. Why are camels called ships of the desert?
A. Because they're always full of Arab semen.

SEXUAL PREJUDICE

Q. Why was alcohol invented?
A. So fat, smelly women could get laid.

Q. Why do women have legs?
A. So they don't leave snail trails.

Q. Why do women have fingers?
A. Because sheep can't type.

Q. Why are women's vaginas and anuses

so close together?
A. So you can pick them up like a six-pack.

Q. What's the hardest thing about a sex-change operation?
A. Sewing in the anchovies.

Q. What's the difference between your wife and your job?
A. After five years your job still sucks.

Q. What should women wear behind their ears to make them more attractive?
A. Their knees.

Q. How do you give a woman a great orgasm?
A. Who cares?

Q. How many radical feminists does it take to change a light bulb?
A. THAT'S NOT FUNNY!

Q. Why do Australian men come so quickly?
A. Because they can't wait to get down to the pub to tell their mates.

Q. What's a poofter?
A. An Australian man who likes his women better than beer.

Q. Is it better to be born black or homosexual?
A. Black. That way you don't have to break the news to your parents.

Q. What's a homosexual masochist?
A. A sucker for punishment.

Q. How do you know if you've walked into a lesbian bar?
A. Even the pool table hasn't got balls.

MISCELLANEOUS

Q. What's blue and yellow and sits at the bottom of a swimming pool?
A. A baby with slashed Floaties.

Q. What's crunchy and taps on glass?
A. A baby in a microwave.

Q. What's better than sex with a 16-year-old girl?
A. Nothing.

Q. How do you get a nun pregnant?
A. Fuck her.

Q. What's a dirty bastard?
A. A kid that farts in church at his parents' wedding.

Q. What's a lousy lay?
A. A man who screws you all night with a three-inch dick, then kisses you goodbye with a 12-inch tongue.

Q. What's invisible and smells like dogfood?
A. A pensioner's fart. ☺

BELINDA



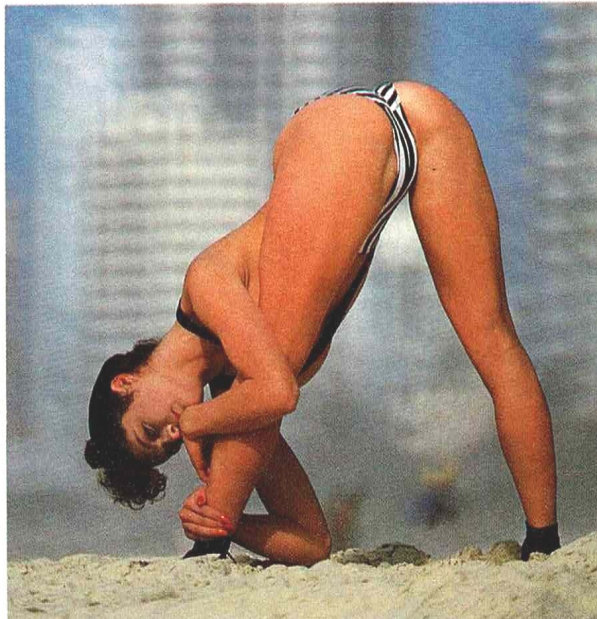
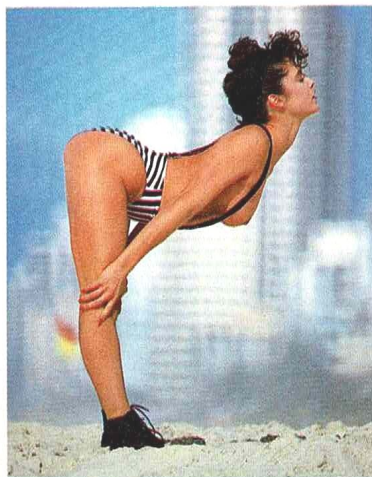
Hair by Paul Pederson; Make-up by Tania Smith and Oliver Scheffler; Garments and accessories from Young Blood; Dancewear from Joan Barrie; Shoes from Raymond Castle.

RHYTHM ROMANCE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL NOLAN



SOME may feel exhausted just gazing at the dancing feats of lithe Belinda White. But for this Gold Coast beauty, it's all in a night's work. When Nils Lofgren sang of his rhythm romance with his shoes, he must have imagined the like of Belinda embracing the sentiment — yet taking it further, applying it to every inch of her remarkable body.





Belinda wows her audiences with her moves on the dance floor. Her style goes beyond conventional dance, pushing her body to the limit. For two hours before a show she is working backstage, limbering up for her demanding routines.

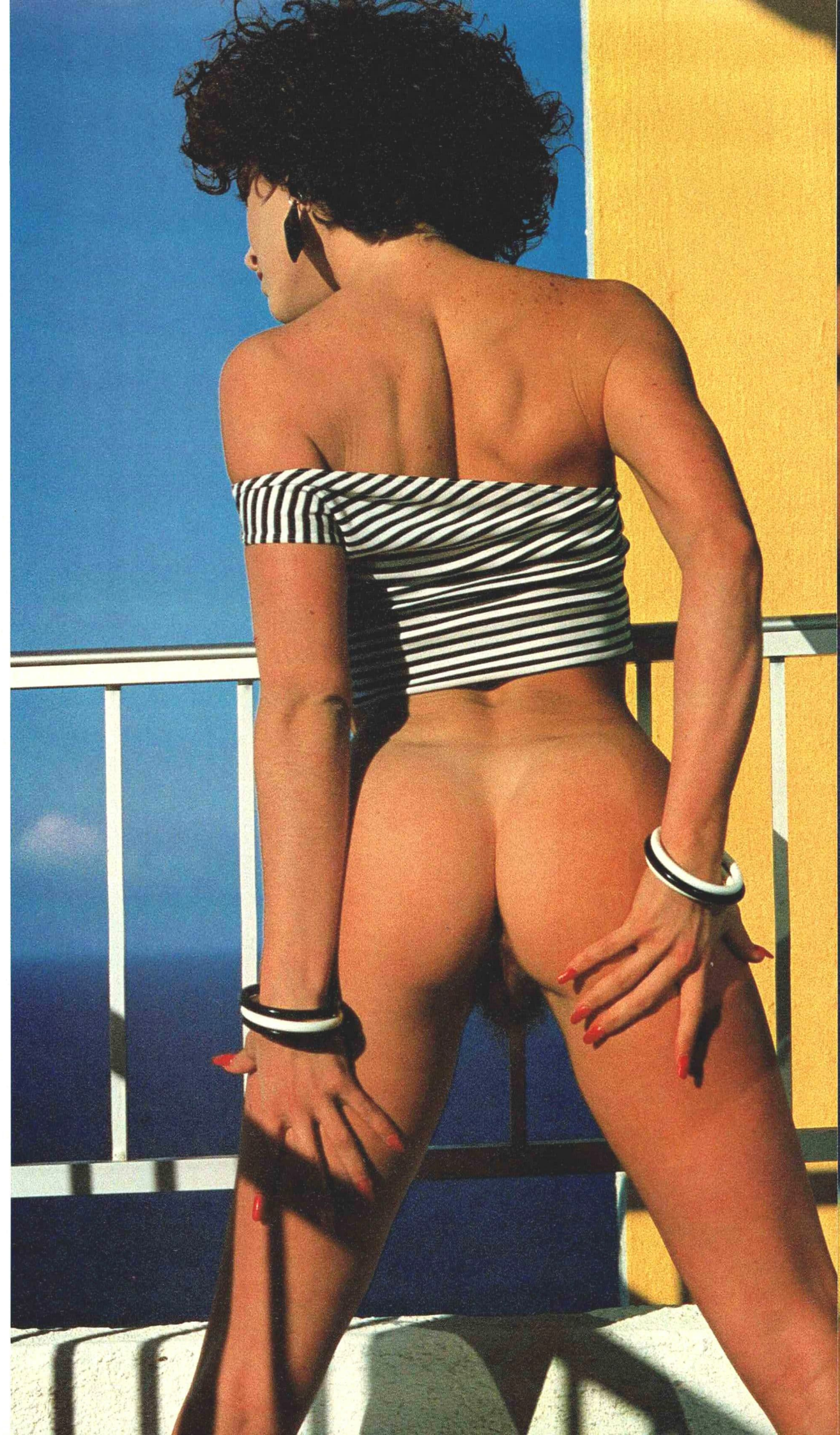




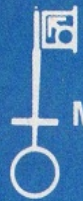
Her dancing craze goes back to the very early days, but it was at 16 that she decided to get serious. She joined the Queensland Ballet Company — but though she learned a lot she pined for a more explosive atmosphere to unleash her talents. And she found it.



Now her preferred style is adagio dancing, which features tricks and breathtaking balancing acts with a male partner. She loves to dance to any music, but nothing makes her heart skip in anticipation more than wild jazz.







MISS BELINDA WHITE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Clarke was capable of grabbing a weapon, stuff-up since Mons?

Max: it was just too close

Woman charged with harboring 'Mad Max'

hours, the gunman is alleged visiting a friend's house in Edmond Street, Melbourne.

Marinet, of various pieces from stored him (Pavel Marinet) in

'Mad Max' must be dead: wife

25 JAN 1985

By GRAEME WALKER and JOHN SILVESTER

squad before transferring to the many friends

POLICE ROW ON HUNT

KODAK

KODAK TX 5063



BY ADRIAN TAME

MANHUNT

Max Clark declared a one-man war against the Victorian Police Force ... and almost won it.

Around midnight on June 18 last year, two policemen patrolling the bitterly cold industrial wasteland of Melbourne's eastern suburbs pulled over an orange-colored Cortina sedan. The events of the next few minutes would change forever the lives of the two officers, Sergeant Brian Stooke and his partner Senior Constable Peter Steele. They would also spark the biggest manhunt in Victorian history and, in the words of one senior policeman, "An era of policing that hasn't been seen in the state since Ned Kelly rode around on a horse."

Perhaps even more significantly, the three-hour gun battle that raged through that freezing night would start an upheaval, almost a rebellion, which still seethes more than a year later within the ranks of the Victorian Police Force.

524 CH...

ON JUL...

How Th...

Sun sav...

1985

PAGES 18-19

IT'S a sad day when the Richmond Football Club can't find within its ranks a man capable of being president. The selection of Perth millionaire Alan Bond disappoints me.

angers

fectives

Shot in the head

Mad Max

THE GRE...

HOME

HERALD HABI...

her: Mid. Early tog...

Page 12

ages

Plus 4-page version...

Mad Max — the grand finale

Max Clark

Residents warned to stay home as search continues

Suburb sealed off in gunman hunt

Crime - Shooting - Violence

20 JUN 1985

Mad Max' shot

Two police hit in shoot-out

By BILL AYRES and INNES WILLOX

A man believed to be the Noble Park gunman died today after a shoot-out with police north of Melbourne. Two police officers were wounded.



The driver of the Cortina, a stocky, balding, Bulgarian-born firearms fetishist called Max Clark, would gun down a total of six policemen during the next eight months before a bullet in the back of the head ended his rampage almost precisely the way he had begun it.

"Mad" Max Clark will always be reviled for the savagery of his gun-play and the terrible wounds it inflicted during his two battles with police, the first in the early hours of June 19, 1985 and the last on the morning of February 25, 1986. But the real legacy of his period of predominance lies within the events of the eight months separating his two outbursts of violence. As the months passed after the first shoot-out with no prospect of avenging their fallen colleagues, frustration spread among the policemen involved in the hunt. Eventually that frustration turned to angry in-fighting and bitter disagreement over tactics used in searching for and attempting to capture Mad Max.

Allegations flew thick and fast that the hunt for Clark, impressive as it had been at the outset, was scaled down too quickly, and senior police were "pussy-footing" around in their attempts to catch the fugitive. There were also bitter complaints about the adequacy of police equipment. Once away from their cars, too many

officers had no way of communicating with one another by radio. Bullet-proof vests were rarely available, and those officers who owned them had, more often than not, bought their own.

Other policemen felt hide-bound by regulations. The delay in obtaining search warrants to raid homes had allowed Max to slip through police hands on at least one occasion, they were convinced. Crew flying the police helicopter on the night of June 18 were forced to watch helplessly while Max shot at their colleagues on the ground below. Standing orders decreed they could use their firearms only when on the ground and away from the chopper. But it wasn't just the police who were becoming angry as the months went by with no sightings of Max.

Public dissatisfaction with the affair reached boiling point late in October 1985, four months after Clark first went into hiding. During the eight months he was on the run literally thousands of doors were knocked on by police with questions to ask. And between 15 and 20 doors were smashed in with sledge-hammers by officers who had little choice but to act first and leave the questions for later. These raids were made on homes where police had reason to believe Max was hiding, and called for less diplomatic tactics than those used for routine questionings.

In the early hours of Friday, October 25, such a raid was made on the inner subur-

ban home of Joe Simic. Joe, his wife Vesma, and their four children were all in bed when police burst into their house. Vesma was so terrified she leaped out of a first floor window with near-fatal results.

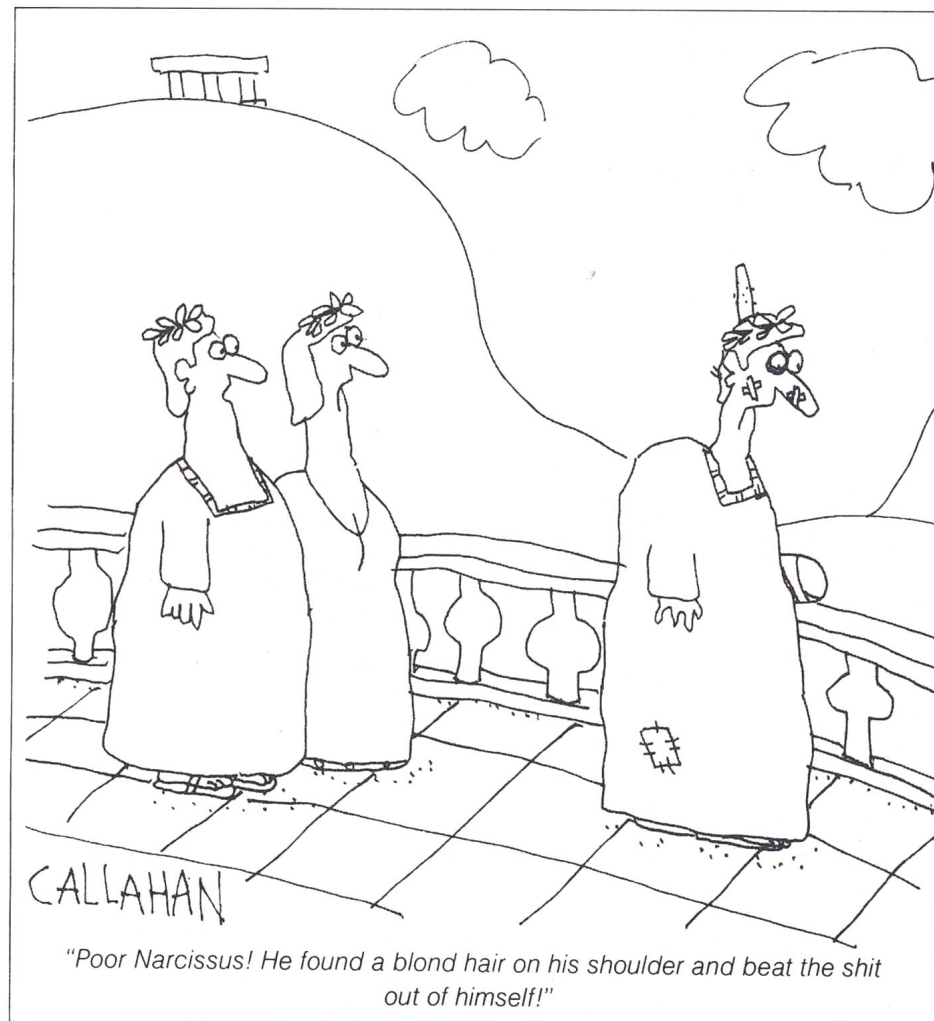
And so it went on — a catalogue of error, frustration, bitterness and above all, failure. Max seemed to have vanished entirely; his family became convinced he had committed suicide. One theory had it that he was living in the complex network of drains which ran beneath the streets, barren paddocks and industrial buildings of Melbourne's eastern suburbs. Another proclaimed he had simply fled the country. And the constant backdrop to all the theorising was the growing belief among police that Max was being sheltered by those who felt a misguided loyalty towards a fellow countryman.

Detective Sergeant John Kapetanovski, brought into the scaled-down search because of his specialist knowledge of the immigrant community, spelled it out: "I believe some members of the ethnic community have been less than honest in their dealings with police on this matter. The co-operation we've received from the ethnic community appears to be poor, at the best."

As the months without a sighting of the fugitive went by, police were able to piece together a portrait of their quarry. But much of what they learned was confusing and contradictory. To his family he was a kind, loving man; to his workmates, a reliable, industrious character with a keen sense of humor. But there was another side to Max which few knew about, and even fewer would discuss. The reason he had been pulled over that night in June was connected with a spate of burglaries in his area. And then there were the guns. Max was known to possess a small arsenal of firearms, and practised regularly with them on the target range he had rigged up in his garage. He even had minor convictions for firearms offences. Perhaps the real clue to the man lay in his history before he came to Australia.

Known in his native Bulgaria as Pavel Marinof, Max had been drafted for National Service in 1967, and served for a time in the army in a southern town near the Black Sea. His army stint was a short one, but long enough for Max to learn enough to earn the grudging admiration of Victorian policemen who exchanged shots with him. His skill and speed with a gun, combined with an uncanny coolness under fire, led Major Crime Squad head Detective Inspector Adrian Donohue to comment: "The way he used the firearms in shooting at police indicated he had practice in a combat role."

After a few months in the Bulgarian army Max deserted and fled to nearby Turkey. He stayed there for two years before arriving in Australia in 1969. He took out citizenship in 1975 and married his Yugoslavian wife Elizabeth in 1981. Two years later the



The Yachtsman's Nikon

Once upon a time you had to be an Ernest Hemingway or a Joseph Conrad to capture the drama of beating into a 30 knot sou'wester.

Now you can bring it all back home with pictures: without having to worry about water on the lens or your camera rusting shut.

Now the Nikon all-weather autofocus is here.

We call it the Yachtsman's Nikon.

Because it's light.

It laughs at salt water.

And you can shoot with one hand.

From daytime snaps of the crew sharing breakfast to flashlit shots of the graveyard watch jibing under full sail in a 15 foot swell: they're a pushover with this exciting new compact.

The Nikon AW-AF is not a toy but an advanced photographic companion with an all-glass 4 element

lens designed to the same high standards that have made Nikon's optical design a legend.

Everything about it is automatic: focusing, exposure, film loading, film advance, film rewind, flash exposure: the lot.

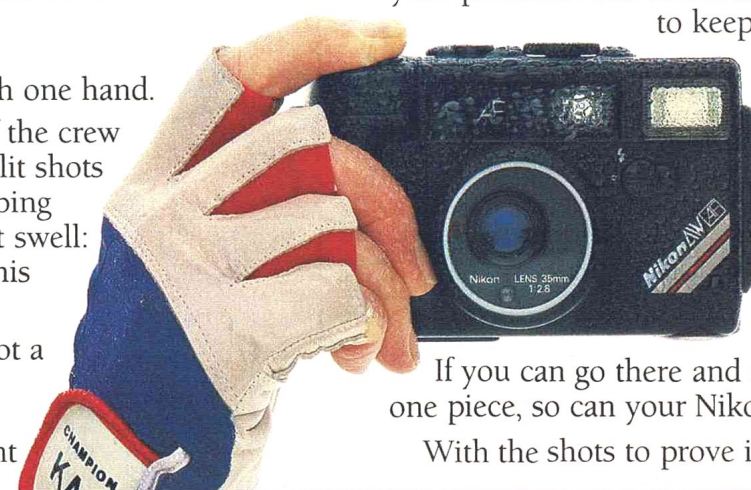
The AW-AD model even has an inbuilt data bank which lets you show the time or date on your pictures. And there's an optional float strap,

to keep your camera afloat, even if you're not!

Stash it in the boat next to your wet weather gear. Or toss it in the boot of the car next time you're heading for the bush.

If you can go there and come back in one piece, so can your Nikon AW-AF.

With the shots to prove it.



Nikon

couple adopted a two-year-old Yugoslavian girl and brought her to Australia.

Max was known to have doted on the child, and in every respect was a loving parent. He and Elizabeth settled well in their adopted country, both working long hours to pay off the mortgage on their two-storey brick home in South Clayton in the centre of Melbourne's comfortably-off Eastern European belt. Max, Elizabeth, their adopted daughter Sandra, and Max's step-daughter Rosa, 29, fitted well into the quiet, industrious lifestyle expected of them by their neighbors. "He was a very kind, gentle man. He adored us and always looked after us," said Rosa after his disappearance.

Max's workmates, at the chemical factory where he was a supervisor, had a similarly positive view of him. "He was a talkative, happy, funny bloke. He always had a joke to crack. A very good worker, never took a day's leave," remembered one.

Max's hobbies added to the impression of a fastidious loner. He collected stamps and coins, was a keen gardener, and kept himself in shape on physical fitness equipment he had installed in his home. As well as target practice in the garage, Max enjoyed pig shooting expeditions to NSW with a neighbor. His collection of firearms was

supplemented by a small library on the subject, and he was said to occasionally unnerve friends with his obsessive interest in this direction.

One police officer who saw him in action believed Max gained a "sexual delight" from his shoot-outs with police. Peter Osborne, a psychologist with the Victorian Police Force, agreed. "The guys [police] who were shot said he adopted a distinct military stance. If he is one of those self-styled commandos, he is probably having a real ball. He is probably in fantasy land, and probably getting some sort of enjoyment out of the thing by pitting himself against us," Osborne said.

But when it came right down to it, police said, guns and burglaries were the two areas in which Max excelled. After the first shoot-out they searched the garage at his home and found goods believed stolen during the previous two years from properties in the surrounding area. Sergeant Stooke and Senior Constable Steele were totally unaware of this side of Max's life when they pulled over his orange Cortina on that night in June. The pair had been trying to find a culprit for the spate of burglaries in the area, and the items they spotted in the back of the car were a positive lead. Accordingly they asked him to follow them to Cheltenham Police Station for further questioning. That was all it took for Mad Max Clark to make his one-man declaration of war on the Victorian Police.

Suddenly he made a run away from the two officers, and then just as suddenly turned, a gun in his hand. As the two shots cracked and whined through the bitter night air Stooke felt his legs go from under him and he slumped to the pavement. He didn't know it then, but four bullets had slammed into his body, one severing his spinal cord. The 40-year-old father of three would never walk again. His partner, Peter Steele, was luckier. Shot in the hand and losing a lot of blood, he managed to radio for help.

Within minutes the area was alive with sirens, flashing blue lights and the crackle of radio static. As Stooke and Steele were rushed to the Alfred Hospital their shaken colleagues prepared to raid Max's house in Christopher Court, South Clayton. Before they could move in a figure burst out of the darkness and headed for open paddocks at the rear of the property. Out of sight of police, Max jumped into the green Ford LTD he had left parked nearby, possibly for just such an emergency. Minutes later the same car was spotted by two police officers cruising down a nearby street. One officer stepped into the road, signalling the driver to stop. Instead the car lurched forward straight at the officer, forcing him to dive out of the way. As the Ford sped off two shots from a police revolver rang out.

More than an hour later, unaccountably, Max was still driving around the area in the Ford. He was spotted and the chase was on again. Both the hunter and the hunted reached speeds of well over 180 km/h on the deserted suburban streets before the Ford rammed into a roundabout, buckling the wheel and blowing a tyre. Max leaped out and was suddenly frozen in the spotlight from the police chopper hovering over him.

He began to run and then stopped, firing directly into the light. The two nearest policemen on the ground were Sergeant Ray Kirkwood, 39, and crack marksman Constable Graeme Sayce, 22. Just as Sayce flashed the message on the car radio — "We've got him at the back of a factory" — Max turned and walked towards the police car. He took up the spread-leg, double-handed shooting stance just as Sayce ducked beneath the dash. "I remember the flash and felt it go through my hair and hit the headrest. That picture is just frozen in time: the gun, the hands and the stance," Sayce remembers.

Max just carried on firing (at least eight bullet holes were lodged in the police car), as Sayce and Kirkwood pressed down under the dash. Kirkwood's skull was grazed by fragments and a bullet smashed into his shoulder. As Max turned and ran, Sayce gave chase.

Minutes later Max was spotted on a street corner by two other officers. Again there was that familiar stance, and a bullet flew between the two policemen. With a coolness that was now beginning to form part of a sinister pattern, Max turned and

strolled casually into the protective darkness of a nearby lane-way.

Next on the scene was Senior Constable Gary Morell, 33, and his police dog Digger. The animal had picked up Max's scent, and Morell was heading towards a clump of bushes on the edge of the street. "He must have been watching me as I approached," the officer said later from his hospital bed. "I knew I was on the track, but I didn't know he was as close as he turned out to be. I heard a bang and realised I'd been shot. I just fell to the ground because there were quite a few shots being fired, and I didn't want to get any more."

Max's shot shattered Morell's wrist and thudded into the bullet-proof vest he was wearing. "It was like a sledge-hammer slamming into the front of me," he remembers.

An ineffectual hail of police bullets followed Max into the darkness, and that was it for the night. Four policemen down, one of them a cripple confined to a wheelchair for life, and the other three with physical and mental scars they would retain forever. Today Brian Stooke is still trying to adjust to life as a paraplegic. Ray Kirkwood returned to work after four months with bullet fragments in his head and shoulder. He would never again play golf, or ball games with his three children. A comfortable night's sleep is something else he has learned to do without. Gary Morell and Peter Steele are still recovering from hand injuries and stress.

The morning after the shootings Noble Park was a suburb under siege. Hundreds of heavily armed police swarmed through the streets, local stores and banks shut up shop for the day, the five schools in the area reported a less than 50 percent attendance rate, and roadblocks at every intersection left the distinct impression of a war zone.

Near misses were frequent. A man seen ducking into a block of flats was handcuffed and pinned to the ground seconds later. With guns only inches from his head, he gasped his explanation. The cuffs were off, gruff apologies made, and a relieved citizen was free again. Newspaper headlines — "MANHUNT SEALS TERRORIST SUBURB" — told their own story, while senior police officers like Assistant Commissioner Keith Thompson made their own judgements: "He is a vicious criminal and a predator in society."

All that day and the next, Max remained out of sight. Then at 8pm on the Thursday night, 41 hours after the last sighting, he knocked on the door of a house in Edmond Street, Springvale. The man of the house, known to Max, wisely slammed the door in his face and called police. Two more possible sightings were made that night, but Max's guns were strangely silent. Over the next few days police became aware Max had been hiding in the loft of a vacant flat, and the man in charge of the hunt,

Keith Thompson, was vowing: "We'll get him because we owe it to the community and to the four men who have been shot. But we'll get him clean . . . if we can."

Two weeks went by and the story took on another dramatic turn. Max's wife Elizabeth returned from Yugoslavia, where she had been nursing a sick sister. She and four-year-old Sandra, together with Rosa, bravely fronted a crowded press conference and pleaded with their man to give himself up. "Daddy, come home please," sobbed little Sandra as the cameras flashed.

It was clear Elizabeth was on the verge of a breakdown, so Rosa took over. "We will stick by him no matter what he has done to us. He is family. He will end up in jail, we know that. But at least he won't be cold."

Another two weeks passed, and still no sightings. Some detectives theorised that Max had killed himself, but the Major Crime Squad's Adrian Donohue preferred to believe he was being harbored. Then, early in September, the State Government offered a \$50,000 reward for information leading to Max's arrest — an unprecedented step since such rewards are generally offered only in murder enquiries.

In the early hours of the morning of October 25, police made their move on the home of Joe Simic. A man who had never been in trouble with police, Joe, 47, claimed Major Crime Squad detectives did

not identify themselves when they smashed down two doors to enter his home. As his four children, aged between 12 and three, cowered in their bedroom, Joe's wife Vesma, 31, leaped out of her first storey bedroom window, breaking her pelvis and perforating her liver. As Vesma fought for her life in hospital, Joe angrily demanded an inquiry into the raid.

Three months later, still under psychiatric treatment, Vesma remembered: "I woke suddenly and heard shouting, men's voices. They were bashing on the door. I was so frightened. My husband said: 'There are men with guns.' All I can remember is ripping the flyscreen off the bedroom window . . . then nothing. I didn't know it was the police. I thought it was someone who had come to kill us . . ."

By the time Max was captured three families, including the Simics, were planning Supreme Court damages actions against the police over raids on their homes.

On October 29 the redoubtable Tom Rippen, a chief inspector and the Secretary of the Police Association, escalated the battle. Police chiefs were not doing enough to catch Max, he said. "The investigation has been reduced to a minimum. If one policeman was at large after shooting someone, the task force looking for him would be enormous. But in this case the man has shot four people, and the investigation is petering out."

Then, on the morning of January 1,



MANHUNT

1986, the rift erupted on to the front page of Melbourne's morning papers. Three Major Crime Squad detectives playing leading roles in the hunt for Max had been given information that their man was hiding in a Cranbourne farmhouse. The trio kept the building under surveillance for 11 days before deciding on a raid. They requested that the crack anti-terrorist Special Operations Group spearhead the operation, but were turned down after a meeting of CIB chiefs.

"Instead the team [the three detectives] was told to go up, knock on the door, and ask if Max was inside," one officer explained. Not surprisingly they refused, and another plan was suggested. This involved surrounding the house with large numbers of police, and then phoning the occupants to tell them to come out quietly. Again the three detectives had their doubts. They reasoned that Max would take a hostage inside the house, or a lengthy siege could result. The reaction of the CIB chiefs was simply to remove the trio from the case. The raid was made without them, and no sign of Max was found. One month later the three were told officially they were being transferred from the Major Crime Squad to the Russell Street uniform reserve, "in the interests of maintaining discipline and efficiency."

Colleagues of the three detectives spoke openly over the next few days of industrial action, an unheard of step in any Australian police force, let alone "the nation's finest", the Victorians. Tom Rippon entered the fray. "It was only because they chose to question the wisdom of the way the department intended to carry out the raid that they got transferred," he said. "Members of the Major Crime Squad are very bitter about

what has happened to their colleagues."

Not so, said one of the CIB chiefs. "It was done because the department lost confidence in the members' ability to perform as we expect them to in an operational area. They disobeyed a direction, and proposed to carry out a raid in a manner not acceptable to those in control."

Meanwhile, Max's wife, Elizabeth, had decided her husband had committed suicide. "I know him. He would have tried to contact me otherwise," she said. "I would not help him. I have had enough." Just how far off the mark Elizabeth was did not become apparent until the morning of February 25 this year.

Ironically, the information that finally led to Max's death was passed on to one of the three detectives kicked off the case early in February. Possibly the lure of the \$50,000 reward led the informant to provide the detective with information the entire Victorian Police Force had been seeking for eight months. Max was hiding with a family in the little town of Wallan, 40 kilometres north of Melbourne.

John Kapetanovski and Senior Detective Red MacDonald kept the house under surveillance for two days before deciding this could be the big lead. At 7.30 in the morning of February 25 a man with red hair and a beard was seen walking out of the house towards a white, Queensland-registered panel van. He gave the vehicle a wash before going back into the house. At 8.55am he re-emerged with two young children. The two detectives had already discussed the possibility that Max had grown the beard and was wearing a wig, but the two children were exactly what they didn't want to see.

As they followed the panel van into Wallan they breathed a sigh of relief when the vehicle pulled up outside the Primary School and the youngsters climbed out.

The two officers risked a close look as they drove past the parked van, and were convinced that under the wig and beard they had their man. They allowed the van to pass them and followed it as it drove down the Hume Highway in the direction of Melbourne.

It was at this stage that a decision had to be made. If the two officers allowed Max, and they were sure it was him, to continue into the city they could well lose him in the traffic. And if there was going to be another shoot-out, they must try to avoid crowded streets at all costs. With this in mind they pulled alongside the van, showed identification through the window and signalled Max to pull over. He waved an acknowledgement and did so. The two officers, both carrying visible firearms, approached the van from opposite sides, Kapetanovski on the driver's side, and MacDonald on the passenger side.

It was at this point that Max once again showed how deadly a threat he posed. In the confined space of the van, confronted by two armed policemen, one on either side of him, he still had time to reach behind him for a pistol, spin in the direction of Kapetanovski and blast off two shots, hitting him in the left hand and right side of the chest. Before MacDonald could respond Max twisted in the seat and fired a third shot, hitting the second detective in the chest. MacDonald managed to return the fire with one shot which merely winged Max in the right arm. As MacDonald slumped to the ground Max threw the van into gear and sped away, but MacDonald managed to fire two more shots through the rear of the vehicle. He didn't know it then, but one of those shots exploded into the back of Max's head, lodging in his brain and, in all probability, killing him.

Continued on page 160

Now enjoy Extra Mildness in a Mini Cigar



Holland's
finest cigars

Madame Michelle PRESENTS

BACK AGAIN BY DEMAND - BIGGER, BETTER THAN EVER-THOUSANDS SOLD LAST YEAR!

ALL NEW!

The novelty Christmas gift sensation of the '80's. It's hilarious - a genuine full-sized Christmas Stocking crammed full of adult sexual novelty items (including adult love toys, novelties, books, lingerie etc.)

CALL SEXY SANTA'S HOT-LINE NOW!

(07) 376 4745

Credit Card Holders - place your order with Santa Day or Night to ensure delivery before Christmas.

the SHOCKING STOCKING

AN EROTIC START TO CHRISTMAS DAY

\$39.99

Plus \$5 postage and handling

TOTAL VALUE OF EACH STOCKING WELL OVER \$70

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS BONUS OFFER!

Buy two stockings (e.g. one "HIS" & one "HERS") for only \$79.99 - postage paid - a saving of \$10.

RUSH THIS COUPON NOW TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

(If you do not wish to deface your magazine, please write your requirements on a sheet of paper and send with your payment to: Madame Michelle, P.O. Box 199, Darra 4076. Callers welcome 9 - 4.30 at 3/18 Spine St., Sumner Park Brisbane.)

Please rush me:

() "Mens" Shocking Stockings

() "Ladies" Shocking Stockings

I enclose \$39.99 (plus \$5 postage and handling) for one stocking - or \$79.99 for two stockings - or please charge my credit card:

Card Type _____

Card No. _____

Expiry Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

P/Code _____

All orders sent in plain packaging.



PASSAGE THROUGH INDIA

Champion windsurfer Jacques Sotty takes on the Ganges on a bizarre and sometimes shocking odyssey

Although Jacques Sotty has faced countless physical challenges, he viewed wind-surfing the Ganges not only as a test of endurance but also as an extraordinary opportunity to intimately experience the life of India's millions who live along that mighty river. Sotty is the first windsurfer to attempt such a feat. In this case, it wasn't the physical challenge that intimidated him — he has a long history of testing his true grit. In 1981, for example, Sotty brazenly windsurfed across the treacherous English Channel. Soon thereafter, he raced his sailboard on ice, achieving an astonishing speed of almost 160km/h. Among his other accomplishments, Sotty holds the European championship in the boomerang throw. Sailing the Ganges, however, was an emotional quest for him. "It was not a performance of time or endurance," says Sotty emphatically. "Rather, it was a unique way to explore an ancient and fascinating culture. I thought it would be sensational to windsurf on the Ganges . . . the most sacred river in India."

Sotty began his trip at an elevation of 5000 metres, high in the Himalayas in the region known as Kashmir. Launching his sailboard on the Jrijum

PHOTOGRAPHY BY H. HAUSS

river, which ultimately feeds into the Ganges, Sotty's first experience was something right out of the pages of an 18th Century travel book. To withstand the icy waters Sotty wore a lightweight but efficient, wetsuit designed to maintain his body heat. Thinking back he recalls, "I must have created a bizarre image . . . a mammoth fluorescent yellow butterfly effortlessly skimming the water's surface."

After travelling a few kilometres through complete wilderness, Sotty suddenly noticed a band of gypsies staring at him incredulously. "You see," Sotty explained, "they had never seen rubber. They thought it was my skin, and approached me as though I were a messenger from the gods."

Soon after, Sotty found himself sailing into the serene paradise of Dal Lake. Here, at dawn, boatmen glide silently through the lotus pads, their boats laden with saffron-colored squash and other fresh-picked vegetables and fruits. Passing slowly through the tranquil waters, Sotty was offered an ancient gesture of peace. "[When] a stranger handed me a fragrant bloom, I felt accepted, not as a tourist but as an explorer," he recounts. "I regretted leaving the unspoiled beauty of Dal Lake."

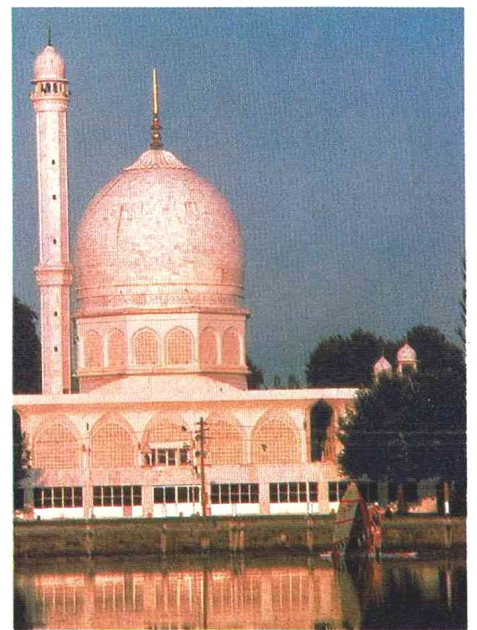
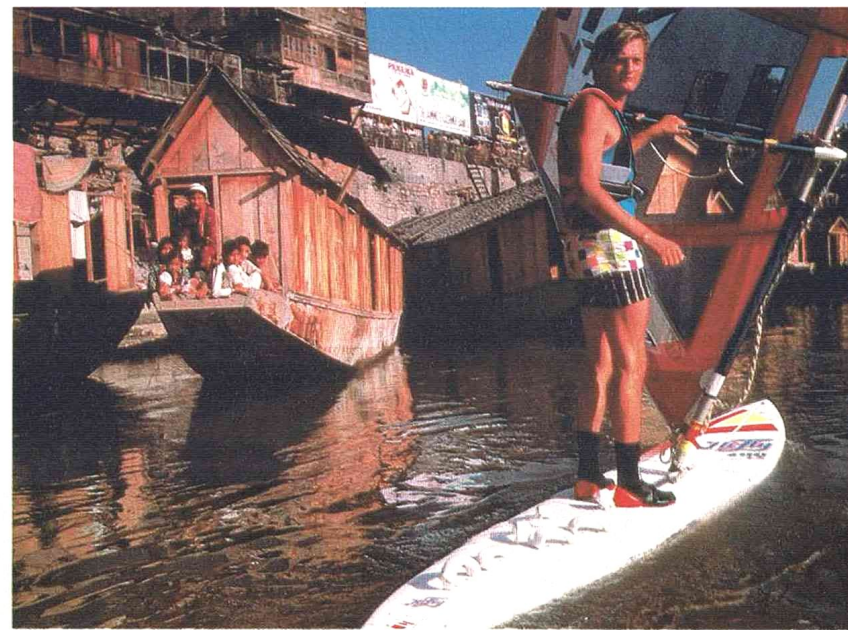
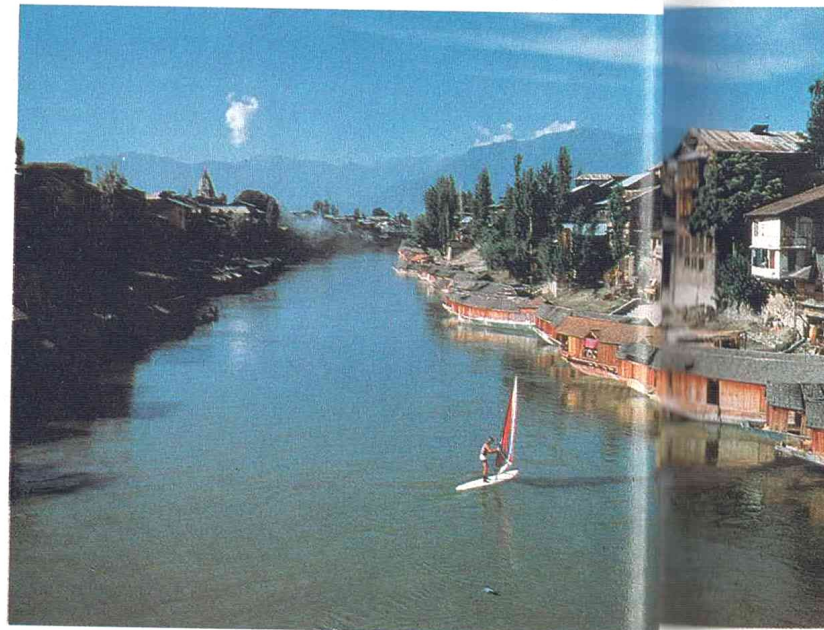
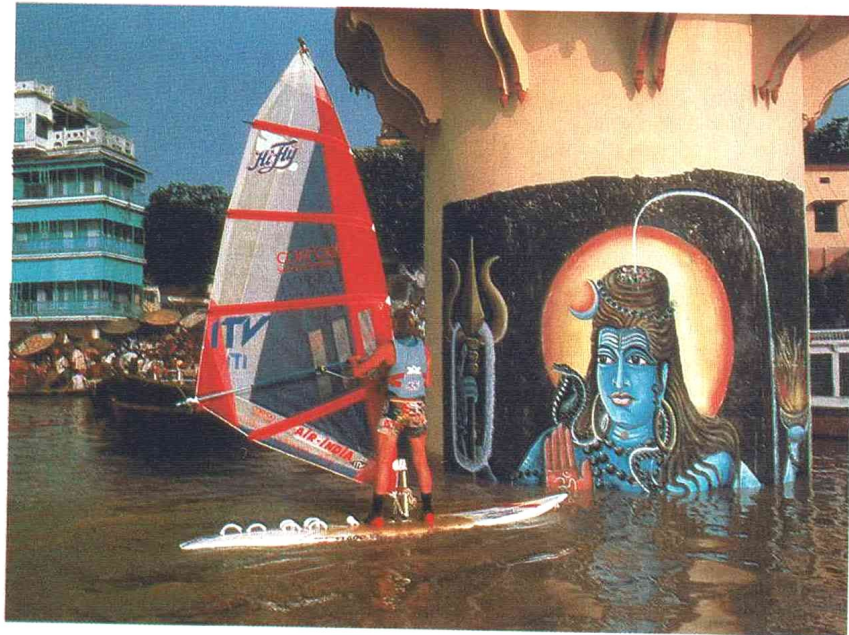
The next phase of the journey was



not so idyllic. It was early August and monsoon season was at its peak. Torrential rains, followed by dead stillness and 100 percent humidity, were only a few of the obstacles Sotty would encounter. Sotty recalls, "Some days it instantly became stormy, with up to a metre of water falling in one hour. The winds were treacherous and it would become pitch black in a moment. I began to think that Shiva, India's god of destruction, was determined to screw up my sail." Weather conditions were often life-threatening and Sotty would struggle to take refuge in makeshift shelters or primitive village hotels.

Eventually, though, having braved what could only have been the worst, Sotty was suddenly relieved to view the majestic temple spires of Benares in the far distance. Filled with excitement as well as trepidation, in Sotty's view it was the gods, rather than the currents, that guided him into the sacred territory. Benares, India's holiest city, is considered to be, as one traveller noted, "a crossing place between this Earth and heaven." Sotty was immediately awed by the sight of thousands of heads bent in prayer, obscuring from view the massive stone steps that descend directly into the holy river Ganges. Some devotees wore scarlet or saffron-colored robes, others

Right: Sotty glides silently through the lotus pads of Dal Lake. A stranger spontaneously hands him a fragrant lotus. Below, left to right: Sotty's vibrant colored sailboard provides a startling contrast to the ancient religious murals, decaying villages and sacred temples that dot the length of the Ganges.



were scantily clad, or naked, with symbolic ashes smeared on their bodies. The peaks of what seemed to be hundreds of temples were thrusting toward the heavens, enveloped by a mixture of incense, dust, and aromatic spices that perfumed the air. Although religious activity dominated the river banks, sari-clad women and female children could be seen carrying out daily chores, such as washing clothing. Sotty's hesitation as an intruder in holy waters was diminished when he heard children chattering excitedly. As he told us, "I thought the children would welcome me into this otherwise closed city. My instincts were right. Soon, I was teaching a group of them to stand on the board." The children affectionately called Sotty "Zabadrft," the name given to an Indian movie hero, not unlike Superman.

Encouraged by their acceptance, Sotty eagerly continued travelling south, but was soon confronted by the most hellish vision of the trip. Human body parts floated past him like macabre buoys out of the worst nightmare. Customarily, Indians cremate their dead and spread the ashes over the Ganges. But, as of late, wood to fuel the funeral pyres is scarce and consequently, partially burned bodies are given hasty burial in the water. Ironically, these grotesque limbs attract a beautiful species of dolphin, unknown in other

Right: Sotty encounters the macabre sight of a disembowelled corpse. Below, left to right: Not all the waters of the Ganges are calm; other days he weaves his way through a floating market and past the holy steps at Benares; dusk descends on Dal Lake.



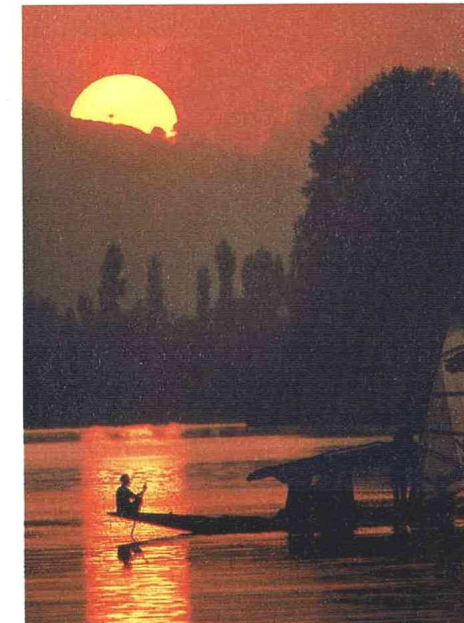
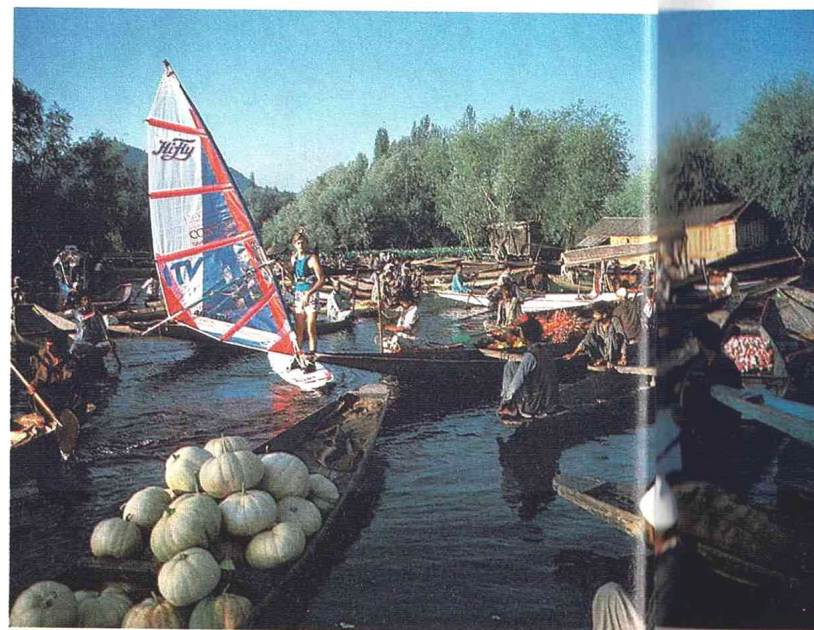
regions of the world. According to Sotty, "Iridescent pink dolphins travel hundreds of miles from the sea to feed on the cadavers. These are the only dolphins that eat human flesh."

The Ganges is considered the most sacred burial ground, and by custom it is considered highly taboo to deposit an intact corpse. Early one morning, on the last leg of his journey, Sotty encountered a floating dead man, disembowelled, with severe stab wounds marking his back. "He must have been murdered," said Sotty, grimacing at the vivid memory. "The Indians never toss whole bodies into the water, and they looked as shocked as I at the sight of this bloated figure."

On the sweltering afternoon when Sotty crossed his 1400-kilometre mark, he felt a sense of elation at having realised his dream, and sorrow that this particular adventure was now concluded. "My choice has always been to express myself through my dreams," he tells us. "I think the most important thing in life is to never stop pursuing your desires."

What's Sotty's next plan? "Oh, possibly swimming the Colorado River ... It's very dangerous you know."

In the near future, Sotty is organising an international boomerang contest in New York City. A mischievous smile crosses his face, when he tells us, "You know, I'm like the boomerang ... I always come back for more. O+1"





HUMOR BY J.P. DOUGHERTY

TEST YOUR CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

So you think you're a red hot lover?
Try this quick quiz

You think you know it all, don't you? You're the sort of guy everyone wants to have on their team when they're playing Sexual Pursuit. You can find a G-spot in the dark with one hand tied to the bedpost with a pair of crotchless knickers, and you know what frottage is without having to look it up in the dictionary.

Well, if you've been saying all these years that no-one can teach you anything about sex, here's your chance to prove it. But be careful — this quiz doesn't just test your theory. You'll have to answer questions on your field research as well.

So how do you rate your carnal knowledge? Answer the following questions and find out.

PART I. GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. What is cunnilingus?

- (a) a type of fungus
- (b) an Irish airline
- (c) a form of Latin
- (d) a Roman general who won the Battle of Thespian at Modus Operandi in 79AD

2. If your answer to question 1 was (a), has your girlfriend had an examination

by her gynaecologist recently?

- (a) yes, and I still don't care
- (b) what's a gynaecologist?

3. What is the best time to perform cunnilingus?

- (a) after intercourse
- (b) during childbirth
- (c) when there's nothing on TV

4. Which is the odd man out?

- (a) Linda Beales
- (b) Jacqueline Bisset
- (c) Rachel Ward
- (d) Russ Hinze

5. What is a French kiss?

- (a) a sort of cocktail
- (b) a French boat
- (c) something the French put underneath other people's boats
- (d) licking someone's epiglottis with your eyes closed

6. What is fellatio?

- (a) a character in *Hamlet* immortalised by the line: "There are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy,

Fellatio."

- (b) the centre-forward for the Brazilian World Cup soccer team
- (c) a sort of pasta

7. What is frottage?

- (a) making love to a cheese
- (b) an act of intimacy between an aardvark and a Puerto Rican left-handed screw salesman
- (c) something you do with a large marrow, a bowl of water and a tin of elastoplast
- (d) none of the above

8. What famous person said: "Come up and see me sometime"?

- (a) your headmaster,
- (b) the dotty old grannie your family keeps locked away in the attic
- (c) Russ Hinze
- (d) Mae West

9. Who had the starring role in the film *Deep Throat*?

- (a) Linda Lovelace
- (b) Neville Wran
- (c) Jeannie Little
- (d) Frank Ifield

TEST

10. What is the best way to get rid of crabs?

- (a) spray them with Mortein
- (b) wait till night time and then go out with a large net
- (c) castration
- (d) invite some Vietnamese round and tell them whatever they can catch, they can eat

11. Which of the following is not a lubricant?

- (a) KY jelly
- (b) Vaseline
- (c) Mazola
- (d) WD-40
- (e) liquid ammonia

12. If your answer to question 11 was (e), how did you find out?

- (a) it was a wild guess
- (b) I asked my older brother
- (c) I asked my younger brother
- (d) I tried it out for myself

13. What is Dolly Parton famous for?

- (a) her singing
- (b) her acting
- (c) her singing and acting
- (d) Who's Dolly Parton?

14. What is a sodomite?

- (a) a member of a Middle Eastern sect
- (b) a sort of brick cladding that can withstand cyclones
- (c) a black paste you spread on toast

15. What is a sex aid?

- (a) something you use to enhance the sex experience
- (b) something you buy as a gift to embarrass your grandparents on their birthday
- (c) someone to help hold her down

PART II. FIRST-HAND EXPERIENCE

16. Which of the following have you used during your sexual relations with the opposite sex, and then eaten?

- (a) whipped cream
- (b) flavored massage oil
- (c) a cucumber
- (d) Pal
- (e) a pencil torch
- (f) a large compressed air pump
- (g) your hat

17. Which of the following responses have you elicited from your partner during sexual activity?

- (a) groaning
- (b) screaming
- (c) vomiting
- (d) snoring
- (e) criminal proceedings

18. Have you engaged in sexual activity in any of the following locations?

- (a) in a moving car while you were driving
- (b) in a moving car while she was driving
- (c) in a moving car while neither of you were driving
- (d) in a moving ambulance (i) both on stretchers; (ii) both on a drip; (iii) both on an oxygen machine

19. Have you had sex under the influence of any of the following drugs?

- (a) marijuana
- (b) coke
- (c) Diet Coke
- (d) methylated spirit
- (e) glue
- (f) a mixture of wallpaper paste and Pinofresh.

20. Which of the following have you had sexual relations with?

- (a) an actress

Is a sodomite
a member of a Middle
Eastern sect, a sort of
brick cladding, or a black
paste you spread
on toast?

- (b) a porn actress
- (c) a girl who'd like to be an actress
- (d) a picture of an actress

21. Have you engaged in bondage? If so, what sort of restraints have you used?

- (a) knotted hankie
- (b) fur-lined handcuffs
- (c) three of your mates from the surf club

22. What has been the location of your most daring — and exciting — sexual adventure?

- (a) in your office
- (b) in your boss's office (i) with his secretary; (ii) with his wife; (iii) with your boss
- (c) in the front window of Myers
- (d) in the snow (i) you on top; (ii) her on top; (iii) an avalanche on top

23. With how many persons of the opposite sex have you had intercourse?

- (a) more than one and less than a hundred
- (b) more than a hundred but less than two hundred

- (c) more than one but I wish it was more than a hundred
- (d) I wish it was more than two hundred but it's less than one

24. What is your favorite method of seduction?

- (a) wine, romantic dinner, moonlight, slow music
- (b) beer, counter lunch, strobe lights, rock music
- (c) drugs, lentils, candlelight, Oriental meditation music
- (d) blackmail

25. Have you ever taken part in a gang bang? If so, what was your role in the act?

- (a) at the head of the line
- (b) at the end of the line
- (c) at the door, charging admission
- (d) recipient, charging admission

HOW TO SCORE

1. (a) 1 (b) 0 (c) 2 (d) 5
2. (a) 5 (b) 0
3. (a) 2 (b) 5 (c) 0
4. (a), (b) and (c) 0 (d) 5
5. (a) -1 (b) 1 (c) 3 (d) 5
6. (a) 0 (b) 1 (c) 5
7. (a) 0 (b) 1 (c) 0 (d) 0
(None of these answers is correct. But (b) *could* be correct, given the right circumstances.)
8. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 0 (d) 5
9. (a) 5 (b) 3 (c) 1 (d) 0
10. (a) 3 (b) 0 (c) -5 (d) 1
11. (a) -5 (b) -5 (c) 0 (d) 0 (e) 5
12. (a) 0 (b) 1 (c) -1 (d) 5
13. (a) 0 (b) 0 (c) -1 (d) 0
14. (a) 5 (b) 0 (c) 1
15. (a) 1 (b) 3 (c) 5
16. (a) 1 (b) 1 (c) 2 (d) 3 (e) 4 (f) 10 (g) 0
17. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 3 (d) -5 (e) 5
18. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 5 (d) (i) 10 (ii) 15 (iii) 20
19. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) -1 (d) 3 (e) 5 (f) 10
20. (a) 5 (b) 10 (c) 1 (d) -1
21. (a) 2 (b) 5 (c) 1
22. (a) 2 (b) (i) 5 (ii) 10 (iii) 20 (c) 5
(d) (i) 3 (ii) 5 (iii) 20
23. (a) 3 (b) 5 (c) 1 (d) -1
24. (a) 3 (b) 0 (c) 1 (d) 5
25. (a) 5 (b) 3 (c) 1 (d) 10

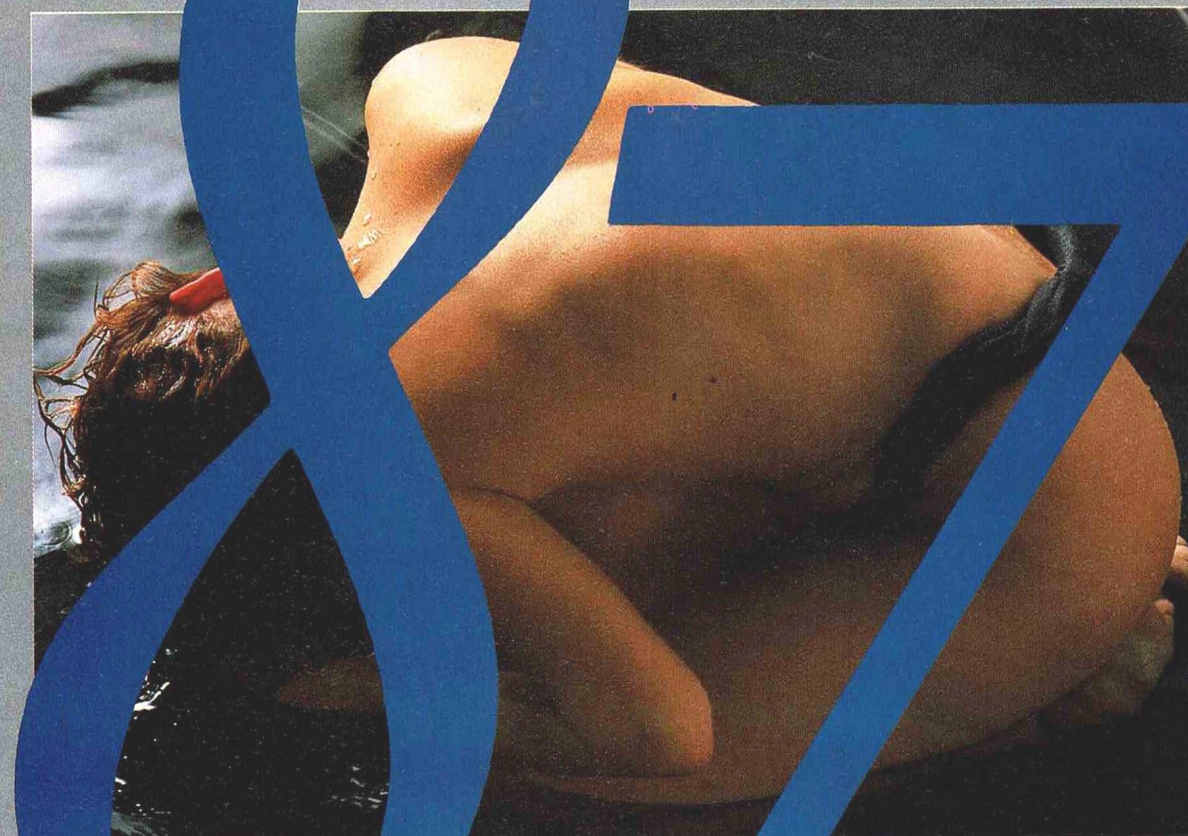
HOW DID YOU RATE?

Over 125: Well, you're right. No-one can teach you anything. This is nothing to be proud of. You are a complete sexual animal and need counselling. You should also think about writing an autobiography.

50-125: You've obviously been around a bit. You know your way around but you're not given to excess. Life still holds a few mysteries. You are not yet totally debauched.

Less than 50: You still have some living to do. It's possible you still think oral sex means just talking about it. You need to get wet behind the ears.

Less than 0: You make Rick from *The Young Ones* look like Warren Beatty. Forget sex and join the Liberal Party. 



PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

Many are called but few are chosen. Here are the contenders for the 1987 Pet Of The Year prize. To remind you of the spectacular attributes of our eight finalists, we're reviewing their talents in this special pictorial. One of

these lucky lasses will walk away with tens of thousands of dollars worth of luxury prizes.

Now it's your turn. You have the task of choosing one of the finalists as the 1987 *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year. And when

you cast your vote, you'll be in the running to win a prize of your own — the superb Sanyo CP710 Compact Disc Player. Just turn to page 108, mark your selection and send the coupon in to *Australian Penthouse*.



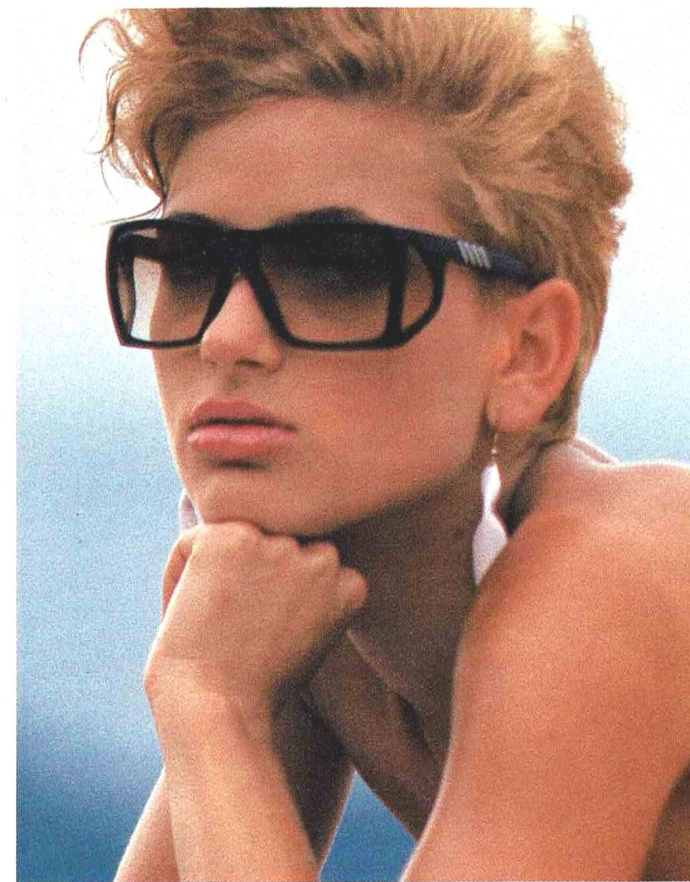
ROSIE March 1986

Nothing short of a champagne opening to the Pet Of The Year contestants is the vivacious and dynamic Rosie Kosman. Rosie has a natural habit of knowing exactly how to treat the men in her life, and her sparkling appearance in March was the kind of treat reserved for the most special occasion. Her electric powers of attraction have glasses charged. . .



KATHLEEN April 1986

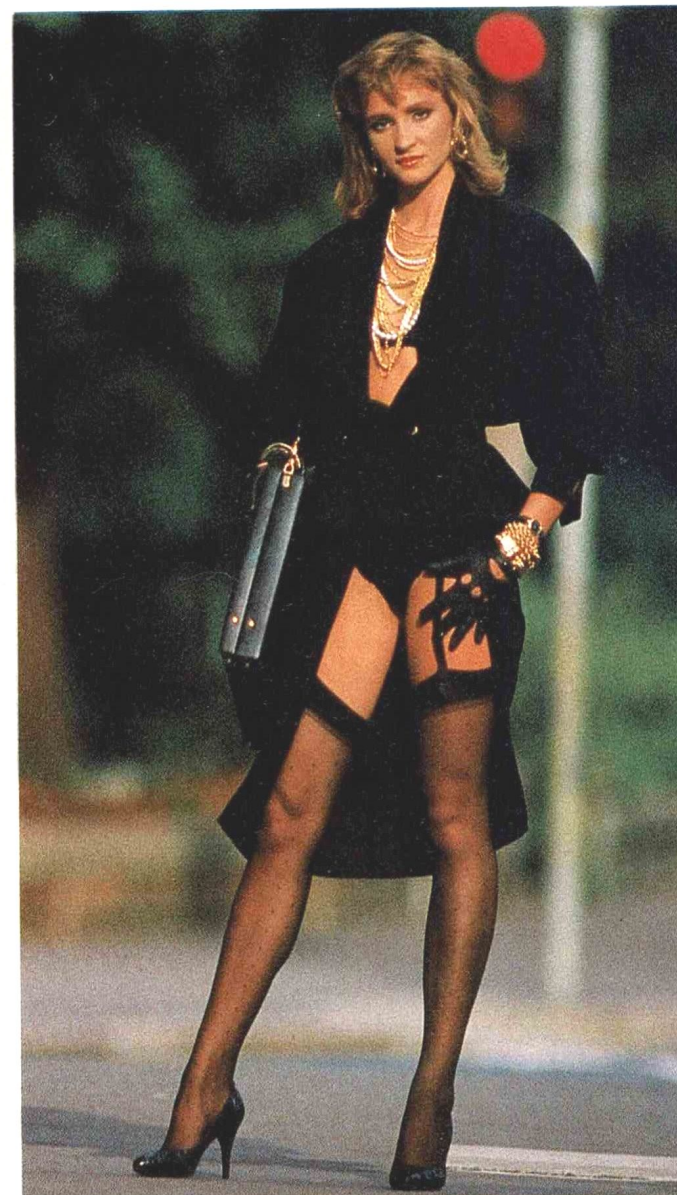
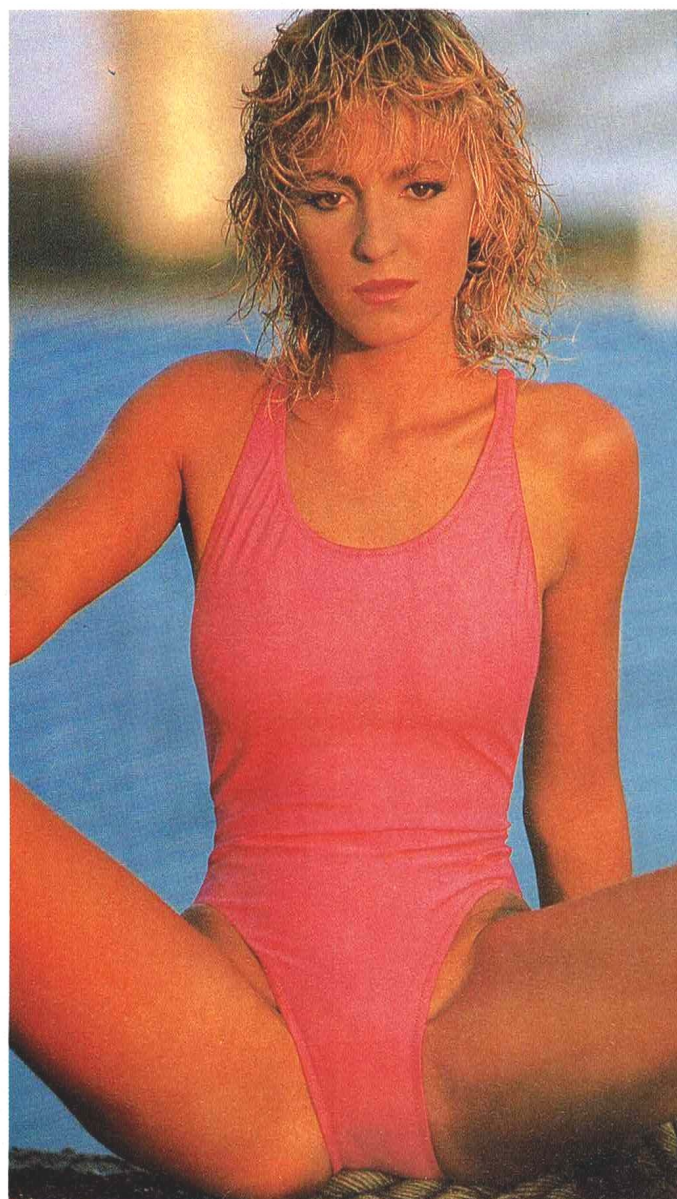
"I never take on anything unless I know I can be the best," stated the sizzling Kathleen Azzopardi on her appearance in April — which would indicate she has chosen her career as a nude model wisely. Kathleen's exotic looks make her a most sought-after package deal.





KRISTINA June 1986

Kristina Dwyer may give the first impression that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, but the impossible heat she exuded in June proved you can't tell a look by its lover. Fresh out of an English finishing school, her transition to womanhood is definitely complete.



KAREN July 1986

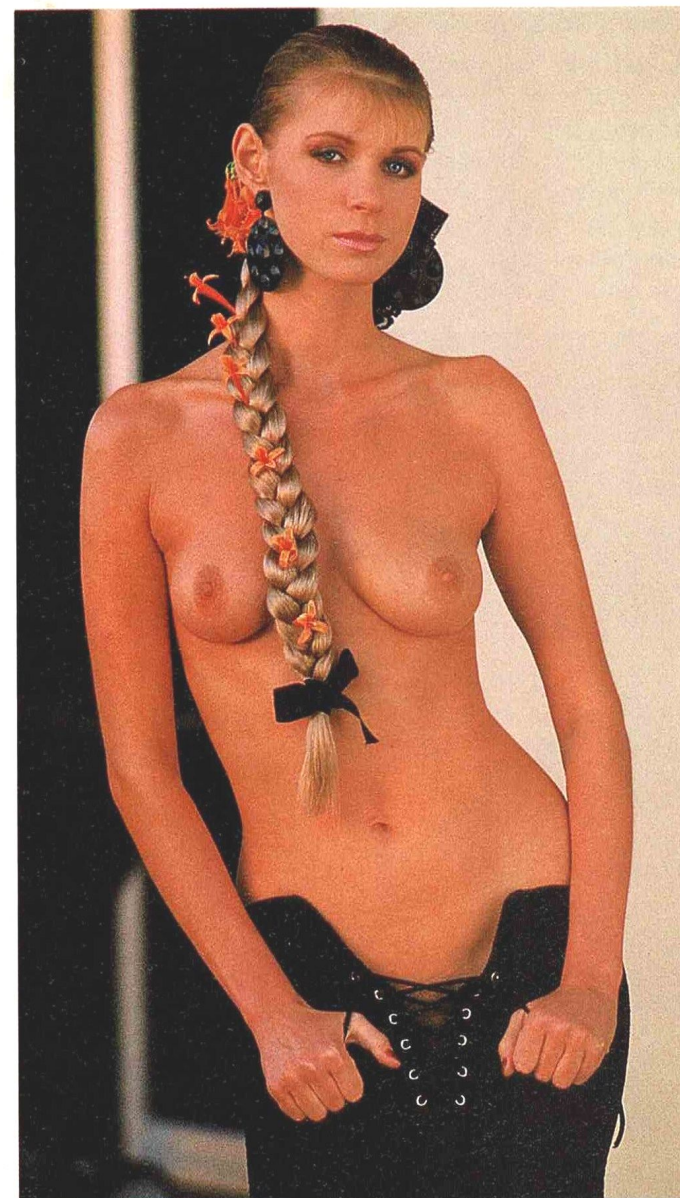
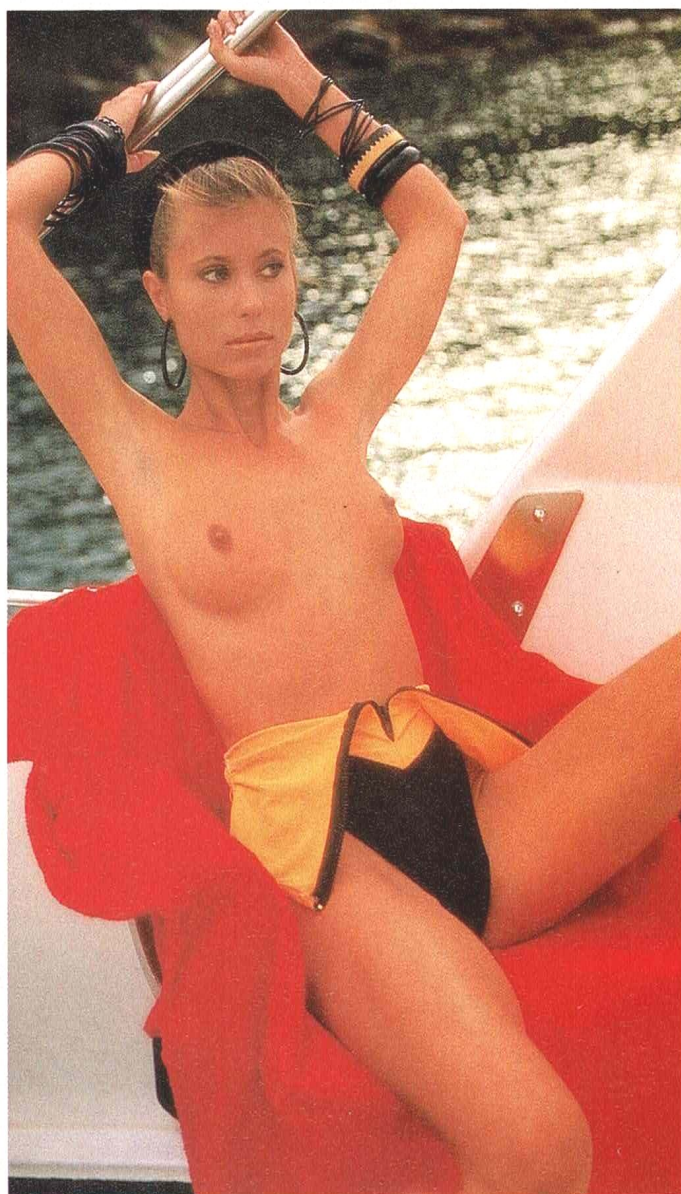
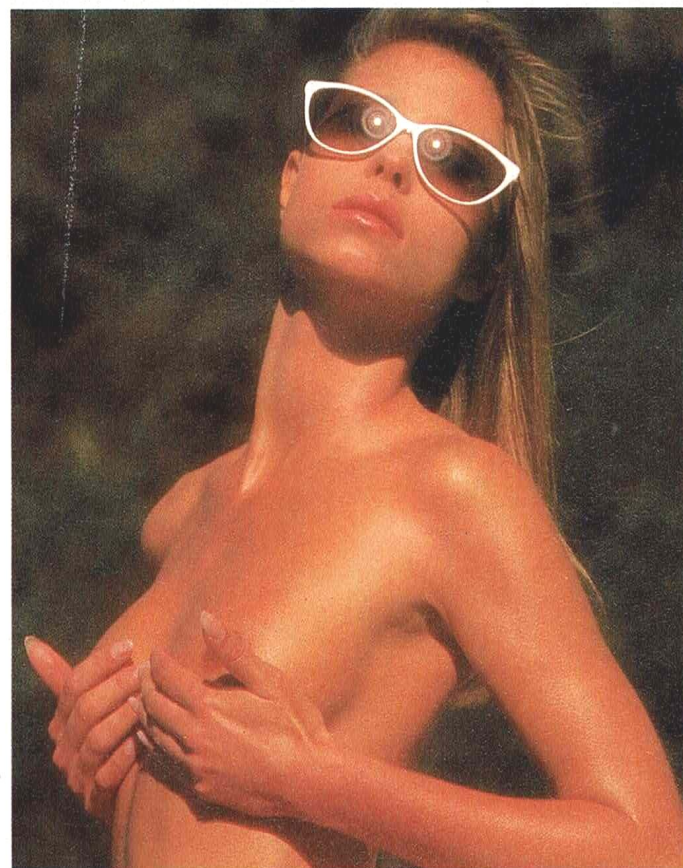
An office fantasy was the setting for the unveiling of the exquisite charms of Karen Lyle — which suggested that anyone who entered her domain was likely to get the warmest reception imaginable. She certainly got a hot welcome after her stunning July appearance.





MARIANNE September 1986

When Marianne Aspinall told readers of the solace she enjoys from langorous hours stretched toasting in the sun, she could only have guessed she would soon become the toast of Sydney. It was hot buttered sensuality dripping from her dazzling September pictorial.



LUCY October 1986

Lucy Strauss is a rare blend of woman: artistic, witty, candid, sensitive — and absolutely breathtaking. Her provocative poses proved beyond a doubt the proposition that — culminating in her October appearance — Lucy has gone from wallflower to wildflower.





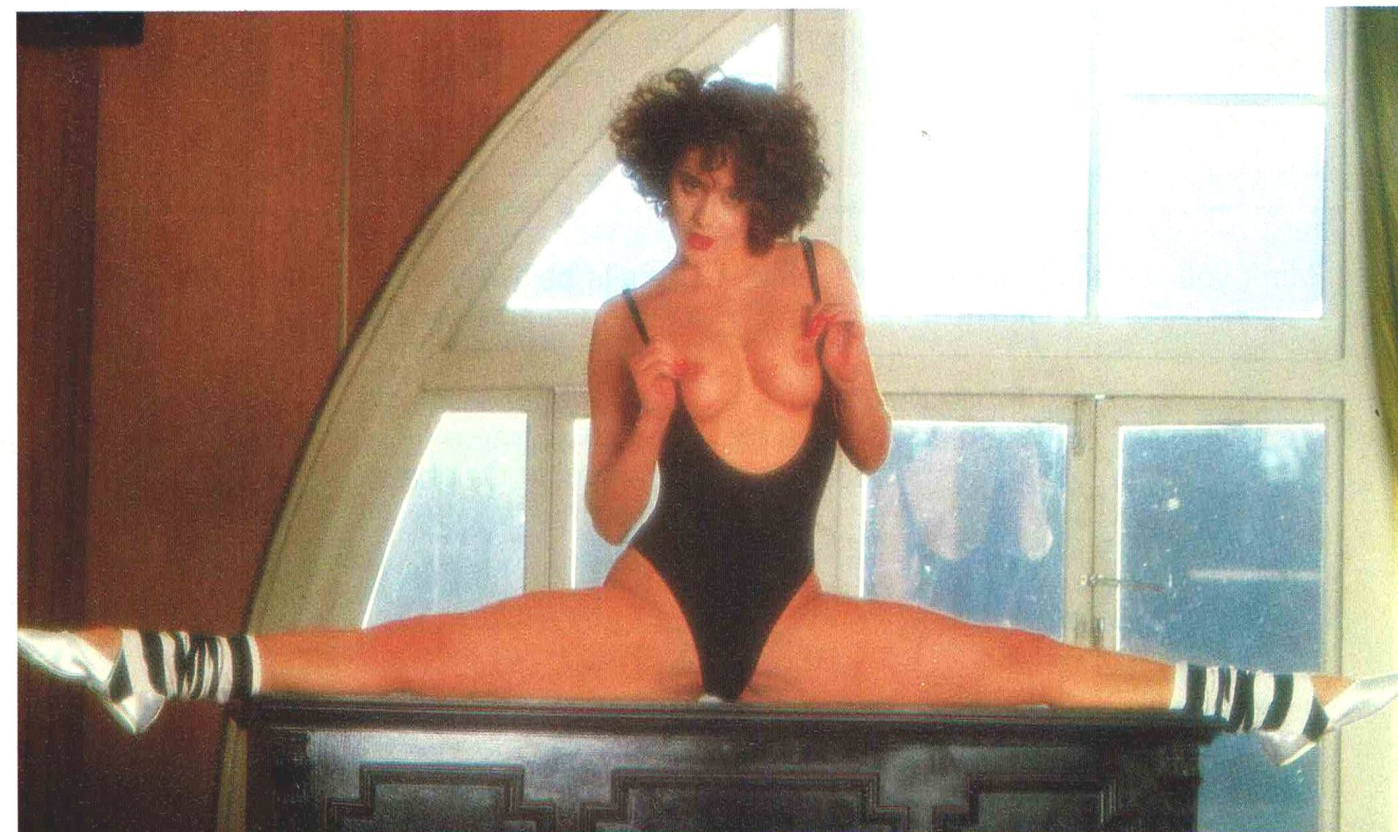
JENNINE November 1986

Jennine Caiphness may share a fairly typical lust for fun with other 19-year-olds, but her November pictorial was anything *but* typical or average. As pretty as these pictures suggest, it's impossible to disagree with her when she says she's found her forte as a *Penthouse* Pet.



BELINDA December 1986

Belinda White stretched more than her remarkable body for the *Penthouse* cameras — stretching also the imaginations of those who probably pulled muscles just soaking up her incredible feats of agility. The complementary stunning looks of Belinda complete one of the hottest acts ever to grace these pages.





PET OF THE YEAR POLL

You've just cast your eyes over eight of Australia's most beautiful women. Now it's time to cast your vote for the *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year on the coupon on this page — and at the same time give yourself the chance to win this superb example of the latest in hi-fi excellence: the Sanyo CP710 Compact Disc Player. The CP710 represents the standards for which Sanyo is famous: a compact infrared remote control transmitter, soft touch

controls, programmable 16-selection auto search system, fluorescent multi-tube display all in a slim unit with horizontal slide loading. And it could be yours. The first voter whose name is drawn out of the barrel by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win this superb unit valued at nearly \$550. Pick your favorite *Penthouse* Pet, tick the box next to her name below, and send the completed coupon to *Penthouse*. But don't delay.

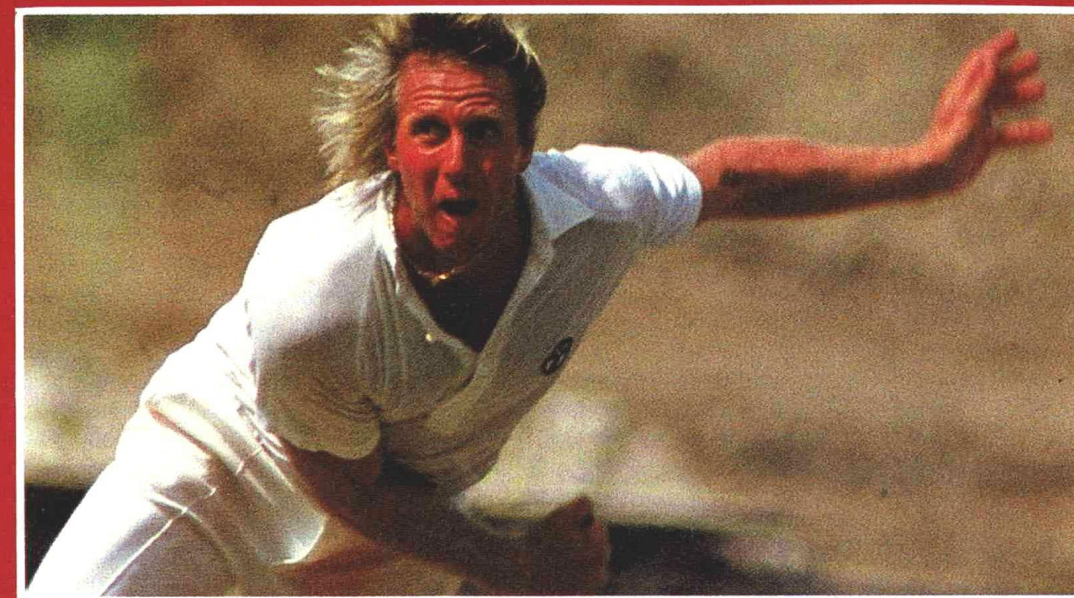
Mark your selection with a tick, complete details below and send your entry to:
Pet Of The Year Poll, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ Rosie Kosman | ☐ Marianne Aspinall |
| ☐ Kathleen Azzopardi | ☐ Lucy Strauss |
| ☐ Kristina Dwyer | ☐ Jennine Caiphness |
| ☐ Karen Lyle | ☐ Belinda White |

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

____ POSTCODE: _____ TELEPHONE _____

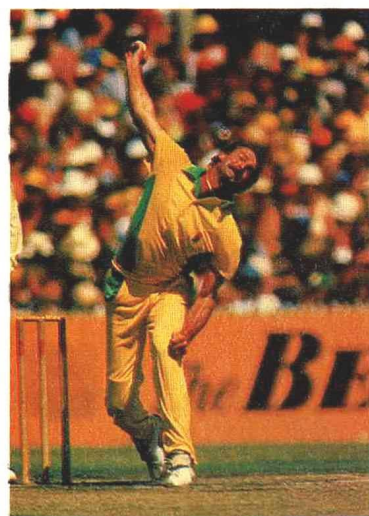


THOMMO'S PARTING SHOTS

Jeff Thomson's cricketing career has been characterised by his belligerence; he often deployed his mouth as effectively as the new ball. And even in retirement Thommo couldn't resist a few parting shots. In this extract from his new book *Thommo Declares*, one of Australia's most volatile cricketing personalities and most dynamic and feared fast bowlers offers his thoughts on the players who have "impressed" him most . . .

PHOTO BY JOHN KNIGHT

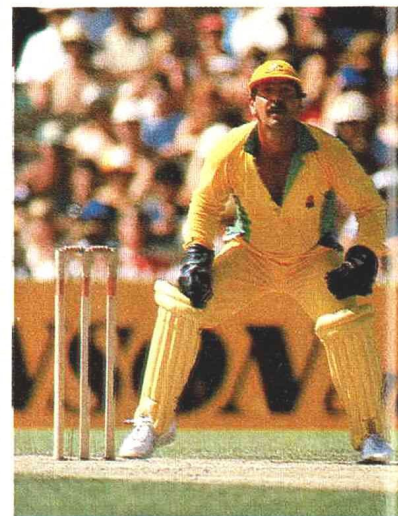
*Excerpted from *Thommo Declares!*, John Byrell, Horwitz Grahame Pty Ltd, rrp \$19.95



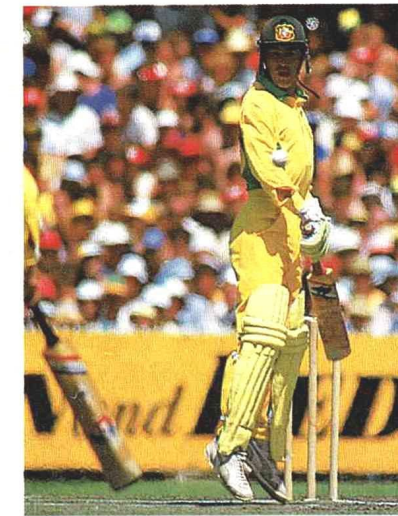
DENNIS LILLEE



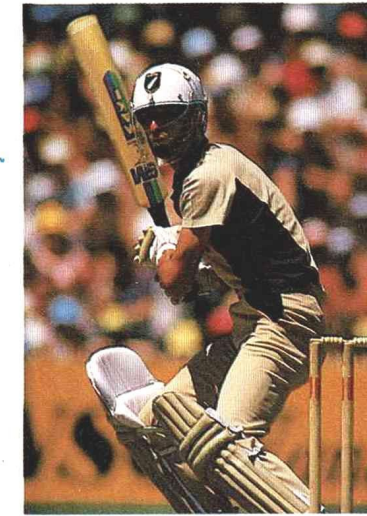
VIV RICHARDS



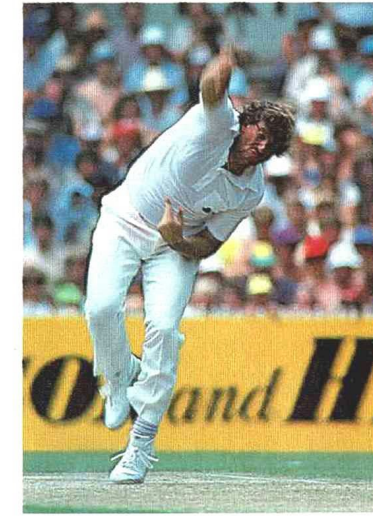
ROD MARSH



GREG MATTHEWS



RICHARD HADLEE



IAN BOTHAM

GREG MATTHEWS

Now, if there's something I can't cop — even in small doses — it's a lair with airs and graces. This bloke doesn't seem to know what he wants to be — a cricketer or some sort of acrobat actor. I'd say that, this far anyway, Matthews has a lot of lair in him. He might grow up.

Admittedly, for his kind of behavior, this couldn't be a better time. Cricket's on a bit of a low. I suppose, for those who go for punky-funky hairdos and earrings and all that ballet dancing and throwing punches at nothing but the fresh air, young Greg's entertaining. But

I think he's a bloody actor. And I don't think he's met anyone to squarely prove himself against yet. Hasn't been up against the real quicks and the sluggers. Look, I know I'm probably sticking my neck out a bit. I was a loud-mouth lair. But what I did on that field came right off-the-cuff. It was automatic. I couldn't help myself. And here's one for the kids coming up in the game. You've gotta have, and show, proper respect for this great sport. By that I mean the laws of behavior and so forth.

I'll never forget one night during one of those Lords Taverners' dos in

London, sitting right in front of Matthews and his pal Gilbert. It was the usual Taverners' do with a great dinner, a good variety show and some boxing to round things off. Anyway, right through the entertainment, these two kept on yabbering loudly and dropping cigars in their champagne and so on. They were showing disrespect for the game that was keeping their bread buttered.

IAN BOTHAM

A real different kind of Pom, Ian. As a Pom he'd make a great Aussie. Lovely bloke. Not a mug lair, like a lot think.

Always gives 200 percent. Didn't rave on about himself and played his arse off. A credit to the game. A truly great player.

RICHARD HADLEE

A bit of a bighead and could be called a snob. Stayed quiet a lot off the field, but when he talked it was just about himself all the time. He always seemed to be one of those blokes who could rattle off his latest figures after each run or wicket he got. Great cricketer, though.

ALAN KNOTT

He sometimes acted as though he wasn't the full quid. Had a permanent attack of the fidgets. Couldn't keep himself still. As a keeper he was great . . . yet he appealed on even the most idiot-type chances . . . a nuisance. Used to have one drink after a game and then disappear. But then, that's the Pom way.

TONY GREIG

Sly . . . cunning. Got away from us in that first Test which he captained. But then South Africans were usually good players — Proctor, Richards, Shepherd. Never seemed to be great characters, though.

CLIVE LLOYD & VIV RICHARDS

I preferred bowling to Lloyd than Viv. I say this because Richards was a bit sharper and had very quick reflexes. Lloyd used a bigger, heavier bat and it slowed him a bit. But when he hit you, you stayed hit.

SARFRAZ NAWAZ

A bit of a lair. Not a bad fast bowler, though. When we were playing over at Northampton, Sarfraz swore blind he'd got a cemetery plot booked for me after he'd done me with his fasties. When my turn came for the ball, I said something to the effect that I was going to bust him in two and stuff him into his own

hole — something like that. Then he had a talk with a few reporters about me and there were some pretty ripe stories.

Look, if you can't front a bloke you can't cop and tell him he's a dickhead to his face, you're not worth anything. You don't behave like some silly old sheila and shoot your mouth off in private to the papers.

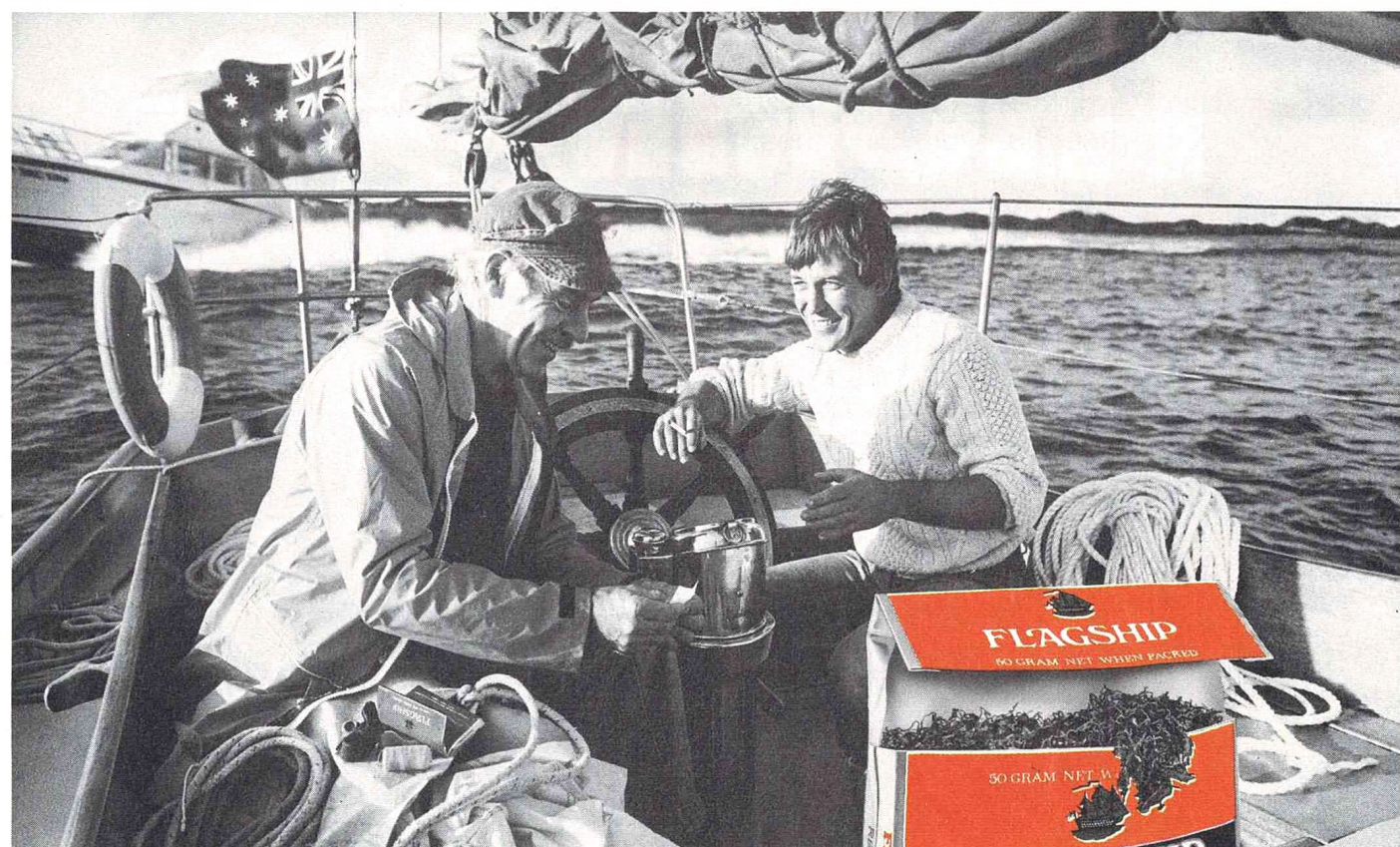
KEITH FLETCHER

I'll never forget when we had a run-in with Fletcher. Dennis Lillee was batting. Fletcher got Geoff Arnold to give Dennis plenty of stick. When he was

coming off, Dennis said he wouldn't mind if Fletcher got some of that stick back. I really gave it to Fletch. After he'd copped a couple of fair whacks, I let him have one right between the eyes. The ball was travelling so fast it was caught by Ross Edwards at cover. If you can dish it out, you've gotta be ready to take it. Not many Poms seem to realise this little fact.

ANDY ROBERTS

A terrific fast bowler with all that sudden variation. Andy never let you get the hang of him on any type of track. A great bloke. But then all the Windies



Flagship. Too good to rush.



The Ultimate Experience



Join the Mile High Club —
It's a Mile of Pleasure

"It's a Pleasure"

THE MILE HIGH CLUB

Board our private plane sumptuously fitted for airborne experience of a different kind — Champagne Bar, Executive Lounge that becomes a satin sheeted bed, all within a plushly carpeted cabin completely divorced from the, uh, cockpit.

The Mile High Club also offers an exciting range of Honey-moon flights that include a chauffeured Rolls Royce and top hotel accommodation, special dawn flights with breakfast and much more . . .

All initiates receive champagne, champagne flutes and embossed certificates. The Mile High Club combines strict aviation safety with its emphasis on style and sensuality.

MHC
Mile High Club
The Mile High Club
Airport Road Bankstown N.S.W.
Phone: 707 2533



WE'RE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE that some things in America are still moving slow.

It takes a whole lot of just sitting for a batch of Jack Daniel's to gain rightful age. And, since there's no way to speed this process along, our employees get good at just sitting too. You may feel most things in America move too quickly today. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's you'll be pleased some things (and some people) still take it slow.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4152/85 JMT644.P285K1

blokes were. Good blokes. Good happy drinkers. We got on better with them than anyone.

AND THOMMO MAKES HIS PICK OF THE GREATS IN EACH CRICKETING CATEGORY . . .

BATSMEN: Greg Chappell, Viv Richards

Greg was so correct and consistent. He never sliced a ball unless he meant to. Richards was just so quick . . . the complete natural. You could bowl a million different sorts of balls at him without beating him. And with him fielding, you hoped he was having an off-day.

BOWLERS: Dennis Lillee, Michael Holding

Lillee had a lot of gee'd-up drive. He could bowl on a shit heap. Holding used to fair dinkum mesmerise me with that rhythm he had . . . and pace and accuracy.

KEEPERS: Marsh, Knott, Kirmani

Marshy had all that determination and grit. There was a time when they called him "Iron Gloves" and he was overweight and slow. He changed all that. Bacchus (Marsh) could really get you going. He'd gee you up all the time. I played under him as a captain. Marshy should've captained Australia. Knotty had good hands and was an honest keeper . . . great with spinners. Kirmani was very good up over the stumps . . . and had beaut reflexes.

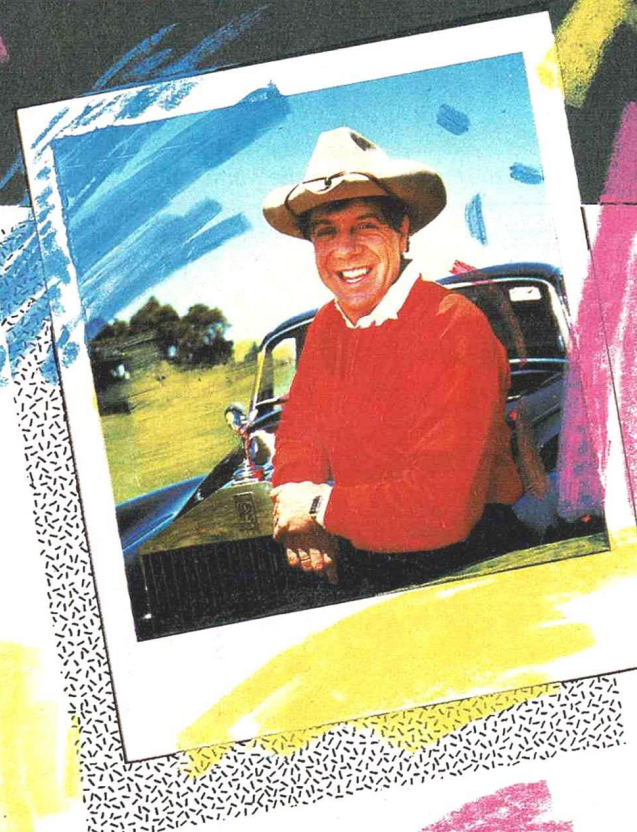
FIELDSMEN: Ross Edwards

Stands out. At one stage there, he was the only bloke we had in front of the stumps. Dived everywhere. Other greats were Doug Walters, Greg Chappell and Gus Gilmore.

CAPTAINS: Ian Chappell, Clive Lloyd, Mike Brearley

Bertie (Chappell) was a wonderful reader of a game . . . the best I ever played under. Never had to bawl anyone out. Other skippers might pick on some poor slob who wasn't the greatest player and shit-bag him in front of the others. Bertie never did that and he got a lot of respect for it. Clive was an inspiration all the time. And what he said went. Mike was also a brilliant reader of a game and always thought about his men.

SONY GETS RID OF A BIG NOISE IN THE MUSIC BUSINESS.



No, it's not Molly. In fact, Molly's one of Sony's biggest fans. In his own words, this is why.

"Hum and hiss.

That's what you get with ordinary tapes. So what's the point of spending heaps on good music if it ends up sounding like it's been through a wringer.

That's why I use Sony Tapes.

Throughout the range, Sony Tapes reproduce less of the big noise and more of the big sound."

Sony Metal-ES Engineered for digital recording performance with a double magnetic layer of ultrafine Extralloy particles. Has the highest dynamic range available in a cassette with unrivalled frequency response.

Sony UX-PRO A new professional performance cassette with the Sony-developed ceramic tape guide.

The superior elasticity and low friction of the fine ceramic composite guide help to reduce tape vibration, the direct cause of modulation noise.

Sony UX-ES In addition to a wider dynamic range, the UX-ES series has an enhanced frequency response in the high frequency range, where truly magnetic tape distinguishes itself.

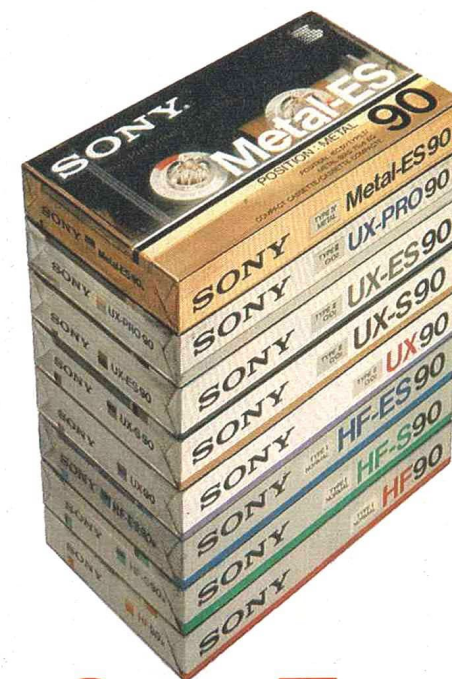
Sony UX-S The state-of-the-art type II tape with outstanding frequency response throughout the spectrum and expanded dynamic range. This is an excellent choice for demanding instrumentals and vocals.

Sony UX A type II (CRO2) tape with microfine Uniaxial magnetic particles for high music performance. Sensitivity in the high frequencies is a noticeable improvement on ordinary tapes.

Sony HF-ES A tape unequalled in performance in the type I position. Exceptionally wide dynamic range and greater sensitivity lend an extra presence to all types of music.

Sony HF-S Features microfine Crystal Gamma magnetic particles evenly distributed through the magnetic layer. Carefully balanced to reproduce any musical source with superior results.

Sony HF An all-round tape offering exceptional value and versatility in five recording lengths. The distinctive see-through shell is a classic Sony combination of form and function.



Sony Tape



Fold down the rear seats and open up over 2 cubic metres of cargo space.



Take the top off and feel the warm sun and the wind in your hair.



Now you can get to all those places where an ordinary car can't go.



Get where you're going to in comfort and style.

How to fit 4 cars into one garage



CHECK UNDER THE BONNET

There's a brand new engine under the bonnet of the new 4Runner. Bigger and more economical, the 2.2 litre Super Responsive engine offers 11% more power and 16% more torque. Wedge shaped combustion chambers, bigger intake ports

At last. A great looking vehicle that takes you everywhere you want to go. Does everything you want it to. New Toyota 4Runner.

FOUR CARS IN ONE

It's built for fun. Take the top off and cruise the highway. Drop into overdrive 5th and feel the warm sun and the wind in your hair.

It's built to work. Fold down the rear seats and open up over 2 cubic metres in cargo space.

It's a real off roader. With the toughness and agility you need to get to places ordinary cars can't go.

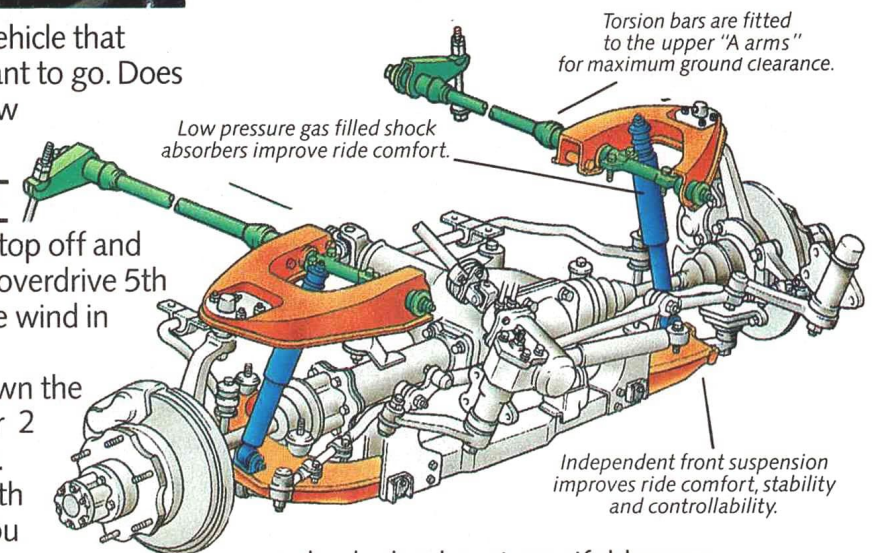
And it's a nimble city car. With the luxury you need to get where you're going in comfort and style.

STAND OUT LOOKS

The new 4Runner stands out in a crowd. Flared guards ride high over chrome spoked wheels. But it's what's underneath that counts. New 4Runner's independent front suspension improves ride comfort, controllability and stability on the road. And double-acting, gas-filled shock absorbers help tame the roughest tracks. Big disc brakes haul you down from highway speeds and power steering makes light work of tight city car spaces.

STRETCH OUT COMFORT

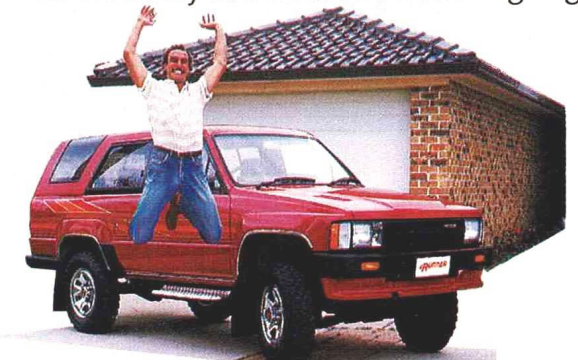
Step into 4Runner through the wide opening doors and you're in luxury. There's comfortable seating for five, with plenty of head and leg room, lots of visibility and full carpeting. You'll find AM/FM cassette stereo, tilt steering, a centre console box, split rear seats and a power rear window.



and a dual-exhaust manifold mean improved efficiency. And the new 4Y engine has been designed to run on unleaded petrol.

YOUR FOUR CARS

If you can only be happy with a city car that's at home off the road and a highway cruiser that's happy hauling a heavy load, see your Toyota dealer. He'll show how 4Runner makes it easy to fit four cars into one garage.



TOYOTA
Oh what a feeling!

Mazda's latest offerings prove the Japanese have come of age

T BY PETER MCKAY

here they wait. Two tearaway turbos. Double trouble. The very latest baubles from the House of Mazda, an RX-7 and an all-wheel-drive 323. Gassed up, warmed up and with noses pointed north, out of Melbourne . . .

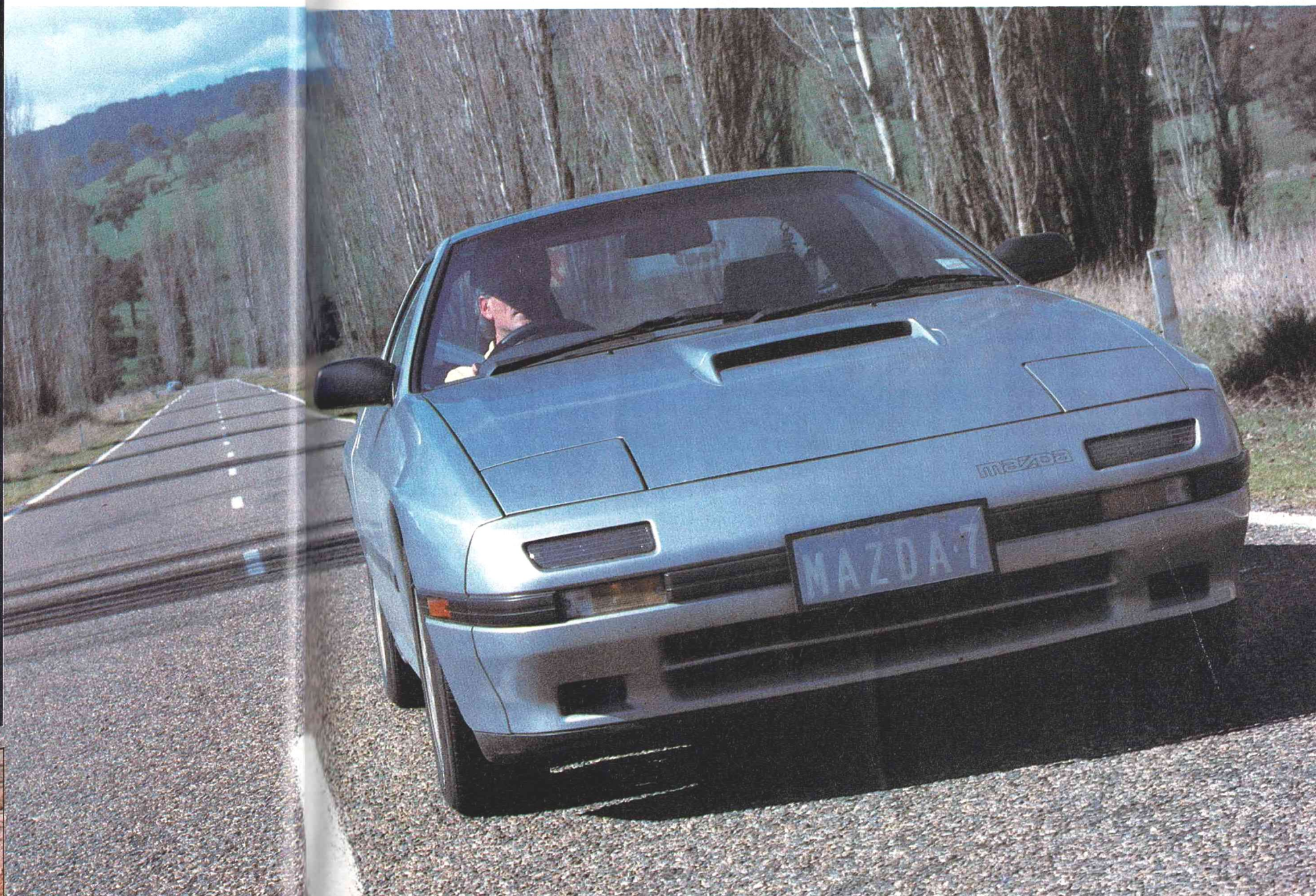
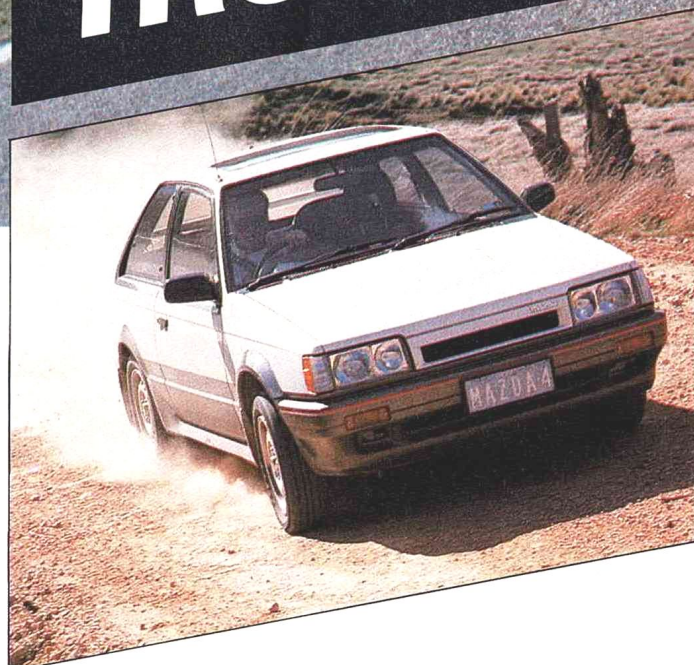
Go to it, guys. See you at the Mosman Rovers.

There's no fast way to drive between Melbourne and Sydney. Sure, you can drive very swiftly but, sadly, not for very long. Inevitably a figure of authority with a short fuse and a stern voice drags you off to the nearest lock-up. How we yearn for the good old days before coppers like locusts and their gotcha KR11 radar, when the hedonistic car driver could handle the inter-city dash along the twisting, pot-holed, bumpy, single-lane Hume in seven hours. Easy. Well, easy in a road-eater like a Falcon GTHO or an E-type.

Now the road is much better. The cars of today, dynamically, are streets ahead. And the Melbourne-Sydney journey takes 10 hours. That's progress.

The highway itself, with the growth of the dual carriageway system, is safer for the flesh but not the wallet. Wall to wall fuzz, with radars pointed menacingly like ray guns at oncoming traffic, are out to lasso the evil men of speed. Anyone for the blue light disco? The motorist travelling on the adventurous side of 110 klicks does so at grave risk to points and pocketbook. The lawmen — fun-busters in white Commodores — are hot in NSW and even hotter in Victoria, where getting pinged for travel-

DOUBLE TROUBLE



DOUBLE

ling 30km/h over the limit automatically means losing your licence.

Naturally the precious detection device, the Passport, is sitting at home. So naturally we head out along the Hume, speedo needles sitting submissively on 110km/h. Like trained animals.

Stuff it. We gotta get outa here. And we do. The Mazdas peel off the Hume, away from the menace of the Macks, away from the highway patrol. The Snowy Mountains Highway remains one of the truly spectacular driver's stretches not unadjacent to civilisation. It swings from the Hume north of Tarcutta, through Tumut and across the Great Divide to Cooma. It dips and dives, swoops and sweeps, winding across Australia's magnificent high country. The highway is smooth of surface, uncrowded, and attracts just scant attention from the NSW Police. In all ways, it is the nearest thing to heaven.

Visually, there's not a whole lot of difference between the turbo RX-7 and its less expensive (by about \$10,000) non-turbo brother. The fast mover gets fatter 55-series Goodyear Eagles on wider, larger diameter alloy rims, a large bonnet scoop and subtle turbo badging on the front flanks. The big change is in the engine bay. A water-cooled, intercooled, turbocharged rotary engine produces 132kW at 600rpm, or 22kW more than the naturally-aspirated 13B. Torque is up too, by 53 Nm, to 247Nm. Translated, this means the turbo RX-7 is bloody fast, mate.

The naturally-aspirated RX-7 takes a casual 17.0 seconds to accelerate over 400 metres; the turbo sizzles down the strip in just 15.3. By comparison, the turbo Porsche 944 does it in 14.4 seconds — but that 0.9 sec time saving will cost you an extra 50 grand.

Go back some years and the reputations of motor cars were clearly defined according to nationalities. Pommie cars fell to bits, Italian cars had style and character and performance, German cars were the best in the world, Aussie cars were strong, and the Japanese built buzz boxes of plastic and tinfoil.

It seems the cycle has all but turned, folks. Pommie cars are getting much better, Italian cars are the world's worst underneath that pretty sheet metal, German cars are (still) the best in the world, Aussie cars are (still) strong — though some (particularly Holden) are blighted by quality problems — and many of the mid-Eighties Japanese cars are rather brilliant. In the car business, buying Japanese is now a recognition of quality, like buying German.

The new generation Toyota Supra and Celica, and the Mazda RX-7 Turbo, are superior to any sports car on this side of Porsche. And that goes for engine technology, braking, steering, quality of build and finish, comfort, reliability, value and the old

Japanese Achilles' heel, handling and chassis dynamics. The Japanese have got it together. And the people from up north are not making the old styling stuff-ups they were once famous for. Visual horrors are infrequent; some of the recent offerings are delightful on the eye — and the rounded Porsche-inspired chunkiness of the latest RX-7 is a shining example.

There are not sufficient straight stretches of Snowy Mountains Highway to extract the RX-7's claimed top speed of 225km/h. But on an undulating road free of other moving metal we see 210 on the dial before a switchback rushes towards us. Hard on the brakes, *Brereerp*. Third. *Brereerp*. Fourth. *Brereerp*. Fifth. And we're back to 195.

The gearbox is a silky five-speed manual (there is no auto, which is the way it should be with sports cars). Rotary power — even turbocharged — is delivered so smoothly. It's not the usual boot-in-the-

“ May the politicians who've kept this jewel out of reach be stricken with flat tyres on rainy nights ”

backside turbo explosion characteristic of other forced-induction cars. The sensation is that the engine wants to rev to infinity, but of course there is a rev limit. Seven grand.

When the new-shape Mazda RX-7 was released early in 1986, it was lauded for its styling and impeccable handling, criticised for its modest performance. The turbo banishes that criticism to the boondocks. It now has the oomph to go with the sophisticated speed-related power steering, ventilated four-spot disc brakes and the innovative triaxial floating hub rear suspension which utilises lateral G-forces to induce toe-out at low speeds and toe-in when things become serious.

It is not a large cabin. Some might say it's restricted. Mazda says it is designed around the driver. The velour buckets locate the occupants. The wheel, adjustable for height, feels right. The hand controls are there. Where they should be. And because this is the flagship and Mazda's offering to those who cannot afford Porsches, the RX-7 has a good four-speaker sound system and airconditioning and a hole-in-the-roof and fast glass and moving mirrors and

all those standard extras the salesmen love demonstrating. But we're a long way from a showroom . . .

The sky is a country blue. Cloudless. Warm. There are still vestiges of melting spring snow on the mountains, and we're reminded that these two Mazdas should attract the people who love to head for the ski slopes through winter. They have the glam image so vital to ski trendoids.

More importantly, the turbos also have the substance. The Mazda 323 Full-Time 4WD Twin-Cam Turbo is a preview of where the motor car is heading. It took much of its engineering lead from the pioneering Audi Quattro, a turbocharged four-wheel-drive rocket that went on to conquer the rally world.

Mazda has not yet launched this example of greased lightning in Australia, and maybe it won't. Not with Keating and Company sending our dollar down the gurgler. On current currency exchange rates, and with new duty impositions, Mazda's mighty midget would cost a not inconsiderable \$35,000-plus. The 4WD 323 is no off-roader, but a hi-tech sporting sedan. It is not designed to follow Range Rovers and Mitsubishi Pajeros into the wild. The 4WD in this case is a valid driving aid — insurance in dodgy conditions.

The Japanese delight in dabbling in auto fashion and it's easy to accuse Mazda of simply pandering to every current engineering fad. Water-cooled turbocharger, double overhead cam, 16-valve head, 4WD, diff lock, suspension height adjustment, low-profile rubber, alloy wheels. And the luxury gear . . . sports seats, sunroof, power steering, electric windows and mirrors, and a big-sound hi-fi.

Overkill, surely? Nope. Definitely not. In those parts of the world where snow and ice is a regular winter legacy, the added grip of 4WD is not to be sneezed at. The same principles of 4WD adhesion apply on dirt roads, of which Australia has an abundance. And even on a perfect asphalt roadway, the tenacious grip of all-wheel-drive is a reassuring bonus. A safety item. With the 1.6-litre engine punching out 103kW of power, it's hardly a surprise that the dyno-mite 323 is less than half a second slower than the RX-7 Turbo over the standing 400 metres. In the standstill across an intersection, it'll whip just about anything on four wheels thanks to amazing no-fuss jackrabbit starts. No wheelspin — just grip and a big surge forward.

And stretching its legs on the roller-coaster roads around the Snowy, or venturing on to dirty forestry access roads, the 323 proved its adaptability. May the politicians who have probably kept this jewel out of reach of the Australian motorist be stricken with flat tyres on rainy nights.

Theoretically, the turbo 323 will easily exceed 200km/h in fifth gear but an ignition cutout curtailed the velocity to 182km/h, just when we sensed its willingness to take on the world. O+



Bud & Lou had it, James Dean & Errol Flynn were loaded with it — but there's one thing that none of them ever had, and that's instant spray-on SEX APPEAL . . .

AS SEEN ON TV.



The knowledge that people produce natural odors and scents that can attract or repel each other is nothing new — scientists have known about this for years.

In actual fact, these scents are known as *pheromones*, and it is the pheromone known as **ANDROSTENONE** which is possessed in abundance by that small group of lucky guys who always seem to attract women without effort.

But times have changed. Now, after much research into the mating habits of various animal and insect groups, science has been able to come up with the perfect answer to the mating game — **ATTRACTANT-8**. Instant sex appeal that you spray on — incredible, but true!

Recent tests done by doctors at the famous Masters and Johnson Sexual Institute in the U.S.A. confirm the amazing power of sexual pheromones in attracting the opposite sex — they really do work!

UNLOCK THE SEXUAL IMPULSES IN ANY WOMAN YOU DESIRE . . .

With **ATTRACTANT-8** you will be able to approach any woman, be it at a party, in a disco, or in any bar, no matter what the situation, and be in total control. Because without realising it, the potent but almost imperceptible aroma of **ATTRACTANT-8** with its strong blend of sexual pheromones, goes straight to work, sending out powerful, subliminal chemical messages to the women around you, breaking down their natural inhibitions and defenses, and turning them on to you in a completely new and exciting way. You will become more desirable and attractive to them than ever before, and only *you*, the guy wearing it, will ever know the secret why.

ATTRACTANT-8 IS THE ULTIMATE MALE COSMETIC

SEND FOR YOURS TODAY

ATTRACTANT-8 comes in a handy and convenient Atomiser Pack with full instructions and costs only \$29.95, enough to last for nearly 5 months.

ORDER FORM: Send to Bodyscience Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 162, Ashburton, Vic. 3147.

(1/71 Riversdale Road, Hawthorn, Vic. Phone: (03) 818 1245)

Please send me container(s) of **ATTRACTANT-8** at \$29.95 per container (plus \$2.00 postage & handling (3 for \$79.95)).

I enclose my Cheque ☐ Money Order ☐ Credit Card Details ☐

Name:

Address:

- ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS
- ☐ BANKCARD
- ☐ DINERS CLUB
- ☐ VISA

Cardholder's Signature Exp. Date

If you don't wish to deface this magazine, simply write out your order and post to us.

PRIORITY PHONE ORDERS
ORDER NOW! (008) 03 3281
24 hour toll free Hotline, for the cost of a local call Australia wide. Simply quote your Credit Card details and as soon as these have been confirmed, your purchase will be sent to you. Be sure to have your Credit Card handy when ordering.





ESPIONAGE

At last, Nathalie's plan was exposed. Having infiltrated her confidence and cover — a vital slip-up on her part — our photographer captured her delicious but deadly charms as she sought to create chaos amongst the echelons of espionage: a phone-call here, an amorous smile there . . . A callous plot if ever there was one.





This enemy agent needs no truth serums to extract the desired information and snare her prey. "It's like taking candy from a baby," she once said on an illegal phone-tap — strictly off-the-record. Nathalie herself is even on the official secrets list . . .

OT







FICTION BY LIANE SHAVIAN

SAM

Sam Keen needed just one more for the road

The booze will kill you yet," Zoe said when she came across Sam trying to breakdance on the moon-struck verandah at quarter to ten.

"Better booze than terminal boredom. Or intracranial meningeal chondrosarcoma." Sam managed the pronunciation in spite of being polluted and flat on his back like a beetle with his feet sticking up. He tried to execute a neat Beat Street spine-spin, but nothing happened. He felt Kafkaesque.

"Gregor Samsa," he muttered, and to dispel his booze-triggered fear of transfiguration, tumbled on to all fours, scut-

tled over to Zoe. Threw his head back and howled at the moon.

She laughed and said, "You're mad, Sambo." Soft and teasy. That voice. The hem of her nightgown tricked about her delicate ankles, little fine feet.

"About you, babe." He captured her small meaty bottom and drew her in close. "Aaaahh," he said, "a magnificent vintage." She shied, embarrassed. Her Catholic shyness gave his arousal a nice wicked twist.

"Casky nosed but not unpleasant." On his knees he continued singing her praises in a sonorous tone. "Subtly complex. Un-

ILLUSTRATION BY YVONNE SUTHERLAND

SAM

assuming. But with a feisty aftertaste . . ."

"Come to bed." She pulled him.

"No," he said. "Here." And pulled her back in a bit roughly. She stumbled against the small bamboo table, sent his tumbler of whiskey away in a skittery tapdance right off the table. Splinters exploded all over the floor.

"Shit," he said and moved her away from the crystalline glitter that winked in the shadows. "Shit, Zoe. There's no more."

"Less is more in this case," she said with an edge of resentment. He shrugged off the barb with a devil-may-care laugh befitting a lover and guided her to him, relieved the booze hadn't damped his libido. Beyond the delicate curve of her shoulder the moon burned cold in the dark.

"You make Richard Gere look like a pansy," Zoe said later, in bed.

Sam smiled and lit up a Rothmans. "You make Richard Gere look twice."

"Happy?" She trailed her nails over his ribcage in a long, lazy back scratch, stirring wave after wave of hair-raising goosebumps. He shivered with pleasure, thinking how different she was from his nonsense first wife.

Like a geisha, Zoe excelled at the art of tending. She bathed his feet and massaged them in sensuous detail, bearing down with all the power in her fine strong

hands. Then clipped his toenails. All this exquisite pleasure to a man who stood operating for hours on end.

Happy? Her question was clearly rhetorical but nonetheless needed an answer. The last year had been a wrenching and uprooting of the old bonds — disbanding his family, disrupting his practice — but it was worth all the trauma to be here and now. Just breathing and being. Goosebumping with Zoe. Her green eyes quirked her question.

"Happy?" He laughed a deep mellow laugh to make her feel cozy. "If I were God I would be jealous. Anima . . . animus," he whispered, nuzzling her neck.

"What's this?" It stung where she scratched him.

"Leave it alone!" he said, a little too sharply, twisted to see it but couldn't, felt a little rough raised spot. "It's nothing. A pimple." He kissed her and drew up the covers. "It's your fault," he teased her. "You give me these wild hormonal surges. Turn me into a crazed adolescent."

In the bathroom mirror he checked the thing out. The darkish bump looked suspicious, crusty and cracked. "Mount Melanoma," he whispered, went into the kitchen where he searched out and destroyed Zoe's bottle of party Campari, and waited for his jackhammer heartbeat to slow.

It was tricky working with mirrors, but he was feeling too physician-heal-thyself to let Collins cut him. When the booze had taken

just enough edge off he fitted a #15 blade in his scalpel, encircled the nubbin with eight small deep incisions, and scooped the thing out like an eye from a spud. Slipped it into a baggie and into the freezer. Send it off to the lab in Melbourne on next morning's plane. See if it's nasty. See if he'd copped it. If he had, the best he could hope for was Clark Level I, melanoma-in-situ. Clark Level II was a real horror show.

He drew himself up tall in the mirror, forced himself to forget the statistics. No use freaking out till they called Sam Keen's number. In the meantime there were things to attend to. Like the pain. And the shower. It looked like something straight out of *Psycho* with all that blood.

First the pain. Then the shower. "Pethidinae hydrochloridum," he uttered with reverence as he drew off 100 milligrams from the Pethidine ampoule, shot the stuff into the meat of his bicep, and waited for pleasure to blot out the pain.

Outside the window the lowburning moon flecked the ocean with silver, made it look like the skin of a slow-swimming night fish. Christ, he was high. Better watch out or he'd end up like Haboosh, his erudite colleague. Slumped in the loo between operations, still in his scrub gear. Syringe sticking out of his thigh. Slumped in the loo with the door locked, silently dying for four or five minutes. Observing the clinical shut-down of each of his neurons, knowing exactly how many seconds he had before brain death, yet utterly helpless. He couldn't call out. Brain screaming with panic. Mouth a big gaping rictus. Screaming out silence. Short-circuited synapses. Voice utterly frozen. Utterly helpless. No motor control.

Shot himself up with the wrong stuff. Grabbed the paralysis drug instead of the morphine. Poor dumb Haboosh. Christ, Haboosh should have told him he was a junkie. He could have helped, put Haboosh through the detox. But Haboosh couldn't tell. And neither could colleagues. A conspiracy of silence locked everyone's mouths. They'd all bought into the medical profession's *ubermensch* myth. Surgeons, physicians were high-level scientists, the most evolved of the species, in pursuit of perfection, the conquest of death. Addiction was weakness.

A bloody pity. A fine surgeon lost.

"Not this one, boyo," Sam said to his face in the mirror. "You've got too much bloody hubris! Too much to live for." He leaned in closer, checked himself out. Pupils a couple of millimetres away from dilated. Limpid blue eyes just a little bit faded. A little bit pouchy. Flesh blurring the fine structured bone. Just a little bit dissolute. A good night's rest would straighten him out.

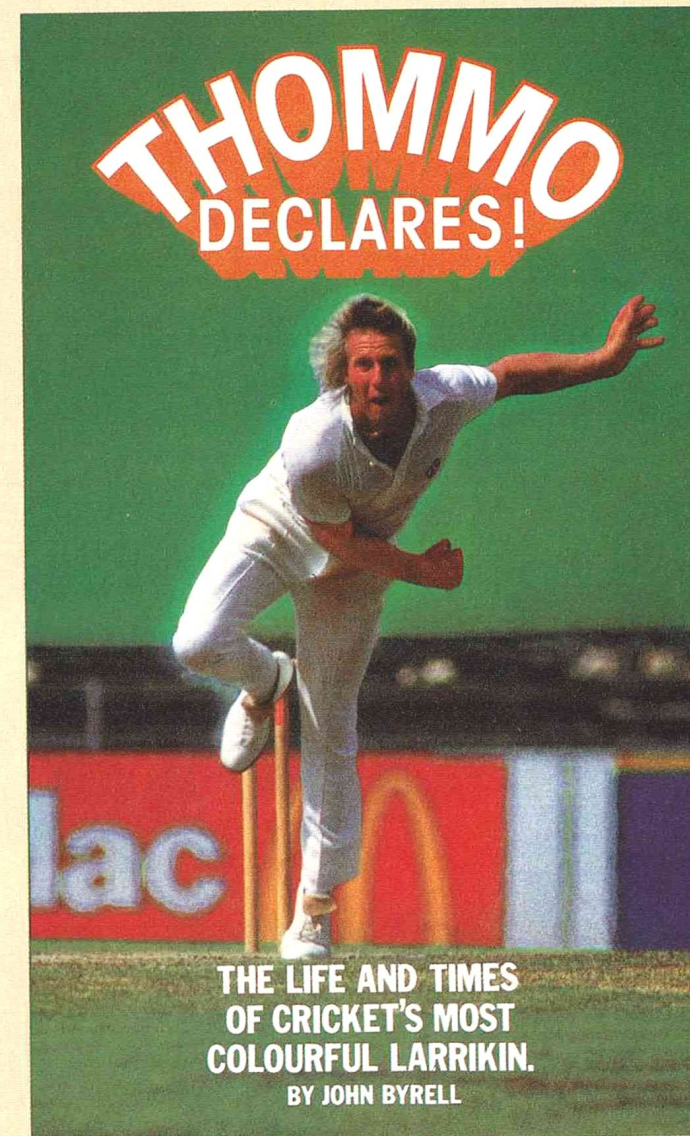
He padded down the dimly lit, chilly hallway, stopped in the kitchen to fix a nice warm cup of milk. A natural sedative for a change.

*We are waiting to take you
on a journey beyond
your imagination...*



Novices are welcome and the initiated will be professionally catered for. Appointments not necessary but recommended.
174 Victoria Street, Potts Point. Ph: 356 4484

IAN BOTHAM'S CHRISTMAS READING LIST



Thommo Declares is the life and times of the most feared, most resented bowler in the history of cricket. It's rivetting reading for all aspiring and armchair cricketers, and anyone who enjoys tales of the Aussie larrikin spirit.

At only \$19.95 plus \$2.00 postage and handling it makes a great Christmas present to yourself . . . and everyone else in the eleven! (and Ian can read about himself on page 129)

To: Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd
PO Box 306 Cammeray NSW 2062

Please send me copy(ies) of THOMMO DECLARES!
I enclose cheque/money order for \$19.95 plus \$2.00 postage and handling for each book ordered. Please debit my Bankcard Amex Diners

No Expy Date

Name

Address

..... Postcode

Allow 3 weeks for delivery.

SAM

With a fizz and a sputter the milk boiled over and put an end to his morbid thoughts. As he sponged off the electric stove element to avoid Zoe's carping, he scorched his right hand. Thrust it right under the cold running water. The still potent Pethidine was still in his bloodstream and he felt little pain, but for a surgeon a burn wound was dicey. If he was lucky the fingertips wouldn't blister. Christiaan Barnard could afford to succumb to arthritis — he'd already made his fabled millions — but humble Sam Keen had to show up nimble and quick and bright as a button at 7am for tomorrow's scheduled colostomy, gall-bladder and prostate.

Slipping in beside Zoe, he willed himself to sleep with grim desperation. The back of his neck was taut with exhaustion. Lactic acid built up in the muscles from the stress of excising the lesion from his own flesh. Had he cut enough margin? Or had he under-reacted, spared a lethal millimetre of his own precious flesh? Mentally, he surveyed his body, one by one naming the muscles in Latin. Orbicularis oris... levator scapulae... latissimus dorsi... the incantation lulled him to sleep.

The phone rang jolting him upright. He snatched it up before it woke Zoe. "Sam Keen here." His voice came out in a harsh evil whisper. On automatic he reached for

the vial of bennies he kept by the phone. "I'm sorry, Doctor, but there's been an accident." The casualty sister was high-pitched, staccato. "Some bloke shot himself out in the bush. A terrible chest wound. Please hurry! Dr McCook's on but she doesn't know gunshots!"

Gunshots. He knew all about them from 'Nam. Depending on entry and exit and type of bullet they could kill with neat precision or chop up a body into hamburger meat. He pulled on his leather jacket and raced to the Volvo, was stopped in his tracks by the big cardboard note taped to the windscreen.

PLEASE DON'T TAKE THE VOLVO. I NEED IT FOR SHOPPING. I LOVE YOU. YOU'RE WICKED. I LOVE YOU. Z.

He leaped on the gleaming red Honda 2000 and burst into life, roared through the night, all power and purpose. He felt like Mad Max.

Adrenalin razzing his neurons, he arrived stoked and ready for action, shrugged off his jacket and slipped on a gown in one flowing motion.

"It's bad," said the casualty sister. Her eyes flicked towards the clean room. "Dr McCook's in there trying to calm him."

Tudor McCook was leaning over the patient, looked at Sam flatly with no sign of deference, made a small shrugging gesture that meant it was hopeless, moved out of Sam's way. The chest wound lay on the table making horrible gasping sounds.

Eyes bulging. Head thrashing in panic. Extremely anxious. His terror of dying so sharp you could smell it. Classical signs of an injured aorta.

"It's all right. I'm Dr Keen. I'm here to help you." Sam tried to project optimism for the boy's sake. He was young, with a half-caste complexion. Trying to speak, he made low liquid gurgles.

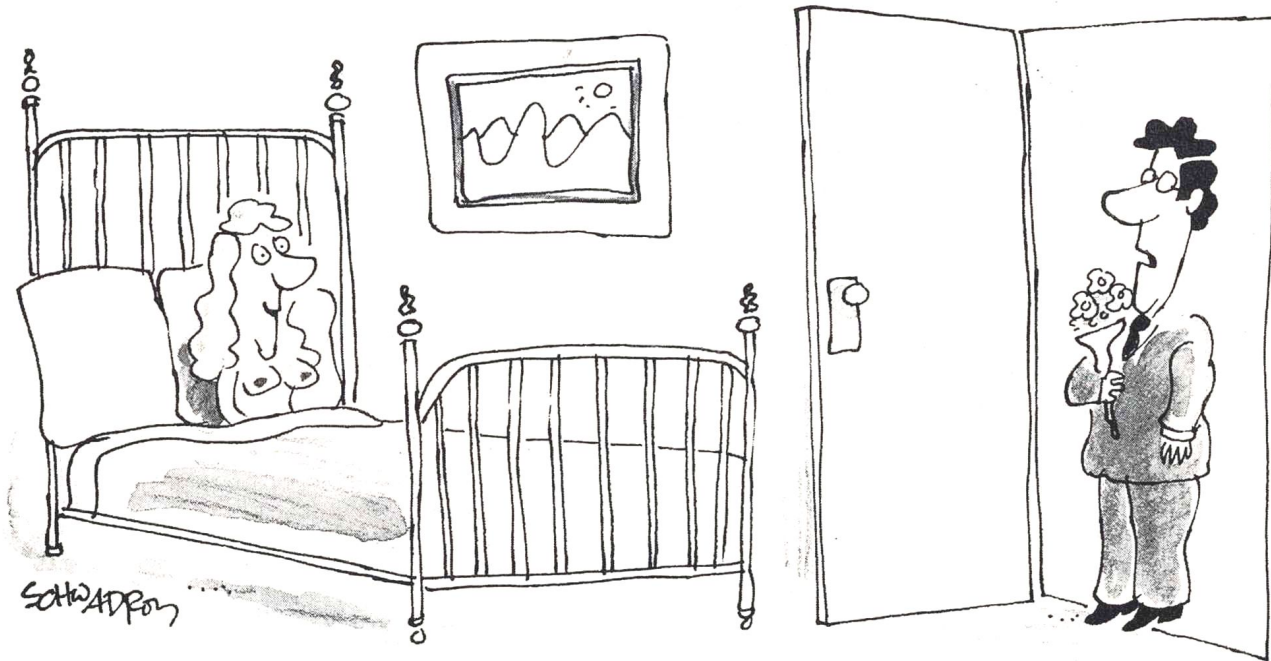
"Let's have a look at you," Sam said, gingerly cutting the dark bandage wrapped round his thorax. The kid shook his head in a gesture of hopeless foreboding. Fear glazed his eyes like a wet coat of paint.

"No worries," Sam reassured him, lying like hell. "We'll have you patched up in a jiffy."

His heart sank. The huge ragged crater he'd just uncovered looked like a volcano oozing slow-moving lava, only the lava was lifeblood. Gently, he breached the hole with a fistful of sponges, taped a thick bandage on like a Band-Aid, pulled up the sheet. "Morphine!" Tudor rushed for an ampoule. "Another," he ordered as he shot the stuff home. The least he could do was to ease the boy's passage.

"You'll feel better soon." He reached for the boy's hand, watched the boy's eyelids flutter as the morphine took hold. Across from him Tudor McCook quietly stroked the boy's forehead, keeping the vigil without saying a word.

"What happened?" Sam finally asked.



"No, I'm not disappointed. I was just wondering what happened to the ritual that used to go along with dating."

KING OFF THE ROAD

There's never been a 4 x 4 like Nissan Navara. On or off the road. Come and drive Navara King Cab, Dual Cab or Pick-up and discover breakthrough feature after feature:

- The biggest engines going — 2.4 litre petrol and 2.5 litre diesel.
- Limited slip rear diff. on all 4 x 4s.
- An extra fourth crossmember for extra strength.
- Power steering on ST models.
- High ground clearance and a clean, snag-free undercarriage for easy going in the rough.
- Optimum approach and

- departure angles for steep grades and uneven terrain.
- Rustproofing that's designed to stop rust before it starts.
- A new dimension of room and comfort features inside the cab.
- Single lever transfer for smooth 2WD and 4WD transitions.
- Power-assisted front disc brakes.

Test drive the breakthrough truck at your local Nissan dealer today.

COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE
NISSAN
KNOW-HOW



NISSAN
NAVARA
THERE'S NEVER BEEN A TRUCK LIKE IT.

SAM

"He was out taking potshots at roos in the dark. Must have tripped on an anthill."

"Poor stupid kid," Sam Keen said and fell into silence, thinking that for him to hold conversations at somebody's deathbed was perfectly normal but Zoe would find it wrong. He must remember to tell her what Tudor McCook thought. Tudor thought of the dying as lost lonely children who were reassured by the rumble of voices, the sounds of the grownups as they went about making the world work.

Making the world work. Sam almost laughed at the concept. He did what he could, often felt useless. He'd seen too much horseshit. He'd seen Aboriginal kids of five, six or seven taken out by wild convulsions. Little kids with a horrible habit. Sniffing petrol day in and day out. It gave them brain damage or made them psychotic. The lucky ones died.

"Chris Atkins." Tudor McCook said the kid's name like a solemn tribute and then Sam heard the harsh final rattle of breath against mucus, saw the boy's eyelids roll up and open. Once again Sam Keen was looking at nothing. He was looking at death.

It was one in the morning by the time he silently coasted down Hay Street on his way home. The town was dead as a door-nail, except for the bumble of voices inside the Royal, the rough working man's pub down by the harbor.

"No, Sambo," echoed at the back of his brain as he lowered the kickstand, parked his machine on the sidewalk outside the pub.

"Just one for the road," he said aloud,

gruffly, drowned Zoe out. There was nothing like the rich astringent taste of Scotch whiskey. It cleansed the palate and muffled the soul. Bloody hell, he deserved it. He was so tired.

Inside the smoke-befouled Royal the decor was abysmal. Drunken truckies and wharfies wallowed against the long wooden bar, spilling beer down their beerguts. For an instant Sam envied their boister, their roughness, their lined dirty faces the color of walnut, their workboots and shorts. Next to their great rough red hamhands his own looked effete.

"G'day." One of them acknowledged his presence with the barest of nods.

"How you going?" Sam recognised the ruptured appendix who'd almost died on him last July. He smiled and nodded, hurried to hail the publican before it was time.

"A bottle of Dewar's."

The barman eyed Sam's leather jacket and said, "It's \$23."

"Right." Sam shoved the money at him, cool as Clint Eastwood, wiped off the dust from the top of the bottle, slipped it under his jacket.

"Royalist shithead," someone hissed in the background. His spine cringed at the insult.

"An Export." He ordered the great equaliser and tossed the beer down, surprised how delicious the bitter tang was.

"And another?" The barman was smiling.

He nodded and quaffed it, now one of the boys, all for the price of a couple of beers.

Once again on the Honda, his focus was sober. Driving when pissed was Sam Keen's forte. The night wind was icy. It knifed through the elegant jacket Zoe had

bought him in London, made him wish for one of those clumsy down jackets the Americans favored, and wish he had christened the bottle of Dewar's before leaving town. The bottle was snugly tucked under his jacket. It would be warm from his body by the time he got home.

Irish Coffee with Zoe, her voice a soft husky burr in the morning. Zoe. Zoe. "I love you!" he bellowed at the fast rushing dark, felt the wind snatch it along with his spittle.

The Honda throbs under his scrotum, all power and purpose. He feels as fast as a bolt from a crossbow as he shifts through the gears, heading flat out for Zoe. The engine whines like a chainsaw cresting the hill. Headlight pierces the black rushing tunnel that rockets around him as he bores through the night.

A pair of big reds come sailing at him in viscous slow motion. It happens so fast yet so slow, it's like he's on Quaaludes. He sees the huge bounding shapes come hurtling at him. Can trace their trajectory before they fly through it lazy and slow. The roos come at him flying, their muscular movements just like on TV. Whatever you do, don't swerve to avoid them. Hit them straight on or you're dead. He can see the one on the right is a female, the joey folded up in the pouch like a broken kite or a brolly, feet sticking out. Brain freaking in panic, he tramps on the gas to outrace them, at the last microsec ducks his head under the huge missiles of muscle and meat.

Something hits his left shoulder and chest with a sickening shatter. The Honda rocks and swerves from the impact and for one long screaming moment he's sure that he's had it, jerks his wrist off the gas and rides out the wobble to a sliding dead stop. Kills the engine to settle things down.

Lying there on the gravel, gasping and crazed with adrenalin, he takes in the sharp stink of urine. Scared the piss out of them, he thinks, exultant, and laughs. Pain like an ice pick pierces his centre. Something's wrong. More than his shoulder. He feels something wet under his jacket. The smell of the Dewar's comes off his shirt in a bright pungent vapor, wafts up his nose. Oh Jesus. Shit. Probing, rips open his fingers. Large jagged slivers of glass. One of them in him.

Fire runs up his spine and flares through his mastoids. Panic napalms his brain and consumes him. It's all right. I'm Dr Keen. I'm here to help you. He babbles and thrashes. Jams his hands under his jacket, pushes the pain in a desperate effort to keep the blood in him. No use. The aorta. A classical case.

So this is it, Sam thinks, ebbing slowly. The end so dark and quiet. So unlike the beginning when it all burst in a flash of light and a burst of sound that never stopped. He loved it. Oh God, he loved it. It was just like a movie, starring Sam Keen. 

At last a proven, successful breakthrough for baldness.

THE BALDNESS REVERSAL PROGRAMME

You don't have to put up with being bald any more! Now The Baldness Reversal Programme™ is here, baldness can be a thing of the past for most baldness sufferers.

Imagine a head of your own real live hair growing where you're bald right now!

That's what The Baldness Reversal Programme™ could do for you. Developed by leading international specialists to overcome the visual shortcomings of traditional hair transplantation, The Baldness Reversal Programme™ can give suitable candidates excellent head coverage of their own hair, complete with a natural, undetectable hair line. No tell tale clumps of hair... just your own hair combed the way you want it!

If your baldness is advanced, The Baldness Reversal Programme™ can reverse the visual effects of baldness so you'll look years younger, feel more confident in your business and personal life.

And if you're just starting to lose your hair, the Macquarie Hair Clinic can show you how The Baldness Reversal Programme™ can keep pace with encroaching baldness over the years. The Baldness Reversal Programme™ has now been performed thousands of times with results that have delighted even the most sceptical.

So if you're tired of being bald – find out how you can have a full head of your own naturally growing hair by arranging a private appointment with the Macquarie Hair Clinic.

Call today.

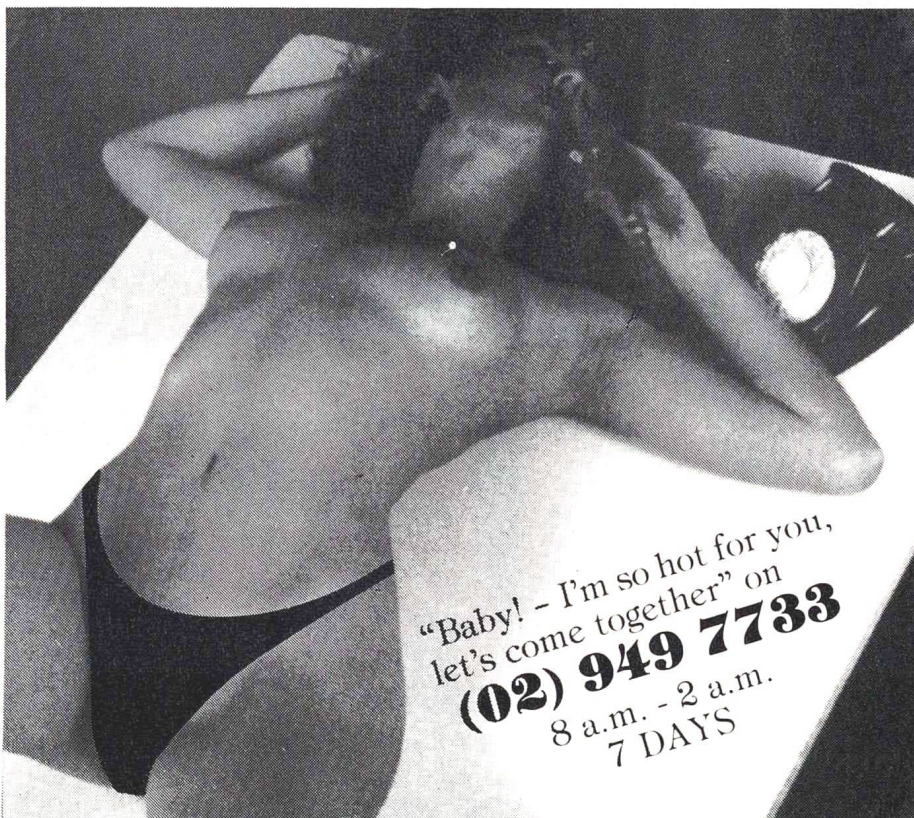
THE MACQUARIE HAIR CLINIC

7th Floor, Westfield Towers,
100 William St., Sydney
(02) 356 4033.

Suite 3, Level 6,
20 Collins St., Melbourne
(03) 654 6188.

™Trademark of the Macquarie Hair Clinic.

TEAM 2940



IT'S A Manz WORLD



...every
woman
loves a
Manz man

FORUM

Continued from page 16

balls. I was immediately rejuvenated. The juices of her already-soaked pussy began flowing with the intensity of a raging river when we continued to fuck. With both hands on her firm arse, I buried my cock into her warm chasm as deep as possible while sucking her rock-hard nipples. This ecstasy continued until I shot my warm come deep inside her. She came, thrashing back and forth, bucking with her legs. There we lay in each other's arms as the sun was beginning to rise.

Then she realised what time it was and asked for a ride home. It was a night I'll never forget. — *Name and address withheld*

Special delivery

I used to work at a pizza restaurant situated across from a large university. Although I was just a dishwasher when I started, I spent as much time as I could in the kitchen, where I watched all the students and waitresses. Summer was the best time to work there, as the university had a lot of courses filled with plenty of carefree women.

I was working as a cook/delivery driver. I had never realised how much fun delivering could really be until we had this one order on a low Thursday night. I took the order over the phone, cooked it, and delivered it. Man, did I deliver it! The soft female voice asked for a medium pepperoni-and-mushroom pizza and a six-pack of beer. She also said that if I got it to her place within 20 minutes, I'd get an extra-special tip.

I raced to the girl's house with a minute or two to spare. I ran to the door with the order. Her door opened, and on the other side stood an angel. She was a few inches taller than I am, which didn't bother me a bit. Her hair, like her eyes, was brown. Her face was softly tanned, giving her an exotic appearance. She had high cheekbones that tapered smoothly down to her chin. On her lips shined a slick coat of gloss. My eyes strayed from her face, quickly feasting on her figure. The nipples on her phenomenal breasts stood erect beneath the weave of her shirt, which she wore tucked into tight jeans that hugged her hips as if they were painted on.

She said, "Hi! Come on in. My name is Jenny, what's yours?" I must admit that I was surprised by her friendliness. Still gazing at the heavenly body, I took a moment to say, "I'm Paul. I hope I'm not too late."

"Not at all," she said, "In fact, you're a little early. Set that on the table there and I'll get your money." So I put the pizza on her kitchen table while Jenny went to her bedroom. I stood waiting and listening to her stereo. I asked her how on Earth she could afford a place all to herself. To my surprise and delight, she explained that her

ex-boyfriend had moved out the weekend before. While I waited, Jenny told me she had something nice for me.

I had my back to her when she returned from her room, and I heard her bare feet on the wood floor. She stood there like a dream, wearing a cute red teddy that complemented her supple breasts and flat belly. I liked the darkness of a pubic mound peeking at me. Before I could stammer my first thoughts, Jenny said, "Now let's see what else you can deliver." My pecker was rock-hard and straining at my shorts before she even finished that sentence.

Kneeling in front of me, Jenny freed my cock, sliding it into her mouth like it was a lollipop. She sucked my boner expertly until I was about to come. She paused to lick my balls as I caught my breath. Then she attacked my rod in a frenzy. It was all I could do to remain standing when I felt the orgasm coming on. I warned her that I was going to come and she kept right on sucking. With a shudder and a loud groan, I shot my load into her mouth. That was the first time a girl had ever swallowed my spunk. She held it in her mouth to savor its taste. We stripped each other naked, after which she purred, "Do me!"

I had her sit on the table edge with her legs spread as I got between them to lap at her love tunnel. I pulled apart her swollen lips to lick up and down, side to side, and in circles. Jenny squealed in excitement and had to hold on to the table as I did my best to make her feel good. It was going to take a lot of effort on my part to give her the same pleasure she had just given me. I poked one, then two fingers into her hot box and I could feel the tightness. I fucked the brunette beauty with my tongue and fingers hard and fast. As I brought her closer to ecstasy, she started talking dirty to me. "Fuck me with your long tongue. Come on, you fucking stud, make me come all over your face!" Now this got me even more turned on and my cock started to ache with neglect.

All of a sudden, as I nibbled her clit, she stopped talking. All she could do was moan. Nearer my goal, I put my efforts into gear, fucking, sucking, and licking her twat like there was no tomorrow. She locked her legs around my head with a scream. Best of all, her pussy let loose a flood of juices which soaked my face and chest. The moment her legs relaxed their grip, I started to fuck her right there on the table. I penetrated her steaming cunt with a gentle shove. God, it was tight! Jenny squeezed me all the way in. I fucked her nice and easy since I wanted to get those sexy tits. She arched her back and I grabbed each nipple.

It wasn't long before she was talking dirty again. "Oh God! Fuck me you stud! Make my tight pussy come again! Oh, I love your big red prick in my hot cunt! Squeeze my tits! Oh yeah, suck my nipples hard!" I was in heaven. I could hardly control my pace pumping in and out of her tight hole. I

DISTRIBUTED BY ELDERS IXL EBB106 AB4540/85



'AUF WIEDERSEHEN'

A sad farewell to your last drop of the world's favourite German beer.

FORUM

pumped me harder with each thrust. I pushed my hand down on his tight arse, urging him to give me more. My cunt ached and I longed to squeeze his juices out, forcing him to pump on to my legs and stomach. Just then he pulled his dick out and shot hard and fast on my navel. I spread my fingers between us and touched the warm come, bringing it up to my lips for a taste.

We collapsed for a moment but then quickly dressed, remembering our surroundings. As Cliff and I pulled back out on to the road, I smiled at him, thinking of what our next slam-bam adventure would bring. — *Name and address withheld*

Gym dandy

Like most *Penthouse* readers, I thought it could never happen to me — but it did! I work out very hard to keep my body in shape and I am very proud of what I have accomplished. Unfortunately, my wife of four years decided that a wedding ring meant that she could eat whatever and whenever she pleased. To say the least, there is a lot more of her now, and I don't love it.

At the health club where I work out, they hired a new, young, beautiful instructor, Meg. To say that she keeps herself in shape is a major understatement. She has

a body that could almost make a *Penthouse* model cry. After Meg had been working there for about a month, I began to notice that she was flirting with me as I came in and left the gym. At first I did not think much of it. I was not looking for anything, and she knew I was married. But even though I'd been out of circulation for a while, I finally realised that she was very interested.

One Friday evening I went to the gym late so I would be sure to be there when the place closed. I knew Meg was left alone to close on Fridays, so I figured that if anything was going to happen, this would be the day. About 9:45 everyone had left except Meg and myself. I finished my workout and told Meg I was sorry that I had kept her late. I said I would just take a quick shower and get out of her way. She took my towel and wiped my forehead, then kissed me, saying, "Babe, I could use a shower too."

I took her by the hand and led her into the locker room. Pulling my T-shirt over my head, she started to run her fingers through the hair on my chest. I pulled her shirt off and exposed the most firm and beautiful breasts I have ever seen. After fondling each other for a while, we stripped off our pants and headed for the shower. We both were so sexually aroused that as we soaped each other's bodies it was almost impossible for us to remove our hands from each other. As we rinsed off I had Meg put

her hands over her head against the tile wall. Standing behind her I slipped my cock into her well-lubricated box. With one hand rubbing her clit and the other fondling her breasts, we rocked back and forth in that steamy shower until we exploded in orgasms the like of which I have never experienced before.

After a few minutes of recovery on the floor of the shower, we got out and dried each other off. Meg had me sit on one of the benches and buried her head in my crotch. I was in heaven as I shot my load down her throat. She sat herself on the bench opposite me and started rubbing her breasts. Slipping one hand down to her cunt, she started rubbing her clit. I went to help her and she told me to just sit and watch for a while. This girl knew how to turn a man on. She kept rubbing herself until the bench where we sat was covered with her love juices. After what seemed like forever, Meg had me lie back on the bench as she impaled herself on my shaft. As I rubbed her tits and clit, she rode me until we came together again.

We lay in each other's arms and tried to recover from our passionate lovemaking. Meg told me that she had wanted me since she had first seen me work out. She said she loved muscular men and women and knew I would be able to satisfy her. I told her about my problem with my wife and she said she was ready to keep me happy.

— *Name and address withheld* O+

Australian

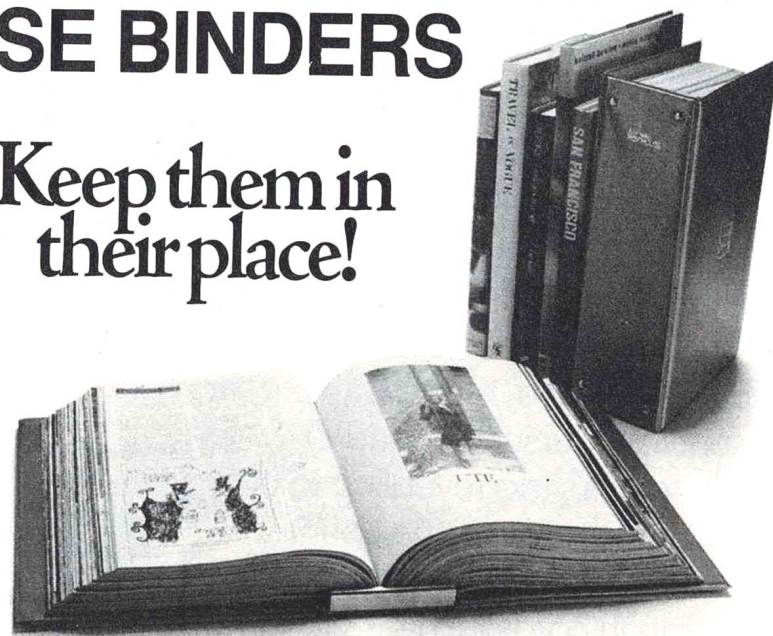
PENTHOUSE COLLECTORS!

Protect your Penthouse
Magazines in our new quality

PENTHOUSE BINDERS



Keep them in
their place!



Send your cheque or money order for \$11.50 each. Advise your name, address and postcode and we will carefully wrap and post your binders immediately.

Limited release Erotic French boudoir prints that depict mademoiselles sharing their most intimate moments.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, "come up and see my etchings" was one of the classic invitations.

And not without reason.

The extent of the private collections was a measure of man's ambience, his stature in life and his social success.

The French developed erotic etchings into an art form that made mademoiselles blush and gasp; men nudge and whisper conspiringly.

*6 highly explicit prints
reproduced on fine
parchment.*

Now, an Australian marketer has assembled a collection of six authentic period French prints that are highly explicit and highly erotic.

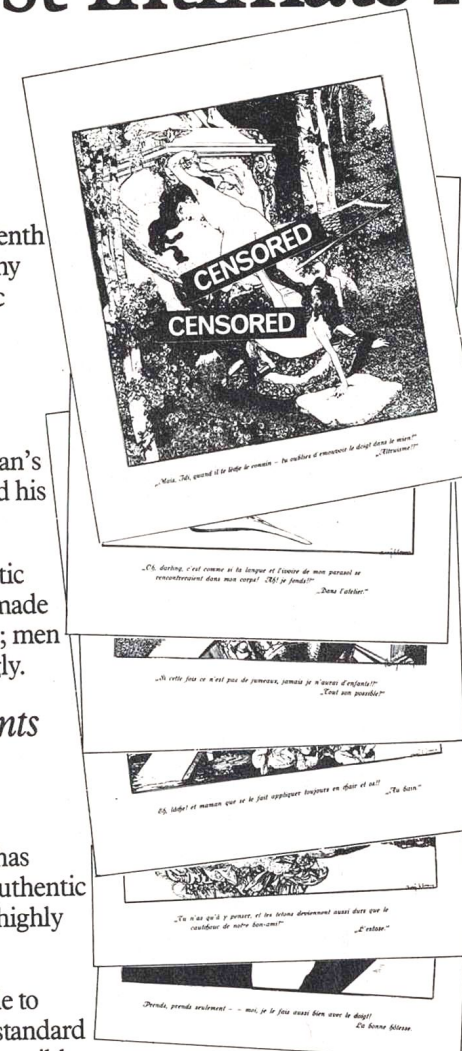
Every effort has been made to ensure that the reproduction standard is as close to the original as is possible using the advantages of modern technology.

The detail is amazing with cameo scenes in miniature being depicted in the bedhead carvings and other embellishments of the boudoir.

The craftsmanship of the artist is superb reflecting a style of a by-gone era.

*"The most exciting offer
private collectors I've
seen in years."*

The prints are for private collections only. The explicit detail could offend or arouse the less mature.



A strictly limited number of sets have been printed on the finest parchment and the plates have been destroyed. Each print measures 630mm x 425mm and is ready for framing and display in a discreet area of your home.

*Special pre-release offer.
SAVE 30%. Only \$10
per print.*

This superb limited edition would normally be priced at \$90. As a special pre-release offer the price of the set of 6 prints has been reduced by one third to only \$60, which is only \$10 per print.

Your set will be rushed to you in a protective pack with the fine quality printing being preserved with interleaves.

The number of sets is limited, the plates have been destroyed and this offer cannot be repeated at this low price.

Rush your order now to avoid disappointment.

YES.

Please rush me your unique offer of 6 erotic French boudoir prints by return mail.
TO: Ribald Delights P.O. Box 467, Dulwich S.A. 5065

Please forward me sets of prints at \$60 plus \$3.60 for packing and postage
I prefer to pay as I have indicated below.

☐ Enclosed is my cheque/money order of \$.....
☐ Please charge my credit card.

☐ In Full
☐ In three equal interest free monthly instalments of \$21.20
(including postage)
☐ Bankcard ☐ Mastercard

No: Expiry:
Signature:
All orders are subject to acceptance

Mr/Mrs/Miss:
Please print clearly

Address:
Postcode: AP

I want
to save
\$30

Rush
me the
erotic
art print
offer
today.

FORUM

yelled, "I'm gonna come!" Jenny yelled back, "I want you to come inside me! Let me feel your hot come in my cunt!" With that still ringing in my ears I started to shoot my load deep into her body. My own excitement must have triggered her orgasm, because we managed to come together. Our screams filled the air as our sweat-covered bodies spent themselves against each other.

After recovering, Jenny sat up on the table dipping her fingers into her pussy and licking off our combined juices. I had to rush back to the restaurant, so I hurriedly wiped off with some paper towels, got dressed, and promised to call soon. I hurried to the shop, sure that I was in trouble. What the hell, though. It was worth getting fired. Instead, the waitress was sitting at a table with two other employees, no-one else in the place. She looked at me and then her watch, and asked, "What took so long?"

She must have guessed what I had been up to. With a knowing smile, she told me that Jenny had called wanting me to stop by her place after I got off work. My jaw dropped and they snickered to each other. Needless to say, I finished with my responsibilities very early. The rest of the night was as good as the first part, if not better. —
Name and address withheld

Roadside escapade

My boyfriend Cliff and I spent one entire morning house hunting. We were looking for a place to spend time at the beach, and finally found a suitable house, much to our relief. It was a beautiful day, sunny and warm. We were wearing shorts, our bare arms and legs soaking up the sun. Cliff was wearing a tight pair of white shorts that curved over his crotch, revealing the well-formed package underneath. I had a tough time keeping my thoughts on the business at hand that morning. In my mind I could picture suddenly turning to Cliff and lifting my leg to wrap around his arse, pressing the length of my body against his.

After leaving the beach, we started for home on a back road. It was the scenic route and left time for thought. I sat and watched Cliff drive, his muscles alternately tensed and relaxed. His hand was resting on my thigh, letting his fingers just brush the skin lightly. My eyes travelled down the length of his body, the curve of his shoulder, down to his biceps and chest, and finally to his well-muscled legs and back up to the bulge in his shorts. I found myself squirming in my seat, my bikini panties tight up in my crotch under the cotton shorts. I could feel my pussy muscles swell in anticipation.

Just then I caught Cliff staring at me. He was more than aware of my arousal and I tried to tell him with a look what I was thinking. I then grabbed his hand and

pushed it under my panties, but not all the way to my pussy. I wanted him to discover for himself what I intended to do. At the same time my fingers travelled over his legs and came to rest on his cock. I could feel him stiffen and swell in the cradle of my hand.

I whispered to him about what pleasures we could have at that moment but he seemed reluctant to stop. "I want to fuck you right now, on this road," I told him. I urged him to pull over on the side of the road. I wanted to fuck him so deeply, feel his dick spreading my legs apart. As the cars zipped by, I unzipped his shorts. I sucked my fingers, wetting them, and then cupped them over the tip of his cock, massaging and pumping.

By now we were both hot and whimpering. He made his decision, and turning down a dirt road, he commanded me to unbutton my blouse. I could tell he would waste no time once we stopped. Pulling over to the side of the road, he was now ready and willing for a fuck. He grabbed my arse and squeezed, roughly pushing me to him. He fingered my slit, and wasting no time, thrust his enormous cock into my pussy, which by now was ripe and juicy. I thought I was ready for it, but I gasped and moaned as he pushed harder and harder.

He was relentless now and gave me what I had been asking for by teasing him. "See if you can take it, baby," he said, and

Girls in black have less wrapping for Christmas.



you've just gotta have a Private Partner Quilt Cover.



Now there's no need for anybody to be left out in the cold. These exquisite – superbly detailed – washable poly-cotton quilt covers are now available in double at \$59.95 or queen size at \$69.95. And here's our promise: order now and we will deliver one of these "sensual beauties" to you before Christmas. Whether as a gift or simply just to improve your style – you must have a Private Partner on your bed.

Orders supplied in non-identifiable packaging.

Private Partners, Suite 5/470 Glenferrie Road, HAWTHORN 3122, Vic.
Please rush to me (No.) Quilt Covers. Size ☐ Double – \$59.95 (185 cm x 210 cm)
I have enclosed full payment for my order. Cash, cheques or money orders accepted
or please charge my credit card. (Plus \$3.00 postage, packaging and insurance).
☐ Bankcard ☐ Visa ☐ Master Card
Card No. Expiry Date
Signature
Name Address
P/code 123 PRIV PT.

Australian Penthouse Black Label edition makes a revealing Christmas present for yourself or a friend.

In fact, it's too revealing to be sold by any newsagent in the country.

That's why there are two subscription cards in this issue. One for people who want to get it. And one for people who want to give it.

Furthermore, the price of our Black Label edition hasn't increased since 1985. It will go up in early 1987.

So as well as less wrapping, you'll get more for your money for a whole year. Australian Penthouse.

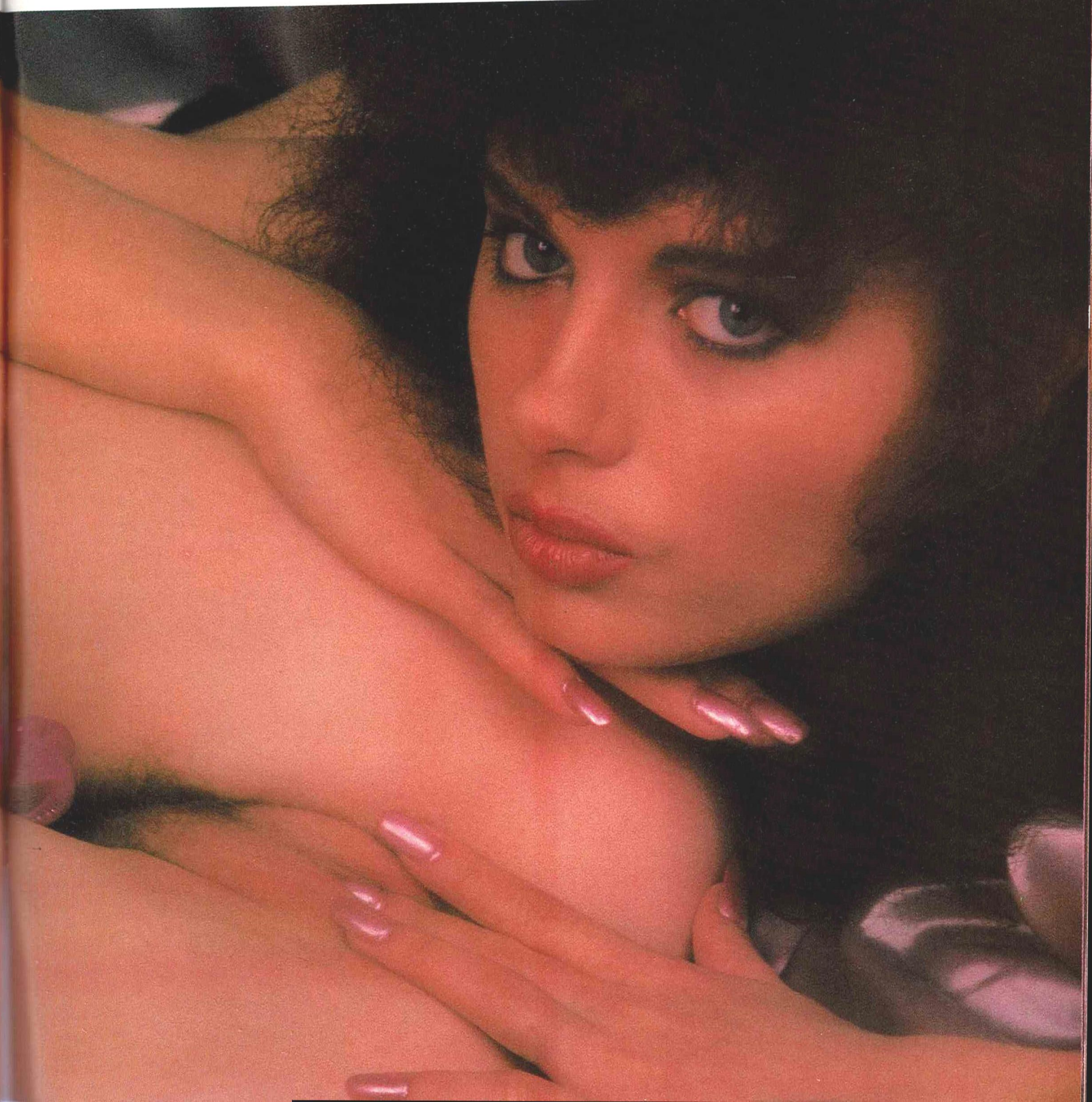
BLACK LABEL
E D I T I O N



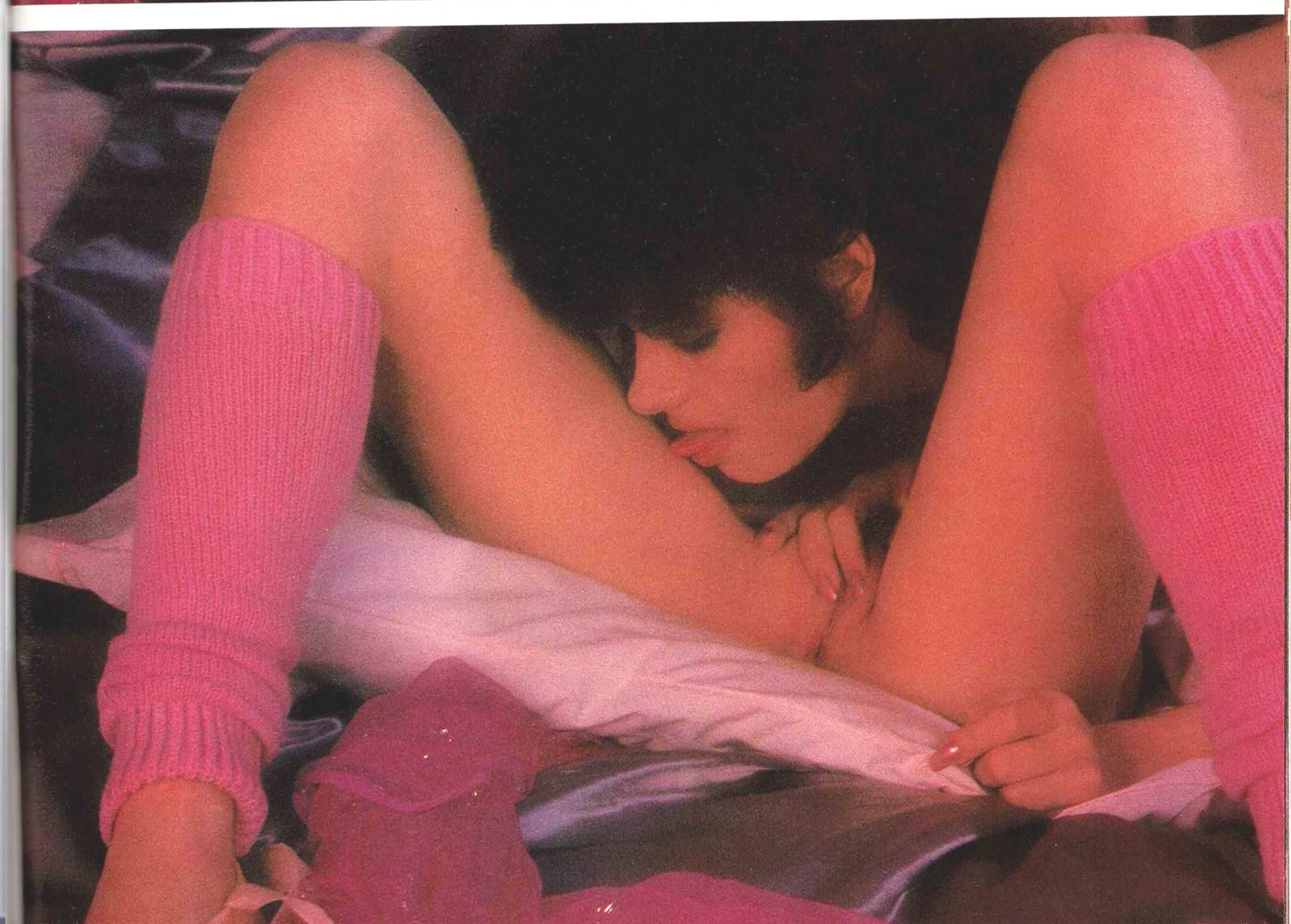
FIRST MOVEMENT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL WACHTER

Their ballet class for the day was finished, but practice of another kind was about to begin. Angela and Connie had told their teacher they were staying back to rehearse a few moves of their own together — but they needn't have mentioned that it was a private session. That was understood.

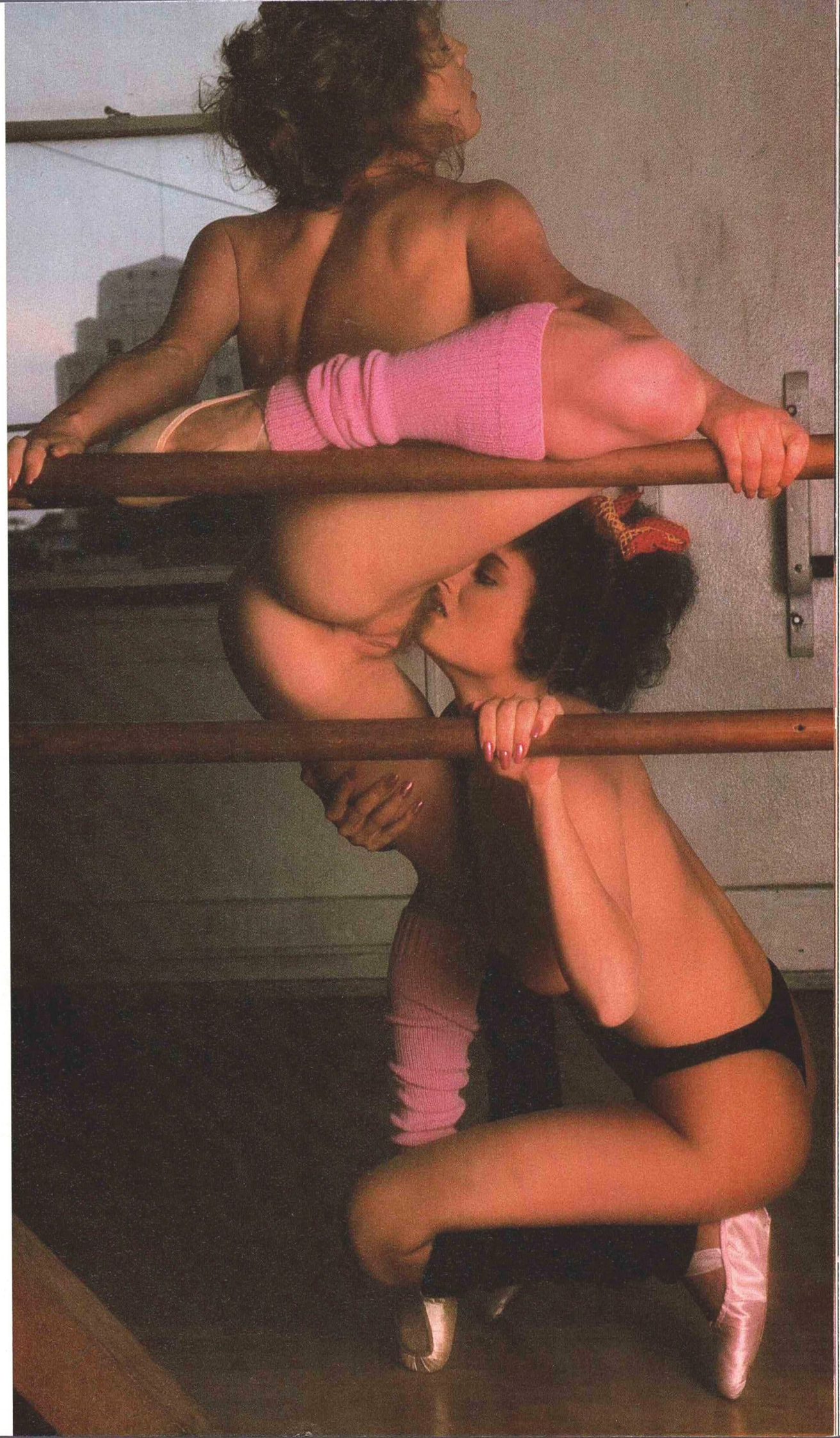


They were classical moves set to classical music, though hardly what you'd see on the world's great ballet stages. For this pair had danced *Swan Lake* until they were utterly sick of it. Now they were improvising to exhaustion.





But the show must go on — and on. As they neared the climax of the encounter, their version of *Swan Lake* developed into a mutual swan-song — and sing they did, at last breaking the silence with their throaty roars of "Bravo." 







FREEZE A FOOTBALL TEAM

At last there's a camera with a program designed specifically for sports action.

The Ricoh XR-20 SP.

SP stands for 'Speed Program.' You just dial it on the shutter speed control for high speed action or long lens work and your Ricoh XR-20 SP does the rest. Automatically varies the shutter speed between 1/250 and 1/2000 of a second, according to light levels. So every shot is pin sharp. Every action frozen.

The Ricoh XR-20 SP is complemented with a comprehensive range of accessories, including flash guns, Rikenon lens and power winders, so if you're looking for a camera for shooting action, the Ricoh XR-20 SP will stop you in your tracks.



RICOH
AFFORDABLE EXCELLENCE

THIRD DIMENSION

RASP 4331



LOOSE ENDS

DREAMING OF A TIGHT CHRISTMAS



When it comes to buying Christmas presents in these financially strapped times we have three options: cheap and nasty, cheap and imaginative and forget it. The first is the norm, the last is the ideal and the middle one wins the best and rarest award.

The cheapest, most lowdown, meanest and most imaginative Christmas present I ever received was almost a Shetland pony. I was eight, my father was poor but dishonest, and the pony — by all accounts — was a lovely beast with big brown eyes and a gentle spirit.

But I never got to run a curry comb through that shaggy coat, never got to ride my little horsie ... because he escaped sometime in the early hours of December 25, 1966. When I bounded out of bed at dawn all I found was a frayed rope and a small pile of manure on the lino.

"He must have chewed through the rope and run away to join the reindeer," said my father, handing me my other presents — a pair of school shoes (three sizes too big) and a packet of Lakeland colored pencils (and I'd specifically asked Santa for Derwents).

It was a long time before I forgave my father for that stunt — even longer than it took me to grow into my Bata Ponytails. But somewhere along the line I realised that when you've got four kids and very little money, a little bit of imagination goes a long way.

Now, as these things happen, the sins of the father have been visited on the offspring. I don't have any children to play cheap tricks on, but like him I have very little money to waste on festive frippery. What I do have is a bunch of friends and relatives with fingers twitching for Christmas presents. I know they are going to give me things, because they always do. And we all know that if someone gives you something at Christmas, you have to give

them something back. *That's the law.*

So what to give? Those glossy gift guides of expensive things are never any use. Have you ever feverishly torn the wrappings from something you saw in any gift catalogue? Bah humbug! That's because gift guides never feature trays of glaze fruit, mosquito candles and pebbles Supaglued to pieces of wood with "Rock Concert" written on them. Somewhere there's a cheapskate's gift guide featuring all these things — and my friends are on the mailing list. I've looked high and low but I haven't been able to get my hands on one. So I've had to fall back on a list I've been using for some years now. Perhaps, as you tighten the old belt and do your bit to straighten the bend in the old banana republic, you may like to share the glaze fruits of my labor.

- *Give them back what they gave you last year.* This is simply a matter of rifling through the backs of drawers and in the cardboard boxes on top of your wardrobe for the useless plastic garlic press, the Pickled Person, the rubber brick for throwing at the TV and the big ball bearings in the suede bag marked "Bawls." Just give them a dust, wrap and send. If you're lucky you may still have the original wrapping paper.
- *Cute fluffy toys for the girls.* Not the overpriced acrylic bags of styrofoam with eyelashes you'll find in the toyshops, but personalised dolls crafted from the lint in your pockets. Accompany your handiwork with explanatory notes saying things like: "I reached deep into my pockets for you this Christmas. Hope you like it."
- *Dried floral arrangements.* You'll pay a fortune for these in florists but with a little work and forethought you can make your own by raiding the office dustbin every time the secretary turfs a vase of deceased daffs, dahlias or whatever. Delightfully

decorative and dirt cheap.

- *Get 'em started on a hobby.* Every time you visit a hotel or restaurant pocket the matches, drink coasters, teaspoons, hand towels or anything with the place's name written on it. At year's end assemble hobby packs of ten or so assorted matchbooks, coasters etc for loved ones. This gift has the added benefit of eliminating the problem of what to get them for future birthdays, weddings, etc.
- *Obscene food calls.* Got a friend on a diet? Who hasn't? Rustle up an empty chocolate box or biscuit tin and place within it a voucher for five obscene food calls. Here's how it works: The friend feels a sweet tooth coming on so they ring you. While they snort the

lingering aroma of the choc box or bickie tin you teasingly describe the sensation of eating naughty nibblies. Something like, "I'm slowly slipping it into my mouth now. Oh! It's a hard one. I'm going to have to suck it. Mmmm. It tastes sooooo good — I want to make it last and last ..." A fun gift idea for the kilo conscious — and the calls go on their Telecom bill!

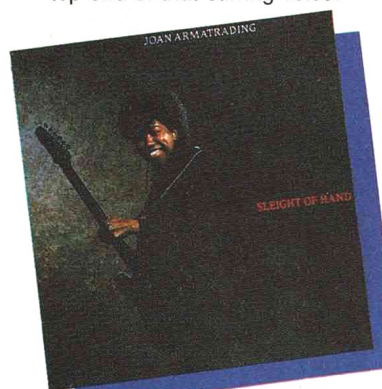
Well, that's my gift list out of the way. Funny how it gets shorter every year as a friend here or there rides that old Shetland pony into the sunset. But as they go, they carry in their saddle bags the spirit of Christmas. For they know at last, courtesy of me, that it is indeed better to give than to receive. — C.J. Mackay

Illustration by John Yates

SOUNDS

Three may be a crowd but to the trio of Neil Finn, buffoon drummer Paul Hester, and bassist/graphic artist Nicholas Seymour it's a **Crowded House** (EMI). Songwriter Finn was responsible for some of Split Enz' biggest hits and similarities are predictable and obvious ("Love Till The Day I Die" is son of "Dirty Creature"). However, gone are the elaborate keyboard textures — the sound has been designed so that guests don't swamp the feel of a three-piece. Much more is required of Finn's guitar playing and singing here and he grabs the challenge by the throat — while also daring to give the songs some strong lyric content.

The Caribbean's (via England) Dame **Joan Armatrading** displays a convincing *Sleight Of Hand* (A&M) on her first "at home" album. Never a slouch on stage with the six string, she decided to play all guitars (bar one track) as well as produce herself for the first time. Visitors to her new home studio were principally her touring band (another first) with occasional outsiders like drummer Mel Gaynor (Simple Minds) who gives the "Kind Words" single suitable pump. Joan established her "tough" credentials several albums back with *Me Myself I* and this album is powered by more of the same guitar playing and singing. She also toys with atmospherics ("Russian Roulette") and reworks her familiar ballad mood ("Jesse") where she explores the top end of that stirring voice.



Madonna's voice still falls more into the distinctive category rather than the deeply moving as she declares herself *True Blue* (Sire). The material virgin now claims "I don't want to live out your fantasy" and to that end she's tackled a non-dance track in "Live To Tell" but it's only an aberration. "La Isla Bonita" has the flavor of a Span-

ish cabaret — the rest anthem honky discos the world over.

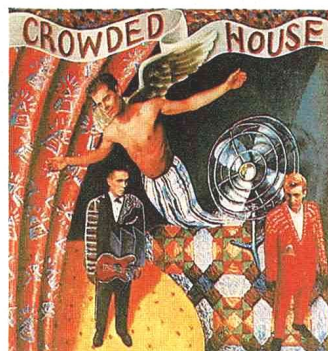
Time for the next episode in Stuart Adamson's *Boys Own* tales of mythical bravery of the spirit, of inspiring looks from craggy nooks and windblown check shirts. **Big Country** sing and play with Celtic-tinged rock hyperbole on *The Seer* (Phonogram). They thrash out a wizard big beat with, gosh, lashings of jolly good guitar and anybody that doesn't think this is just the best must be pretty wet!

Local Cuckoos throw *Sticks and Stones* (Festival) in a style reminiscent of those echoey English Bunnymen. The disc avoids all the cheery serenade of their earlier promise to "See You In Spain." A thick brooding band sound with sonorous vocals.

Chicago pianist **Ahmad Jamal**, who has influenced people like Miles Davis and Chick Corea from the late-Fifties on, can more recently be heard up the *Rossiter Road* (Atlantic). Working in a simple trio plus percussion format, he lets the rhythm players bubble and groove while he fits effortlessly over the top, around and underneath. Jamal shows the relaxed confidence of a master at work.

Just how much *Closer To The Source* (Atlantic) you can get than **Dizzy Gillespie** is debatable. He was 69 years old in 1984 when this was recorded (currently enjoying a release through WEA). The man with the bionic cheeks and bent trumpet has employed a host of modern players from the ranks of Miles Davis (Marcus Miller-bass, Mino Cinelu-percussion) and subsequent Sting alumni (Kenny Kirkland-keyboards, Branford Marsalis-sax). Stevie Wonder even puts in an appearance on harmonica and synth. Pushed along by the inimitable funk of Miller, Gillespie strays into the model pastures of Miles but often settles for a mellower West Coast groove.

An American, an Englishman and a German are not this time the butt of a tedious joke but the perpetrators of *Incontinental* (Polydor) — a 1970 disc just rereleased locally. Guitarist **Joe Pass** was the



THE ENZ OF THE BEGINNING

American at the helm with **Eberhard Weber** on bass (before his groundbreaking albums like *Yellow Fields*) and the late **Kenny "Brushes" Clare** on drums. Restraint jazz having its way with a collection of standards.

If you've ever felt the need for religious inspiration without having to align yourself to any particular deity then take a walk down *Straight Street* (Agape). This double compilation is billed as an introduction to black gospel music including **Sam Cooke** with the **Soul Stirrers** and **Mahalia Jackson**.

The man who gave soundtracks a good name has had some of his highlights crammed into *The Essential Jean Michel Jarre* (Polydor).

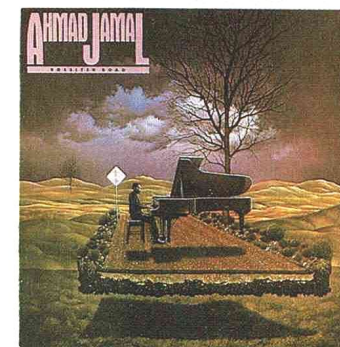
A truly great American ensemble, **Little Feat**, is celebrated on *As Time Goes By* (WEA) — spanning 1973-79 and including material from Lowell George's final solo *Thanks, I'll Eat It Here*.

Keith Emerson and Greg Lake restocked their trio **ELP** from the phone book, replacing drummer Carl Palmer with Cozy Powell for *Emerson, Lake and Powell* (Polydor). Big in the Seventies, the circumstances may have changed but the pomp remains the same.

Belinda Carlisle has shed her Go Gos and several pounds to come back with the radically titled *Belinda* (IRS) and a bubblegum Stevie Nicks sound.

Boys Don't Cry (Legacy) has already spawned the hit "I Wanna Be A Cowboy" — an amusing spaghetti western feel that finds odd bedfellows on the album with heavy Queen moments and some funky dance moves.

British duo **Go West** celebrate their brief history with some *Bangs And Crashes* (Chrysalis). — *Jeremy Cook*



Clockwise from top: Crowded House grab the challenge by the throat; Madonna declares herself True Blue; Ahmad Jamal is masterful; Joan Armatrading stirs.

KENWOOD

SYSTEM STEREO
Concert Master II
SYSTEM 1500

Options: ■ **SC-75 (B)** Surround Sound Processor
■ **RC-95** System Remote Controller ■ **GE-75 (B)** Equalizer/Reverberation Amp ■ **DP-850 (B)** Programmable Compact Disc Player ■ **LS-P5000D** 250W Super Bass Radiator System ■ **S-3S** 60W Rear Surround Speakers
■ **SRC-40H** Deluxe System Cabinet

*Trademark of Dolby Laboratories Licensing Corp.

Surround yourself with the best in hi-fi stereo sound.

You'll never believe the System 1500 can give you so much sheer pleasure. All the grandeur and emotion, all the dynamics and subtlety written into the music can be yours. And sound effects, too, from our Surround Sound Processor with its Theatre and Stadium simulations and Dolby Surround Sound for video programmes.

The System 1500 also offers you the convenience of computerized electronic operation. And you can easily enhance it with our optional components. Its separate power amplifier reproduces compact discs to perfection. And it's ready to give you video sound with real quality to it. So much for so little effort!

KENWOOD CORPORATION Shionogi Shibuya Building, 17-5, 2-chome Shibuya, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo 150, Japan
KENWOOD ELECTRONICS AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD. (INCORPORATED IN N.S.W.) 4E Woodcock Place, Lane Cove, N.S.W. 2066, Australia

FILM

ALIENS APPROACHING

Alien was a Gothic horror classic. It trapped you in the claustrophobic confines of a ship where unknown evil stalked the labyrinthine corridors made sexually grotesque by designer H.R. Giger. The tense guessing game over who was the baddie and who had the bugs in their belly combined with arguably the best cinematic special effects creatures of all time to produce a film that made you think twice every time your stomach rumbled. And why, oh why, did Sigourney Weaver go back for that stupid cat? Ah well, like every other hero (never heroine) of the genre who goes back just when you thought it was safe to prise your knuckles off the armrests — she got away in the end. With the cat she curled up in suspended animation.

And that's where we find Commander Ripley at the beginning of *Aliens*, the sequel written and directed by James Cameron (*The Terminator*). It's 57 years later when space rescuers break into Ripley's escape pod and transport her back to a scummy, militaristic future Earth.

No-one believes her story. In fact, she gets hauled over the bureaucratic coals for purposefully destroying a zillion dollars worth of spaceship.

But there's trouble on Acheron, the planet where *Nostramo* had found the alien, and where the ship crashed. There's been no communication from the families at the atmosphere processing station on the planet's surface and the powers-that-be do what powers usually do — they call in the Marines. Ripley is seconded as an adviser to the troupe of over-muscled, Rambo-esque space grunts sent to find out what's happened. Ripley has her suspicions, and so do we, but she's pushing it uphill to convince these thick-heads of the danger they face. Until they get to the besieged planet, that is, and the fireworks really begin as the space cowboys battle the aliens to the death.

Aliens is a simpler, more conventional film than its predecessor. That's not to say that it can be summed up as a *Rambo Goes To Alpha Centauri* vehicle. The action is indeed full-on, the firepower is explosive and there's not just one creature — there's thousands of them setting up huge, obscene nests that rattle with menace. Cameron and producer Gale Anne

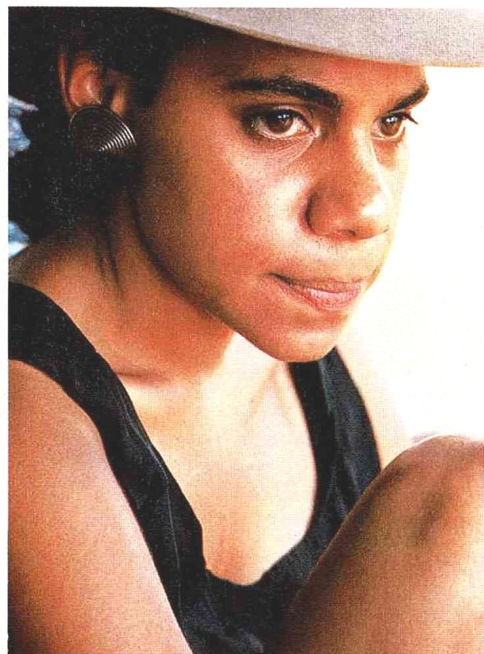
Hurd set out to make a film which stood apart from the original. Their plan was along the lines of: never mind the cerebral, feel the *rat-a-tat-tat-kapow!* But the quality is still there in the character of Ripley, the only character allowed any dimensions. It is she who gives *Aliens* its dose of humane depth, allowing it a core of sensitivity and even material pathos. The very fact that *Aliens* plays a woman as heroic savior of American troops makes it different, and Sigourney Weaver is once again magnificent in the role.

Special effects are superb, courtesy of "creature" supervisor Stan Winston. This is the man who gave us "the stretching baby" in *Starman*, the disintegration of Mr Dark in *Something Wicked This Way Comes* and the dog/Thing meltdown in *The Thing*.

Gun fanciers (and I know you're out there) also note that *Aliens* features some of the most inspired futuristic weaponry ever to be seen on the screen. None of your zap-pow rayguns but credible couplings like a Thompson sub-machine gun with a Franchi Spas 12 pump-action shotgun mechanism or a MG-42 rigged on a Steadicam harness with thermal imagery sights. Just the sort of thing we may be seeing for real in the future, and every gun used in the picture was actually capable of firepower. In other words, they work — just like the film itself. Sci-fi/action/horror fans won't be disappointed.

Hurling us back to Earth and right into our own backyard comes Bruce Beresford's *The Fringe Dwellers*, an adaption of a Nene Gare novel written in the Sixties and now considered a classic. The film centres on the Comeaways, an extended family of humpy-dwelling Aborigines, to sketch a wider view of the limitations faced by Australian Aborigines.

The Fringe Dwellers is not a film about conflict between blacks and whites. In fact, examples of interracial tension are limited to a few scenes of schoolyard cruelty and the reactions of a proud young woman to the charity offerings of her white neighbors. Rather than concentrate on negative aspects we are all aware of, *The Fringe Dwellers* opts instead to go beyond that barrier and into the tensions the Aborigines face among themselves. The viewer becomes a part



of the Comeaway family, with its struggles, its fractured culture, its foibles and its ambitions or lack thereof. What may at first strike a chord of naivety opens up to enthrall in a gentle, loving, funny, moving and ultimately hopeful story.

The Fringe Dwellers is exquisitely and realistically filmed and performances from all central characters are to be applauded. Script failure in developing a couple of interesting characters is one of a very few faults, but all in all this one comes highly recommended.

— C.J. Mackay

Top: Sigourney Weaver is the humane factor in the midst of Aliens; Above: The Fringe Dwellers entralls with its realism and moving performances.

Pentel Rolly-Clicroller is here and now you don't have to settle for an ordinary retractable point pen anymore.

Pentel



Pentel Rolly is the world's first automatic retractable point refillable roller pen balanced and structured to fit your hand perfectly. Combine the Rolly with our 'spunky' color co-ordinated quartz wrist watch and you've got a stylish gift set.



JACK DANIEL'S TO WIN

Deep in Tennessee, nestled in the rolling green hills of the Cumberland Range, lies the home of America's most prestigious whiskey — Jack Daniel's. It's America's oldest distillery, located in Lynchburg, smack in the heart of a "dry" county. So when visitors have toured the historic distillery, barely changed in 120 years, they settle back to talk about their visit over a glass of lemonade.

Everywhere else, of course, the stuff is gurgled down in copious quantities. Jack Daniel's Tennessee Sour Mash Whiskey is legendary — a Real Man's guzzle if ever there was one. And if it's as popular among the readers of *Penthouse* as it is among the writers of *Penthouse*, we look forward to a flood of entries to this competition.

We've got ten Jack Daniel's prize packs to give away to *Penthouse* readers. The major prize is the Jack Daniel's wall clock (pictured), one of only a handful in Australia, as well as a 750ml bottle of the famous Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey and a set of four handsome, heavy Jack Daniel's whiskey tumblers, also unavailable in Australia. Nine runners-up will receive a 750ml bottle of Jack Daniel's and a set of Jack Daniel's tumblers.

Unlike other American whiskeys, Jack Daniel's uses a special process — charcoal mellowing — which defies modernisation or speeding up. The newly distilled whiskey is filtered drop by drop through ten feet of finely ground, hard maple charcoal. This is a vital additional step before the whiskey is barrelled for ageing, and it's the primary reason for Jack Daniel's unusual smoothness. This is the only whiskey in the world to undergo this process and it's why Jack Daniel's is designated a Tennessee whiskey rather than a bourbon.

To win the major prize of the wall clock, Jack Daniel's Whiskey and tumblers, or one of the runner-up prizes of Jack Daniel's and tumblers, simply write to *Penthouse* telling us how the distillers in Lynchburg achieve the unique smoothness of Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey. Address your entries to: Jack Daniel's Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW. To give you a chance with the Christmas post, entries will close last mail on Friday, January 9, 1987. Prizes will be priority mailed and winners will be announced in a forthcoming Loose Ends section of *Australian Penthouse*.

TRENDER BENDER

For the most current in fashion swimwear trends, look for the name Brian Rochford. You can't go past his range for color variety, material quality — and brevity (check out this month's *Vanity* article). However, not necessarily for the more modest (as the pic suggests) — and certainly no less striking — is the Okanuis range of boardshorts. Nostalgia buffs can revive their hang-five fantasies and stomp to their heart's content in this gear — available at all leading surfshops throughout Australia.



BELLY FUNNY

If you can't beat the surf for summer fun then you sure as hell can't beat a Morey Boogie bodyboard to make the most of the waves. They're soft and flexible, and although it takes a bit of practice before you're mixing and matching it with the wave-hog boardriding superstars, you'll find enjoyment at any level — from mush to monsters.

A REAL ADVANCE

Super-advanced engineering in the Daiwa Sealine Tournament reel makes this the egg-beater that serious game fishermen have been waiting for.

For big game, blue water trolling, Daiwa has spent three years making and testing this Rolls of reels. It's guaranteed and is backed by full after-sales service throughout Australia by Daiwa. Incidentally, Stephen Shaw of Adelaide was the clever shark who hooked Daiwa's new SL250HA reel in the Daiwa/Penthouse Competition.



SUPER SECRETARY

The perfect secretary is one who never goes home, attends to business 24 hours a day, never misses a call, keeps you on the ball and in touch even when you're out of town, and generally keeps your business running smoothly. No-one can expect all that from one person — even a supersecretary — but you can expect all that and more from the TNT TECS Executive Communication System. This is a 24-hour personal office where your telephone number is answered in your name or your company's name by a professional secretary. Every message is time and date stamped and you don't need a noisy bleeper to interrupt meetings with potential clients. Just switch your system to silent mode and check your messages when you leave the meeting. You can also leave messages with the TNT TECS telephone secretary and she will relay them. The service operates in most major centres on the east coast and is being expanded to cover all capital cities in Australia. More information from TNT TECS on (02) 260 0210.





BODY BEAUTIFUL

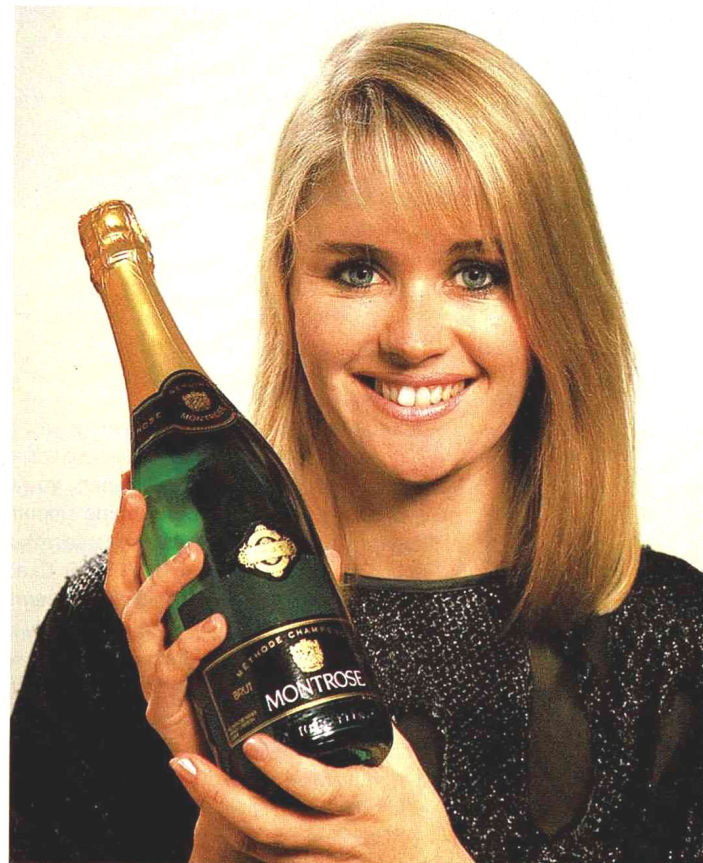
The one-stop shop that takes the pain out of Christmas shopping just has to be The Body Shop, purveyors of a huge range of all-natural allergy-free herbal body-pampering products. Christmas gift basket selections start at \$10 and single product gifts can be packaged in Body Shop Gift Bags in yellow or green. Body Shop products are available in all states. Check your phone book, or for mail order information phone (03) 551 4955.



Photo by Geoff Howden

GRAPHIC EXAMPLE

For ultra advanced graphics in a low-cost, high performance computer system direct your feet to your nearest Commodore stockists to check out their Amiga Personal Computer. Through the combination of the main processor and three specialist chips, the Amiga is capable of delivering low-cost computing power with graphics capabilities via a multi-tasking Operating system, all at speed. The Amiga can tackle business problems with the inclusion of the Commodore "Sidecar" for IBM compatibility. The Amiga can generate 4096 separate colors for graphic design work and an Iconic/Mouse interface allows easy drawing and access to the Amiga's other computing facilities. More information at computer stockists nationwide.

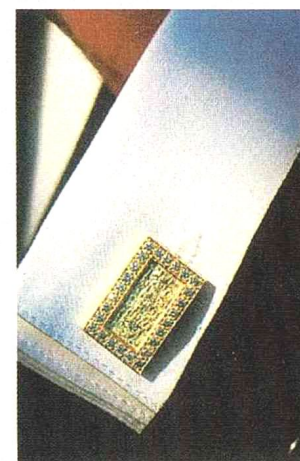
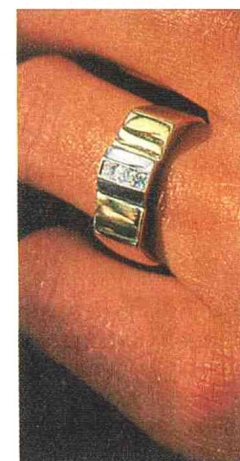


AUSSIE SPARKLE

The drop in the Australian dollar has made top quality local champagne-style wines a mighty attractive proposition for bubbly drinkers accustomed to the imported product. Previously prestigious Australian sparkling wines fell into a no-man's land by being perceived as too expensive or too close to the French end of the market. Now that gap has closed and one of the finer Aussie sparklers comes from Mudgee winemaker Montrose. Non-vintage Methode Champenoise Montrose Brut has a fine bead and an extremely dry palate to suit discerning champagne tastes. It's made from a base wine blended from selected Chardonnay Semillon and Trebbiano grapes which spent 25 months on lees before being disgorged in March 1986. The non-vintage cuvee retails for around \$12.40. Montrose Vintage Methode Champenoise will be released next year.

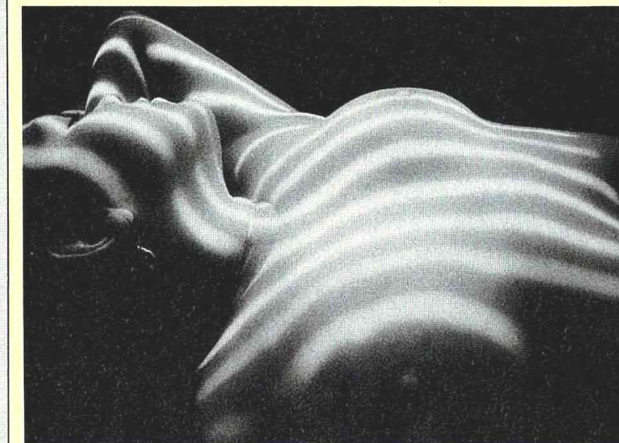
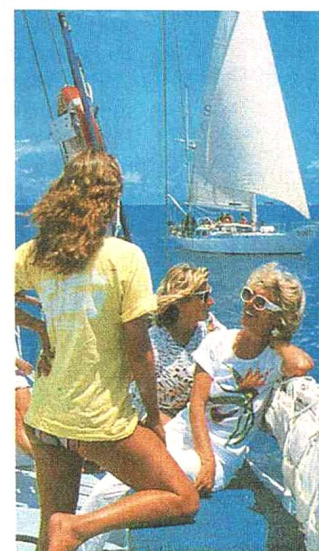
DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER

It's not exactly belt-tightening stuff but it's hard to resist featuring items from the Hardy Brothers Diamonds For Men Collection. This James Bond lookalike models male jewellery that proves diamonds needn't be tacky and ostentatious on a man. Hardy Brothers diamonds set in 18 carat gold provide a trim par excellence for cuffs, lapels and shirts. They can transform a formal suit into a glittering display of good taste. For the full range of classic jewellery pieces for men, visit Hardy Brothers Jewellers at 74 Castlereagh St, Sydney; 338 Collins St, Melbourne; or 116-118 Queens St, Brisbane.



AND THE WINNER IS . . .

Mr David Reddin of St Marys in NSW was the lucky winner of the Whitsunday sailing holiday competition featured in July *Australian Penthouse*. Mr Reddin takes five mates aboard a luxury yacht for a week in the magnificent Whitsundays courtesy of Queensland Yacht Charters, Ansett Airlines and *Australian Penthouse*. With all provisions, excluding booze, his prize is valued at around \$6000. Not a bad score, and a reminder that *Australian Penthouse* competitions offer the best value and the best odds of any publication.



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

Sean Davey of Coogee in NSW wins this month's Polaroid prize for this moody and different study of model Judy Thompson. Davey used a Pentax MX camera with f4-20mm lens and Kodak Infra Red black and white film. The lighting effect was a simple matter of sun filtering through venetian blinds. The result is just the kind of photo we're looking for in our monthly competition — creative, evocative and sensual.

Davey wins his choice of Polaroid Sun 670 Autofocus QS Camera with film or Polaroid's 35mm Autoprocess System, which allows the user to develop transparencies at home in a matter of minutes.

For your chance to win a top Polaroid prize send us one or more examples of your work, taken on any film. We prefer color, but if your black and whites are up to the standard of this month's winner we'll welcome them. The more creative your photos, the better your chance of winning. Just complete the coupon and mail it to *Penthouse* with your photos.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) of am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject: _____ Date: _____

Signature of witness: _____ Date: _____



Sydney's Anita Russell

COMING IN JANUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Joker Is Wild — Immunity from prosecution is the latest weapon in the war between police and organised crime. But it's a crude and unwieldy device which is capable of seriously compromising the criminal justice system in this country. In some cases it has already done just that. Read about them in January *Australian Penthouse*.

The Great Black Hope — Great boxers become legends because they're perceived by the public to be great outside the ring. Their personalities play as large a part in their success as their performances. Ali, Marciano, Louis, Robinson . . . and now a young American called Michael Tyson just might be added to the list. Find out why in January *Penthouse*.

The Golden Dildo Awards — *Penthouse* salutes the lighter and sillier moments of 1986 in words and pictures. Showing neither fear nor favor, the Golden Dildo travels the length and breadth of Australia to bore it up those who deserve a serve. Who'll get the shaft? Find out in January *Australian Penthouse*.

Pet Of The Month — Twenty-two-year-old Sydney honey Anita Russell throws amazing light on the personal affairs of the independent Eighties woman in January *Penthouse*. This pictorial makes a powerful statement on the new force in feminism — "Wow!"

MANHUNT

Continued from page 88

instantly. But the legend of Mad Max had one final twist.

As the two detectives lay bleeding by the roadside the van lurched off the highway and ploughed through a wire fence. Max's foot was still jammed on the accelerator and the vehicle careened on over a hillside and out of sight. Then, like some over-dramatised ending in a B-grade chase movie, the panel van ploughed for a kilometre through seven more fences before stalling in the middle of a paddock of scorched, brown grass.

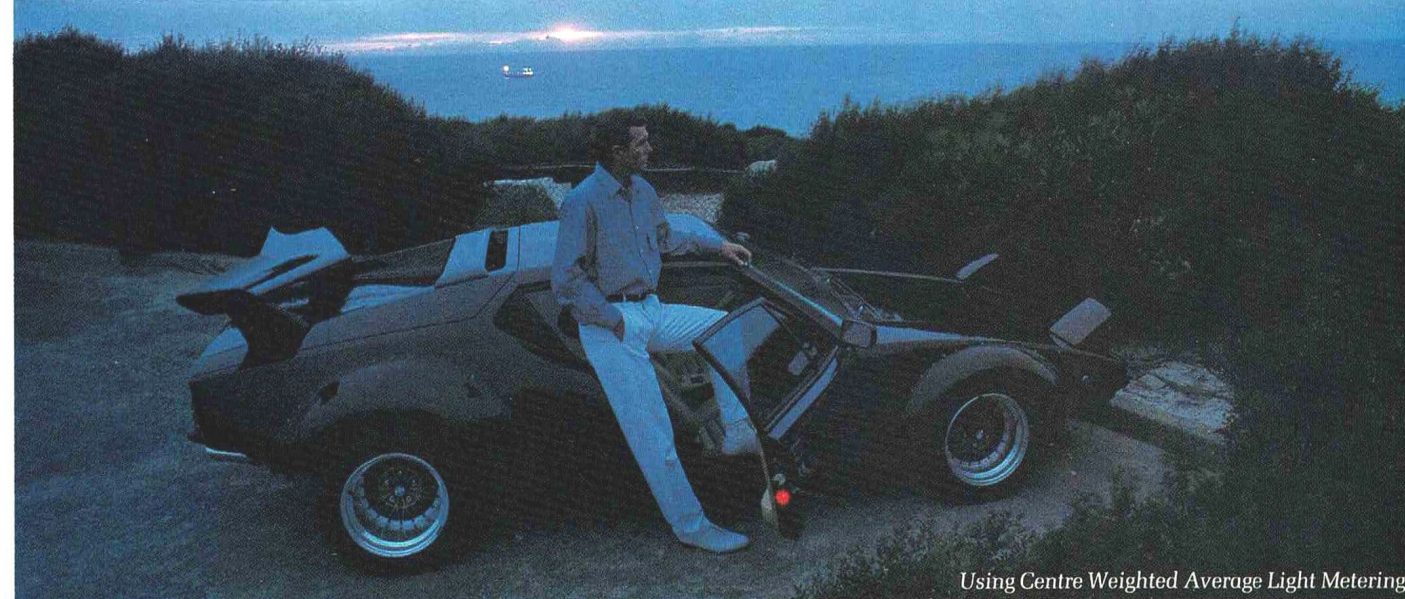
Nobody was there to witness Max's last seconds — to say whether he raved and bellowed, like the madman he had been tagged, as his life ebbed away, or whether he simply crumpled silently over the wheel for that last macabre joy-ride.

The two detectives had both been badly hurt. MacDonald had a collapsed lung and Kapetanovski had a bullet lodged in his shoulder and three shattered bones in his hand. Somehow they managed to drive to a nearby farmhouse for help, determined to pass on a description of the van in which they believed Max had made his escape.

It was half an hour later before the police helicopter spotted the panel van in the paddock, with Max clearly visible in the front seat. Fearing one last terrible battle, the chopper squad called in the Special Operations Group boys, who surrounded the van and Max's corpse for 20 minutes before moving in to give the all-clear.

During the next few days the loose ends were gathered together for tying up. The two awestruck detectives spoke from their hospital beds of the incredible speed with which Max had grabbed his gun and fired accurate shots into both of them. Charges were laid against alleged harborers, and the autopsy on Max's body found he had died from the shot fired through the back of the van into his skull. His only other injury was to his arm. Elizabeth Clark said: "Thank God it's all over" on TV that night, and Rosa added: "That's all we wanted. He's not the man we knew."

The bitterness within the Police Department continued to boil under the surface. Promises of 1600 bulletproof vests were made, but nobody explained why MacDonald and Kapetanovski had left theirs in the back of their car when they confronted Max by the roadside. The \$50,000 reward was duly paid, with assurances that the anonymity of the recipient would be protected. The public appeal for Brian Stooke topped the \$500,000 mark, Max's body was shipped back to Bulgaria for burial, and a gelignite bomb was exploded at the house in Wallan where he spent his last few days. The 32-year-old owner said he had no idea who planted the bomb, or why . . .



SPOT



THE DIFFERENCE.

Spot Metering.

It's frequently the difference between those creatively memorable compositions, and your average ordinary shot.

Usually when you try for lighting effects like these, with brilliant highlights and almost impenetrable shadows, you're in for a big disappointment.

That's because most program 35mm SLR cameras measure the average light of the whole scene which can leave the bright areas washed out and the areas in shadow too dark.

Not so with the advanced program Olympus OM-2 SP.

Switch from PROGRAM through AUTO to MANUAL/SPOT with the flick of a thumb, and instantly

you're master of an exciting new creative tool.

To take highly accurate exposure readings for the key areas of your compositions, without the time and trouble of using hand-held light meters.

Resulting in pin-point exposure control, even under the most difficult lighting conditions.

The Olympus OM-2 SP not only gives you the creative functions of spot/manual metering but also full PROGRAM metering for normal or fast shooting situations. Plus PROGRAM/AUTO flash settings to utilise the benefits of the advanced Olympus Flash System.

Plus the Olympus TTL direct-off-the-film

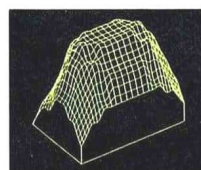
metering for normal light or flash takes a reading at the very instant of exposure not before you take the shot.

Of course the OM-2 SP is fully compatible with the highly acclaimed Olympus OM System; a vast range of lenses, motor drives and flash units that are fully interchangeable with all Olympus cameras.

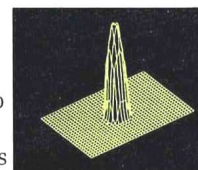
The Olympus OM-2 SP advanced Program SLR with Spot Metering makes all the difference!



OLYMPUS
OM-2 SP
Vive la différence



Center Weighted Averaged Light Metering 3-dimensional sensitivity distribution diagram



Spot Metering 3-dimensional sensitivity distribution diagram

De Tomaso Pantera courtesy The Toy Shop North Sydney.

Distributed by R. Gunz (Photographic) Pty. Ltd. P.O. Box 690, Darlinghurst N.S.W. 2010.



Enjoy the flavour of the world's No.1